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JAMES R. MARTIN MRS. JOSEPH F. SARTORI
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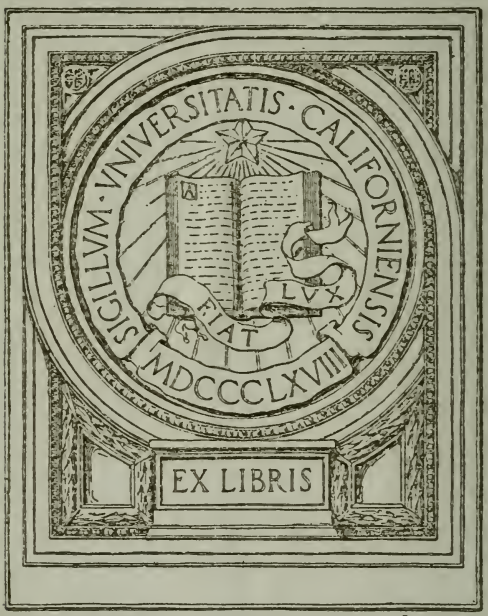

JOHN FISKE

B 1654 5

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

[WHITE.]

—

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

—

COMEDIES.

THE TEMPEST.
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE PLAYS EDITED FROM THE FOLIO OF MDCXXIII, WITH VARIOUS READINGS FROM ALL THE EDITIONS AND ALL THE COMMENTATORS, NOTES, INTRODUCTORY REMARKS, A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE TEXT, AN ACCOUNT OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA, A MEMOIR OF THE POET, AND AN ESSAY UPON HIS GENIUS

By RICHARD GRANT WHITE

VOL. II.

BOSTON
LITTLE BROWN AND COMPANY
1857

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PRELIMINARY MATTER TO THE FOLIO OF 1623.

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To the Reader.

This Figure, that thou here ſeeſt put,
It was for gentle Shakeſpeare cut;
Wherein the Grauer had a ſtrife
with Nature, to out-doo the life
O, could he but haue drawne his vvit
As well in braſſe, as he hath hit
His face; the Print vvould then ſurpaſſe
All, that vvas ever vvrit in Braſſe.
But, ſince he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

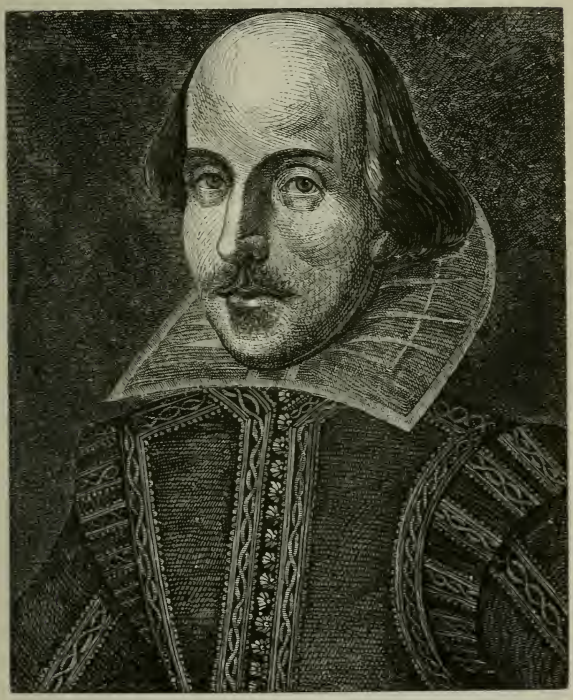
B. I.

MR. WILLIAM

SHAKESPEARES

COMEDIES, HISTORIES, & TRAGEDIES.

Publiſhed according to the True Originall Copies.



LONDON

Printed by Iſaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

Pictorial edition. I could not chase it through the protean forms which his labors have assumed, but I found it in the Stratford edition — the last — given without remark. I was first directed to it by remarking the pronunciation of *th* as *t*. See Introduction to *Much Ado about Nothing* (*Noting*.)

VOL. IV.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

p. 53. "I desire you *of* more acquaintance, good Master Mustard-seed." Mr. Dyce, in his recent edition, first pointed out that the old copies accidentally omit 'of' in this speech. See *Bottom's* two preceding speeches. A trifling change in the plate enables me to profit by this suggestion.

Merchant of Venice.

p. 240. "—— *land* thieves and *water* thieves." By an oversight, the editor neglected to quote "Notable pirate, thou salt water thief," *Twelfth Night*, Act V. Sc. 1, in support of the transposition made here, which he has since discovered in the "List" of the corrections in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

VOL. V.

All's Well that Ends Well.

p. 80. "—— he *has* sworn to marry me." The original reads "he *had* sworn," &c. — an error of the press hitherto unnoticed. *Bertram* says, earlier in the Scene, "How *have* I sworn;' and note in this speech *Diana's* declaration "therefore I *will* lie," &c.

p. 106. "*Find him, and bring him hither.*" After this order from the King, there should be a stage direction, *Exit an attendant*, which Mr. Dyce has added.

p. 136. "—— *make rope's in such a scarre.*" Since the Note on this line (in which Mr. Dyce reads, "make *hopes* in such a *case*") was stereotyped, I have met with an important passage which confirms me in the opinion that the text should not be disturbed, although it cannot be explained. In the old play, *Lingua, or the Combat of the Tongue*, in the first edition, Act I. Sc. 6, Sig. B, *Tactus* having found *Lingua's* crown and robe, which she lays in his way, puts them on, assumes them as his due, and with them, royal airs; and he says, —

"Peasants I'le curb your head-strong impudence,
And make you tremble when the Lyon roares,
Yea [ye] earth-bred wormes, O for a looking glasse:
Poets will write whole volumes of this *scarre*."

Now here we have the same word, with exactly the same spelling; and in both passages the word refers to a startling event or emergency. It seems quite impossible that exactly the same arrangement of types should have been fortuitous in both instances. On turning to this passage of *Lingua*, in Mr. Collier's edition of Dodsley's Old Plays, 1825, in which the line is printed "Poets will write whole volumes of this *change*," I found a note by him to the effect that, "'Poets will write whole volumes of this *scar*' was the reading of the edition of this work in 1780; but it is mere nonsense: the true word has been supplied from the old copies. C." Which "old copies" furnished this reading, does not appear: the original edition, which only I possess, we have seen was not among them; and I cannot believe that had Mr. Collier consulted the first edition, and remembered the obscure passage in *All's Well that Ends Well*, he would have been so confident as to his 'change,' which is, besides, not very well suited to the context. If 'scarre' must be accepted in the sense of emergency, or a similar sense, the change of 'rope's' to 'hopes' is more than plausible.

If any change should be made in this passage, I suggest that we might read, "I see that men make ropes *on* such a *sand*;" 'on' being constantly used in these plays, and in the literature of Shakespeare's time, and now in New England for 'of,' and the expression 'to make ropes of sand' having been proverbial for ages to express a reliance upon what is utterly unreliable.

[I should remark with regard to my copy of *Lingua*, that the title page has been so mutilated and mended, that the imprint is gone. But it was purchased in England as the first edition; has a manuscript assurance in the hand of an eminent Shakespearian scholar that he believes it to be the first edition; and it conforms to the collations given by Mr. Collier in the notes to *Lingua* in his edition of Dodsley's Old Plays: — having, for instance, in the stage direction to Act I. Sc. 2, "like an ordinary page, *gloves*, *hamper*," which Mr. Collier says is the reading of the first edition, 1607, and the last, 1657, while it has not, in the stage directions of Act I. Sc. 1, "*red* buskins" (instead of "*white* buskins"), or in *Tactus*' seventh speech, Act I. Sc. 8, "*hidden* arms" (instead of "*bidden* arms"), or in *Appetitus*' second speech, Act II. Sc. 1, "*sweards* of bacon" (for "*swords* of bacon"), which the same authority assures us are the readings of the edition of 1657. That, too, is an 8vo.; my copy is a 4to.

This particularity will be excused by those who appreciate the importance of the date of the edition in which is found the identical word which has hitherto defied explanation or emendation at the hands of all Shakespeare's editors and commentators.]

Twelfth Night.

p. 198. "—— I'll get them all three *all ready*." Mr. Dyce says, with great plausibility, "read — 'all three *ready*.'" The folio has "all three *already*;" and it is quite probable, though not, I think, sufficiently certain for a change in the text, that the latter 'all,' or 'al,' is a mere repetition of the first.

p. 206. "*My* yellow stockings." The folio has "*Thy* yellow stockings." The emendation, which Mr. Dyce mentions in the Notes to his recently-published edition of Shakespeare's Works, as Mr. W. N. Lettsom's, but does not adopt, at once appears imperative when attention is directed to it. For not only has *Olivia* "no idea that Malvolio is quoting the letter," as Mr. Lettsom remarks, but she is *entirely ignorant that he has received any letter*, and the pronoun in the second person addressed to her, can *to her* mean only herself; and so when *Malvolio* quotes "Go to, thou art made," &c., she replies, "Am *I* made?" And then, too, the humor of the Scene, which with the old misprint depends only on *Malvolio's* conceit, becomes stupendous by this logical bringing in of the Countess' supposition that her steward talks to her about *her* stockings and *her* garters! A slight change in the stereotype plate enables me to profit by Mr. Lettsom's valuable and ingenious suggestion, and give this passage, for the first time, as Shakespeare wrote it.

p. 222. "Nay, I am *for all waters*." Warburton thought this phrase "taken from the actor's ability of making the audience cry either with mirth or grief;" Dr. Johnson thought it "borrowed from sportsmen, and relating to the qualifications of a complete spaniel;" Malone paraphrased it, "I can assume any character I please, like a fish I can swim equally well in all waters," quoting the old phrases, 'an oar in every water,' 'a knight for all saddles,' 'to brook all waters,' in support of his construction; Monck Mason thought that the allusion is to the various waters (first water, &c.) of gems, because the *Clown* assumed the part of Sir *Topaz;* and Mr. Singer, in his last edition, 1856, remarks upon the passage, that it is "a proverbial phrase not yet satisfactorily explained." The *Clown's* meaning is plain enough, with or without either of these comments; but is not his allusion to the 'Waterologers',

who were the sovereign quacks in the reign of Elizabeth and James, and later, although their absurd pretensions were made the subject of constant ridicule? See the following passage in the Satire on The People's Physitian in Whitlock's *Zootomia, or Observations on the Present Manners of the English*. London. 1654. — "or at most, if his English Library can furnish him with but the confused Notions of some diseases, and he can but discourse them *to fit all Waters*, their Patient is ready to admire and cry," &c. P. 64.

The Winter's Tale.

p. 334. "—— *sworn* I think to shew myself a glass." Upon the view taken of this passage in *Shakespeare's Scholar*, which is given in the note upon it (p. 401) in this edition, Mr. Dyce remarks, in the Addenda to his recently-published edition, that "the passage, with the reading 'sworn,' cannot possibly bear such an explanation [i. e., that *Perdita* thinks *Florizel*, in donning a swain's costume, to have sworn to show her a reflex of her own condition] — because "the word '*myself*' at once refutes it." I cannot but think that my honored friend Mr. Dyce forgot, when he wrote this note, that 'myself' was and is continually used only as a strong 'me.'

☞ I may here remark that owing to the commercial revulsion which has swept over the country, the publication of these volumes has been delayed until after the appearance of Mr. Dyce's edition, which was partly printed before this was thought of. But that most careful and scholarly work was not issued in London until eight months after the last stereotype plate of these volumes had been cast. All the references which I have made to Mr. Dyce's opinions are, therefore, to those previously expressed in his *Remarks*, &c., 1844, and his *Few Notes*, &c., 1853. And should there be found coincidences between the opinions newly put forth or the readings first given by Mr. Dyce in his edition, and any in these volumes for which I have not claimed the sanction of his judgment, I know that he, at least, will have the candor to accept them as coincidences merely.

TO THE MOST NOBLE

AND

INCOMPARABLE PAIRE

OF BRETHREN.

WILLIAM

Earle of Pembroke, &c., Lord Chamberlaine to *the Kings moſt Excellent Maieſty.*

AND

PHILIP,

Earle of Montgomery, &c., Gentleman of his Maieſties Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter, and our ſingular good

LORDS.

Right Honourable,

WHilſt we ſtudie to be thankful in our particular, for the many fauors we haue receiued from your L L we are falne upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the moſt diuerſe things that can bee, feare, and raſhneſſe; raſhneſſe in the enterprize, and feare of the ſucceſſe. For, when we valew the places your H.H. ſuſtaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to deſcend to the reading of theſe trifles: and, vvhile we name them trifles, we haue depriu'd our ſelues of the defence of our Dedication. But ſince your L.L. haue beene pleas'd to thinke theſe trifles ſome-thing, heeretofore; and haue

haue proſequuted both them, and their Author liuing, vvith ſo much fauour: we hope, that (they out-liuing him, and he not hauing the fate, common with ſome, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will vſe the like indulgence toward them, you haue done unto their parent. There is a great difference, vvhether any Booke chooſe his Patrones, or finde them; This hath done both. For, ſo much were your L L. likings of the ſeuerall parts, vvhen they were acted, as before they vvere publiſhed, the Volume ask'd to be yours. We haue but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; vvithout ambition either of ſelfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of ſo worthy a Friend, & Fellow aliue, as was our SHAKESPEARE, *by humble offer of his playes, to your moſt noble patronage. Wherein, as we haue iuſtly obſerued, no man to come neere your L.L. but vvith a kind of religious addreſſe; it hath bin the height of our care, vvho are the Preſenters, to make the preſent worthy of your H H. by the perfection. But, there we muſt alſo craue our abilities to be conſiderd, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach foorth milke, creame, fruites, or what they haue: and many Nations (we haue heard) that had not gummes & incenſe, obtained their requeſts with a leauened Cake. It vvas no fault to approch their Gods, by what meanes they could: And the moſt, though meaneſt, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we moſt humbly conſecrate to your H. H. theſe remaines of your ſeruant* Shakeſpeare; *that what delight is in them, may be euer your L.L. the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre ſo carefull to ſhew their gratitude both to the liuing, and the dead, as is*

Your Lordſhippes moſt bounden,

IOHN HEMINGE,
HENRY CONDELL.

To the great Variety of Readers.

ROm the moſt able, to him that can but ſpell: There you are number'd. We had rather you were weighd. Eſpecially, when the fate of all Bookes depends vpon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purſes. Well! it is now publique, & you wil ſtand for your priuiledges wee know: to read, and cenſure. Do ſo, but buy it firſt. That doth beſt commend a Booke, the Stationer ſaies. Then, how odde ſoeuer your braines be, or your wiſedomes, make your licence the ſame, and ſpare not. Iudge your ſixe-pen'orth, your ſhillings worth, your fiue ſhillings worth at a time, or higher, ſo you riſe to the iuſt rates, and welcome. But, what euer you do, Buy. Cenſure will not driue a Trade, or make the Iacke go. And though you be a Magiſtrate of wit, and ſit on the Stage at *Black-Friers*, or the *Cock-pit*, to arraigne Playes dailie, know, theſe Playes haue had their triall alreadie, and ſtood out all Appeales; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thinge, we confeſſe, worthie to haue bene wiſhed, that the Author himſelfe had liu'd to haue ſet forth, and ouerſeen his owne writings; But ſince it hath bin ordain'd otherwiſe, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to haue collected & publiſh'd them; and ſo to haue publiſh'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diurſe ſtolne, and ſurreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and ſtealthes of iniurious impoſtors, that expos'd them: euen thoſe, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the reſt, abſolute in their numbers, as he conceiued them. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a moſt gentle expreſſer of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he vttered with that eaſineſſe, that wee haue ſcarce receiued

receiued from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our prouince, who onely gather his works, and giue them you, to praiſe him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your diuers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be loſt. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, ſurely you are in ſome manifeſt danger, not to vnderſtand him. And ſo we leaue you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade your ſelues, and others. And ſuch Readers we wiſh him.

Iohn Heminge.
Henrie Condell.

To the memory of my beloued, the AVTHOR

Mr. William Shakespeare: And what he hath left vs.

TO draw no enuy . (Shakeſpeare) *on thy name,*
Am I thus ample to thy Booke, and Fame:
While I confeſſe thy writings to be ſuch,
As neither Man, *nor* Muſe, *can praiſe too much.*
'Tis true, and all mens ſuffrage. But theſe wayes
Were not the paths I meant vnto thy praiſe:
For ſeelieſt Ignorance on theſe may light,
Which, when it ſounds at beſt, but eccho's right;
Or blinde Affection, which doth ne're aduance
The truth, but gropes, and vrgeth all by chance;
Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praiſe,
And thinke to ruine, where it ſeemed to raiſe.
Theſe are, as ſome infamous Baud, or Whore,
Should praiſe a Matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proofe againſt them, and indeed
Aboue th'ill fortune of them, or the need
I, therefore will begin. Soule of the Age!
The applauſe! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakeſpeare, *riſe; I will not lodge thee by*
Chaucer, *or* Spenſer, *or bid* Beaumont *lye*
A little further, to make thee a roome:
Thou art a Moniment, without a tombe,
And art aliue ſtill, while thy Booke doth liue,
And we haue wits to read, and praiſe to giue.
That I not mixe thee ſo, my braine excuſes;
I meane with great, but diſproportion'd Muſes:
For, if I thought my iudgement were of yeeres,
I ſhould commit thee ſurely with thy peeres,
And tell, how farre thou didſt our Lily *out-ſhine,*
Or ſporting Kid, *or* Marlowes *mighty line.*

And

And though thou hadſt ſmall Latine, *and leſſe* Greeke,
From thence to honour thee, I would not ſeeke
For names; but call forth thund'ring Æſchilus,
Euripides, *and* Sophocles *to vs*,
Paccuuius, Accius, *him of* Cordoua *dead,*
To life againe, to heare thy Buskin tread,
And ſhake a Stage: Or, when thy Sockes were on,
Leaue thee alone, for the compariſon
Of all, that inſolent Greece, *or haughtie* Rome
ſent forth, or ſince did from their aſhes come.
Triúmph, my Britaine. *thou haſt one to ſhowe,*
To whom all Scenes of Europe *homage owe.*
He was not for an age, but for all time!
And all the Muſes *ſtill were in their prime,*
When like Apollo *he came forth to warme*
Our eares, or like a Mercury *to charme!*
Nature her ſelfe was proud of his deſignes,
And ioy'd to weare the dreſsing of his lines!
Which were ſo richly ſpun, and wouen ſo fit,
As, ſince, ſhe will vouchſafe no other Wit.
The merry Greeke, *tart* Ariſtophanes,
Neat Terence, *witty* Plautus, *now not pleaſe;*
But antiquated, and deſerted lye
As they were not of Natures family.
Yet muſt I not giue Nature all: Thy Art,
My gentle Shakeſpeare, *muſt enioy a part.*
For though the Poets *matter, Nature be,*
His Art doth giue the faſhion. And, that he,
Who caſts to write a liuing line, muſt ſweat,
(ſuch as thine are) and ſtrike the second heat
Vpon the Muſes *anuile: turne the ſame,*
(And himſelfe with it) that he thinkes to frame;
Or for the lawrell, he may gaine a ſcorne,
For a good Poet's *made, as well as borne.*
And ſuch wert thou Looke how the fathers face
Liues in his iſſue, euen ſo, the race
Of Shakeſpeares *mind, and manners brightly ſhines*
In his well torned, and true-filed lines:
In each of which, he ſeemes to ſhake a Lance,
As brandiſh't at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Auon! *what a ſight it were*
To ſee thee in our waters yet appeare,

And

And make thoſe flights vpon the bankes of Thames,
That ſo did take Eliza, *and our* Iames!
But ſtay, I ſee the in the Hemiſphere
Aduanc'd, and made a Conſtellation there!
Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, *and with rage,*
Or influence, chide, or cheere the drooping Stage;
Which, ſince thy flight frō hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And deſpaires day, but for thy Volumes light.

BEN: IONSON.

TO THE MEMORIE

of the deceaſed Authour Maiſter W. SHAKESPEARE.

SHake-ſpeare, *at length thy pious fellowes giue*
The world thy Workes: thy Workes, by which, out-liue
Thy Tombe, thy name muſt: when that ſtone is rent,
And Time diſſolues thy Stratford *Moniment,*
Here we aliue ſhall view thee ſtill. This Booke,
When Braſſe and Marble fade, ſhall make thee looke
Freſh to all Ages: when Poſteritie
Shall loath what's new, thinke all is prodegie
That is not Shake-ſpeares; *eu'ry Line, each Verſe*
Here ſhall reuiue, redeeme thee from thy Herſe.
Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as Naſo *ſaid,*
Of his, thy wit-fraught Booke ſhall once inuade.
Nor ſhall I e're beleeue, or thinke thee dead
(Though miſt) vntill our bankrout Stage be ſped
(Impoſsible) with ſome new ſtraine t' out-do
Paſsions of Iuliet, *and her* Romeo,
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
Then when thy half-Sword parlying Romans *ſpake.*
Till these, till any of thy Volumes reſt
Shall with more fire, more feeling be expreſt,
Be ſure, our Shake-ſpeare, *thou canſt neuer dye,*
But crown'd with Lawrell, liue eternally.

L. Digges.

To the memorie of M. *W. Shake-ſpeare.*

VVEE *wondred* (Shake-ſpeare) *that thou went'ſt ſo ſoone*
From the Worlds-Stage, to the Graues-Tyring-roome.
Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,
Tels thy Spectators, that thou went'ſt but forth
To enter with applauſe. An Actors Art,
Can dye, and liue, to acte a ſecond part.
That's but an Exit *of Mortalitie;*
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

I. M.

Vpon the Lines and Life of the Famous Scenicke Poet, Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THoſe hands, which you ſo clapt, go now, and wring
You *Britaines* brave; for done are *Shakespeares* dayes:
His dayes are done, that made the dainty Playes,
Which made the Globe of heau'n and earth to ring.
Dry'de is that veine, dry'd is the *Theſpian* Spring,
Turn'd all to teares, and *Phœbus* clouds his rayes;
That corp's, that coffin now beſticke thoſe bayes,
Which crown'd him *Poet* firſt, then *Poets* King.
If *Tragedies* might any *Prologue* haue,
All thoſe he made, would ſcarſe make one to this:
Where *Fame*, now that he gone is to the graue
(Deaths publique tyring-houſe) the *Nuncius* is.
For though his line of life went ſoone about,
The life yet of his lines ſhall neuer out.

HVGH HOLLAND.

The Workes of William Shakeſpeare, containing all his Comedies, Hiſtories, and Tragedies: Truely ſet forth, according to their firſt *ORIGINALL.*

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John Lowine.
Samuell Croſſe.
Alexander Cooke.

Samuel Gilburne.
Robert Armin.
William Oſtler.
Nathan Field.
John Vnderwood.
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ADDITIONAL COMMENDATORY VERSES
PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1632.

Upon the Effigies of my worthy Friend, the Authour, Maſter WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *and his Workes.*

SPectator, this Lifes Shaddow is: To ſee
The truer image and a liuelier he,
Turne reader. But, obſerue his comicke vaine,
Laugh, and proceed next to a Tragicke ſtraine,
Then weepe: So when thou find'ſt two contraries,
Two different paſsions from thy rapt ſoul riſe,—
Say, (who alone effect ſuch wonders could,)
Rare Shakeſpeare *to the life thou doſt behold.*

An Epitaph on the admirable Dramaticke Poet, W. SHAKESPEARE.

WHat needs my Shakeſpeare, for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age, in piled ſtones,
Or that his hallow'd Reliques ſhould be hid
Under a ſtarre-ypointing Pyramid?
Dear Son of Memory, great Heire of Fame,
What needſt thou ſuch dull witneſse of thy Name?
Thou in our wonder and aſtoniſhment
Haſt built thy ſelfe a laſting Monument:
For whilſt to th' ſhame of ſlow-endevouring Art,
Thy eaſie numbers flow, and that each part
Hath, from the leaues of thy vnualued Booke,
Thoſe Delphic Lines with deep Impreſsion tooke;
Then thou, our fancy of herſelf bereauing,
Doſt make us Marble with too much conceiuing;
And, ſo Sepulcher'd, in ſuch pompe doſt lie
That Kings for ſuch a Tombe would wiſh to die.

On Worthy Master SHAKESPEARE *and his Poems.*

A Mind reflecting ages paſt, whoſe cleere
And equall ſurface can make things appeare,—
Diſtant a Thousand yeares, and represent
Them in their liuely colours, juſt extent:
To outrun haſty time, retrive the fates,
Rowle backe the heavens, blow ope the iron gates
Of death and Lethe, where (confuſed) lye
Great heapes of ruinous mortalitie:
In that deepe duskie dungeon to diſcerne
A royal Ghost from Churls; By art to learne
The Phyſiognomie of shades, and give
Them ſudden birth, wondring how oft they live.
What ſtory coldly tells, what Poets *fain*
At ſecond hand, and picture without braine,
Senſeleſſe and ſoul-leſſe showes. To giue a Stage,—
(Ample, and true with life,) voyce, action, age,
As Plato's *yeare, and new Scene of the world*
Them unto us, or us to them had hurld:
To raiſe our auncient Soveraigns from their herse,
Make Kings his ſubjects, by exchanging verſe
Enlive their pale trunkes, that the present age
Ioys in their joy, and trembles at their rage:
Yet ſo to temper paſsion, that our eares
Take pleaſure in their paine; And eyes in teares
Both weepe and ſmile; fearfull at plots ſo sad,
Then laughing at our feare; abus'd, and glad
To be abuſ'd, affected with that truth
Which we perceive is falſe, pleaſ'd in that ruth
At which we start; and, by elaborate play,
Tortur'd and tickled; by a crablike way
Time paſt made paſtime, and in ugly ſort
Diſgorging up his ravaine for our ſport——
——While the Plebeian *Impe from lofty throne,*
Creates and rules a world, and workes upon
Mankind by ſecret engines; Now to move
A chilling pitty, then a rigorous loue;
To ſtrike up and ſtroake downe, both joy and ire,
To ſteere th' affections; and by heauenly fire

Mould

Mould us anew, Stolen from ourselues——
——This and much more, which cannot bee expreſt
But by himſelfe, his tongue, and his own breſt,—
Was Shakeſpeares *freehold, which his cunning braine*
Improv'd, by favour of the nine-fold traine.
The buſkind Muſe, the Commicke Queene, the graund
And lowder tone of Clio; *nimble hand*
And nimbler foote of the melodious paire,
The Silver-voyced Lady; the moſt faire
Calliope, *whoſe ſpeaking ſilence daunts,*
And ſhe whoſe prayſe the heavenly body chaunts.
Theſe joyntly woo'd him, enuying one another
(Obey'd by all as Spouse, but lou'd as brother)
And wrought a curious robe of ſable grave
Freſhe greene, and pleaſant yellow, red moſt braue,
And conſtant blew, rich purple, guiltleſſe white,
The lowly Ruſſet, and the Scarlet bright;
Branch't and embroydred like the painted Spring,
Each leafe match't with a flower, and each ſtring
Of golden wire, each line of ſilke; there run
Italian *workes, whoſe thread the Siſters ſpun;*
And there did ſing, or ſeem to ſinge, the choyce
Birds of a forraine note and various voyce:
Here hangs a moſſey rocke; their playes a fair
But chiding fountaine purled: Not the ayre,
Nor cloudes nor thunder, but were liuing drawne
Not out of common Tiffany or Lawne,
But fine materials, which the Muſes know,
And onely know the countries where they grow.
Now when they could no longer him enjoy,
In mortal garments pent; death may deſtroy,
They ſay his body, but his verſe ſhall liue,
And more than nature takes, our hands ſhall giue:
In a leſſ volume, but more ſtrongly bound
Shakeſpeare *ſhall breath and ſpeake, with Laurell crown'd*
Which never fades. Fed with Ambroſian meate
In a well-lyned veſture, rich and neat.
So with this robe they cloath him, bid him wear it
For time ſhall neuer ſtaine, nor envy teare it.

The friendly admirer of his
Endowments,

I. M. S.

REMARKS

ON THE TITLE, DEDICATION, AND OTHER PRELIMINARY MATTER TO THE FOLIO OF 1623 AND THE FOLIO OF 1632.

THE first and only authentic edition of Shakespeare's Dramatic Works, the folio of 1623, opens with some preliminary matter which has peculiar interest. This matter is reprinted in reduced fac-simile for the first time in the present edition; the form and style of the original letter, as well as the orthography and the arrangement of the pages being imitated in such a manner that proportion is perfectly preserved, and the effect is that of the original volume seen through a concave lens.

The Title-page itself is singular in its appearance, and singularly interesting. It is chiefly occupied by a portrait of Shakespeare which was engraved by Martin Droeshout. Of the authenticity of this portrait there can be no reasonable doubt; and it is sustained by better evidence than the most diligent research has been able to bring forward in favor of that of any other. The interesting subject of the portraits of Shakespeare is, however, fully discussed in the first volume.

Martin Droeshout is known only as the engraver of a few portraits and book illustrations for works published in London in the early part of the seventeenth century. His style is hard, stiff, and dry, as may be seen by his reproduction of the portrait of Shakespeare. As far as we know at present, eight portraits, (including those of Shakespeare and John Fox,) some plates for Haywood's *Hierarchy of Angels*, and the Death of Dido for Stapleton's Virgil, are all the specimens of his work that have come down to us.

On the fly leaf opposite the title-page, in the position usually assigned to the portrait of an author, are some verses

addressed "To the Reader," and signed "B. I." These are from the pen of Ben Jonson: even were not his initials appended to them, the style would bewray him. Jonson was only nine years younger than Shakespeare, and, from the arrival of the latter in London to his departure from it, had been in the habit of seeing him often, and was during much of the time his constant companion and friend. The value of his testimony to the authenticity of Droeshout's portrait, and we may almost say to its faithfulness, can hardly be overrated.

After the title-page, the reverse of which is blank, as usual, comes the Dedication by the player editors to William, Earl of Pembroke, and Philip, Earl of Montgomery.

William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, was the son of Henry, Earl of Pembroke, an accomplished scholar and gentleman, whose Countess is made immortal by Ben Jonson as "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," in that beautiful epitaph beginning, "Underneath this marble hearse." He was a worthy son of such parents; a nephew of whom even Sir Philip Sidney might have been proud. He was of a noble nature, magnificent in his tastes, generous in disposition, remarkable for his high breeding, was much beloved by all those who had intercourse with him, and though a courtier, was beyond all suspicion of corruptibility. Like most such men, he was not only very fond of the society of women, but much addicted to all the pleasures which their most intimate companionship affords. He was at once a munificent and a discriminating patron of letters, and himself attained some distinction both as an orator and a poet. He is the author of those pretty verses which bashful lovers will never allow to be forgotten, for the sake of this stanza:

> "Silence in love betrays more woe
> Than words, howe'er so witty;
> The beggar that is dumb, you know,
> May challenge double pity."

His poems were published at London in 1660. An instance of his generosity should never be omitted from any notice of his life, however brief. Sir Gervas Elwayes, Lieutenant of the Tower, having been beheaded for his complicity in the death of Sir Thomas Overbury, the King gave his forfeited estate, worth £1000 per annum, (equal to more than $25,000 now,) to the

Earl of Pembroke, who immediately bestowed it upon the widow and children of the felon. He was born in 1580, and died suddenly, of apoplexy, in 1630.*

Philip Herbert, Earl of Montgomery, was the younger brother of William; and although they are addressed in this dedication as an "incomparable paire of brethren," there was little in common between them but their blood. Philip lacked all the accomplishments and almost all the qualities that his brother possessed. He was little more than a low-bred, coarse-mannered country squire, who put no restraint upon a violent and hasty temper, whose only knowledge was in dogs and horses, and whose language was not much better than that of the horse boys and kennel keepers, who were his fittest companions.* It would seem, however, that both brothers were patrons of the company which played at the Globe Theatre, and that they regarded Shakespeare with favor, and his plays with special admiration. The language of the dedication is explicit upon this point, which is one on which it can be trusted; and in the dedication of the first folio of Beaumont and Fletcher's works to this same Earl of Montgomery there is other evidence to the same effect.

The Address to the Great Variety of Readers has been attributed by Malone and most of his successors to Ben Jonson. It certainly shows traces of his style; and he would quite probably have been called upon to write it. But it should be remarked that the two long paragraphs into which it is divided are very unlike in their diction, and seem very clearly the product of different hands. The first is sententious, whimsical, terse, and rugged; in all which respects it is like Jonson's prose: the second is marked with directness, simplicity, ease, continuity of thought, and a happy selection of unaffected phraseology, which wins the reader to forgive, if not to forget, some faults of construction. In this paragraph occurs, too, a reference to the ease with which Shakespeare composed, and the absence of blots in his MS., which could hardly have been penned by the man who wished, as he himself tells us, that Shakespeare had blotted a thousand lines.

This Address has an important bearing upon the question of

* See, chiefly, Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses.*

the authority of the volume which it introduces; a subject which is fully considered in the *Historical Sketch of the Text*, Vol. I. Of John Heminge and Henry Condell who sign the address, all that is known will be found below, in the remarks upon the list of the principal actors in these plays.

Ben Jonson's lines "To the Memory of my Beloved," &c., although, like most such tributes, they contain much that is mere vague and sounding generality, are, with two exceptions, both of which first appeared in the second folio, the most valuable contemporary appreciation of Shakespeare's genius, and contain some really noble and discriminating passages. Of Jonson himself a biographical notice will hardly be expected here. The particulars of his life are easily accessible, if they are not already well known to every reader of the works of the man whom he professed — and honestly professed — to love so much. Jonson was nine years younger than Shakespeare, to whom tradition says he was indebted for a hearing of his first play. He was a fellow-actor of Shakespeare's, and attained even less distinction on the stage than his beloved associate. Jonson was a vigorous and a skilful writer, but, in his plays at least, showed little creative power and no shaping imagination. His comic characters are vivid portraits, but have no general truth to nature; and his humor is mannered and his wit forced. His tragedy is artificial, and fails entirely as an ideal picture of human passion; but the long speeches which he puts in the mouth of his characters are always learned, often eloquent, and sometimes touched with true poetic fire. In his lyric verses he showed a charming fancy, and a vein of ever fresh and tender feeling, and has written in this department of poetry much that the world will not willingly let die. It is not certainly known whether he was university bred; but he made himself a thorough scholar, and had perhaps more critical ability and philological knowledge than any Englishman of his time who was not a scholar by profession. On this account, and from his habits of personal intercourse with Shakespeare, both in the way of their common art and mystery, and in their hours of social relaxation, all Jonson's recorded opinions about him who "was not of an age, but for all time," are of the greatest value. He survived Shakespeare twenty-one years; dying in 1637, aged sixty-four.

Of the poets with whom Jonson compares Shakespeare, — Chaucer, Spenser, Beaumont, Marlowe, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Terence, and Plautus are so well

known that any remarks which could be admitted here upon such mere allusions would be quite superfluous. All readers, however, may not be aware that the Lyly mentioned here is John Lyly, the author of *Euphues and his England*, who also wrote nine fantastic, pedantic plays, and the well-known tract, *Pap with a Hatchet*, against Martin Marprelate, or that the "sporting Kyd" is known only as the author of a very dolorous performance called *Jeronimo*, and its continuation, *The Spanish Tragedy*, which ministered much mirth to his contemporaries. Lyly was born in 1554, and died about 1602–3. As to Thomas Kyd, we know that he was born and died only by inference from his having lived. Pacuvius and Accius must have been mentioned by Ben only to show his learning. They were Latin dramatists of the earliest age; and but the merest fragments of their works exist.

Leonard Digges, the author of the second rhyming tribute, was the son of Thomas Digges, Esq., of Berham, Kent, and, like his father, was a scholar and an accomplished person. He graduated at Oxford; and was created Master of Arts in 1626. He translated from the Latin and Spanish, and was esteemed by those who knew him at the university, a great master of the English language. He was also considered a good poet and no mean orator. He was born in 1588, and died in 1635.* He wrote commendatory verses for several books. Those which appear in the first edition of Shakespeare's plays are chiefly valuable for the evidence which they furnish, in the fourth line, that Shakespeare's monument at Stratford-on-Avon was erected within a few years of his death. Digges wrote also a much longer metrical eulogy upon Shakespeare, which appeared in the edition of the latter's Poems, published in 1640. The verses are tame and vapid enough; and the ignorance and undiscriminating good nature which united to produce the following sad blunder must have been great, indeed:

"Next Nature only help'd him, for look thorough
This whole book, thou shalt find he doth not borrow
One phrase from Greeks, nor Latins imitate,
Nor once from vulgar languages translate,
Nor plagiary-like from others gleane,
Nor begs he from each witty friend a scene

* See Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*.

To piece his acts with: all that he doth write
Is pure his own; plot, language exquisite."

In the course of this eulogy, however, there occurs a passage which is so interesting and important as contemporary testimony to the superior attractiveness, the greater popularity, of Shakespeare's plays when compared with those of any other dramatist of his time, and especially Ben Jonson's, that it is quite worth preservation, and wins Digges forgiveness for his bad verses and his misplaced praise.

"So have I seen, when Cæsar would appear,
And on the stage at half-sword parley were
Brutus and Cassius, O, how the audience
Were ravish'd! with what wonder they went thence!
When, some new day, they would not brook a line
Of tedious, though well-labour'd, Catiline;
Sejanus too, was irksome: they priz'd more
'Honest' Iago, or the jealous Moor.
And though the Fox and subtil Alchymist,
Long intermitted, could not quite be mist,
Though these have sham'd all th' ancients, and might raise
Their author's merit with a crown of bays,
Yet these sometimes, even at a friend's desire,
Acted, have scarce defray'd the sea-coal fire,
And door-keepers: when, let but Falstaff come,
Hal, Poins, the rest, — you scarce shall have a room,
All is so pester'd: let but Beatrice
And Benedick be seen, lo! in a trice
The cock-pit, galleries, boxes, all are full,
To hear Malvolio, that cross-garter'd gull.
Brief, there is nothing in his wit-fraught book,
Whose sound we would not hear, on whose worth look,
Like old coin'd gold, whose lines, in every page,
Shall pass true current to succeeding age." *

The verses signed I. M. are generally supposed to have been written by John Marston; only, however, as it would seem, because Marston was a poet and a playwright, and no other person of the same initials is known who would have been likely to write them. But it is unsafe to rely much upon this

* Quoted from the *Variorum* of 1821, Vol. I. p. 487; there being no copy of the very rare spurious edition of Shakespeare's Poems, to which these verses were prefixed, known to the editor in this country.

sort of reasoning, even as to probability. These verses might very well have been furnished by some person as obscure as Leonard Digges or Hugh Holland. Of John Marston little is known. He was born in Coventry, graduated at Oxford, wrote Satires, Plays, and *Pigmalion's Image*, a Poem, and dying in 1634 was buried in the church of the Temple. Marston's plays are very clumsily constructed; his comedy is coarse, his tragedy brutal and revolting, and his plots and language are remarkable for their grossness, even allowing for the age in which he wrote; but his characters have life and individuality; and in that bold and significant imagery which is characteristic of the Elizabethan poetry, he has (*longo intervallo*, certainly) no superior but Shakespeare.

"The Names of the Principall Actors in all these Playes" are given in accordance with the custom of the time when the volume was published. It is not probable that the list contains the names of all those who took part in the performance of Shakespeare's plays; though it may be assumed that it includes all "the principal" of them. Yet it is worthy of note, and has been remarked by Mr. Collier, that the name of Lawrence Fletcher, which is first in the enumeration of the theatre patent of 1603, is omitted. The names of John Wilson, Ben Jonson, and Gabriel Spencer whom Ben Jonson killed, are also left out of the list. We know that John Wilson played *Balthazar*, in *Much Ado about Nothing*; a part not less important than such as were sustained by some of those whose names appear; and it is hardly probable that the others, members of the same company, had not been called upon to perform some part of at least equal consequence in one or more of the thirty-seven dramas which furnished so much occupation and brought so much money to that "cry of players." Ben Jonson's name might have been omitted at his request, as he never rose to any distinction in the theatre, and at the publication of this volume was at the height of his reputation as a poet; but the reason for the omission of other names is not so readily conjectured.

The arrangement of the names in this list appears to have been entirely arbitrary, if not accidental, except in the placing of Shakespeare's at its head; for whether in relation to the consequence of the actors, their age, or the date of their connection with the company, the list, considered either as one

column broken in the middle for convenience, or as two, is quite promiscuous in its order, as will fully appear on the perusal of the following brief biographical notices of the persons mentioned in it; Shakespeare, whose biography is given in Vol. I., being of course passed over.

Richard Burbadge was the son of James Burbadge, who was himself an actor, and whose name appears first in a patent procured in 1574 by the Earl of Leicester for the company which performed under his patronage. James Burbadge was probably a Warwickshire man and a townsman of Shakespeare's father; but there were Burbadges also in Hertfordshire. It was for the company to which John Burbadge belonged, and in fact by them, that the Black-friars Theatre was built, or rather constructed by the alteration of some dwelling houses — a fashion lately revived in New York. It has not been discovered when or where Richard Burbadge was born; though the event probably took place between 1564 and 1570; and, on the authority of a letter purporting to be written by the Earl of Southampton in 1609, in which it is stated that Burbadge and Shakespeare "are both of one countie, and indeede allmost of one towne," it has been supposed that the former was born in Warwickshire, near Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. Halliwell has, I believe, after careful examination of the MS., pronounced this letter spurious; though I do not know that he has yet assigned any reasons for the conclusion to which he arrived. But upon internal evidence the document might be grievously suspected. For had its supposed writer endeavored to crowd into it allusions which would be interesting to posterity, and which were yet foreign to the purpose for which it was written, he could hardly have been more successful. The authenticity of such a letter cannot be admitted except upon very strong external evidence: but as it may be genuine, although it rather seems to be an ingenious fabrication, it is given below. It was found among the papers of Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, who held the Great Seal in the beginning of James I.'s reign. The original is not known to exist; and this copy is supposed by Mr. Collier to have been furnished to Lord Ellesmere (the letter not being addressed to him) "in order to give him some information respecting the character of the parties upon whose cause he was called upon to decide." It plainly refers to the persecu-

tion which the players at the Black-friars Theatre suffered for several years at the hands of the corporation of the city of London. The copy was made upon half a sheet of paper, and without address. It runs as follows:

"My verie honored Lord. The manie good offices I haue receiued at your Lordship's hands, which ought to make me backward in asking further favors, onely imbouldeneth me to require more in the same kinde. Your Lordship will be warned howe hereafter you graunt anie sute, seeing it draweth on more and greater demaunds. This which now presseth is to request your Lordship, in all you can, to be good to the poore players of the Black Fryers, who call them selves by authoritie the servaunts of his Majestie, and aske for the protection of their most gracious Maister and Sovereigne in this the tyme of their troble. They are threatened by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, never friendly to their calling, with the distruction of their meanes of livelihood, by the pulling downe of their plaiehouse, which is a priuate theatre, and hath neuer giuen occasion of anger by anie disorders. These bearers are two of the chiefe of the companie; one of them by name Richard Burbidge, who humblie sueth for your Lordship's kinde helpe, for that he is a man famous as our English Roscius, one who fitteth the action to the word, and the word to the action most admirably. By the exercise of his qualitye, industry, and good behaviour, he hath be come possessed of the Blacke Fryers playhouse, which hath bene imployed for playes sithence it was builded by his Father, now nere 50 yeres agone. The other is a man no whitt less deserving favor, and my especiall friende, till of late an actor of good account in the companie, now a sharer in the same, and writer of some of our best English playes, which, as your Lordship knoweth, were most singularly liked of Quene Elizabeth, when the companie was called uppon to performe before her Maiestie at Court at Christmas and Shrovetide. His most gracious Maiestie King James alsoe, sence his coming to the crowne, hath extended his royal favour to the companie in divers waies and at sundrie tymes. This other hath to name William Shakespeare, and they are both of one countie, and indeede allmost of one towne: both are right famous in their qualityes, though it longeth not of your Lo. grauitie and wisedome to resort vnto the places where they are wont to delight the publique eare. Their trust and sute nowe is not to bee molested in their way of life, whereby they maintaine them selves and their wives and families, (being both maried and of good reputation) as well as the widows and orphanes of some of their dead fellows.

"Your Lo most bounden at com.

"*Copia vera.*" "H. S."

Burbadge was an actor of some repute as early as 1588 This we know on the evidence of the original cast of a dramatic performance contrived by Richard Tarleton, the great low-comedian of that day, who died in that year. This performance, called the Second Part of *The Seven Deadly Sins*, was a sort of extempore dialogue upon a prearranged plot; and in the cast, or plat, of the second part, which is still preserved at Dulwich College, the important characters of *Gorboduc* and *Terens* are assigned to "R. Burbadg." * It is worthy of remark, also, that, in the often-cited remonstrance of the Blackfriars company, dated November, 1589, the name of Richard Burbadge is second, following that of his father.

Burbadge attained great eminence as an actor. Camden, in his Annals, styles him "*alter Roscius*," (which distinction, by the way, probably gave the fabricator of the Southampton letter the hint for the passage which includes the quotation from *Hamlet* about suiting the action to the word,) and there is no doubt that he sustained the principal heroic parts in all of Shakespeare's tragedies, histories, and more serious comedies, on their first production. We know that he was the original *Romeo*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Pericles*, *Brutus*, *Coriolanus*, *Prince Henry*, *Henry V.*, *Richard III.*, and *Shylock*. He was, also, the favorite, and, perhaps, the original *Jeronimo* in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy;* and he performed the principal parts in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, *Every Man out of his Humour*, *Sejanus*, *Volpone*, *Epicœne*, *Alchemist*, and *Catiline*. We know that he sustained these characters from the Lists of Actors published in old editions of plays and from divers contemporary allusions, which it would be superfluous to quote in detail, but chiefly from an elegy upon him in a MS. of the early part of the seventeenth century. It is very poor as well as very long; and only the first part, which recounts some of the characters which Burbadge sustained, and gives some other particulars with regard to him, is worth quoting.

"A Funeral Elegy

On the Death of the Famous Actor, Richard Burbadge, who died on Saturday in Lent, the 13th of March, 1618.

"Some skilful limner help me! If not so,
Some sad tragedian to express my woe!

* This Plat is given in full by Malone, *Variorum* of 1821, Vol. III. p. 348

Alas! he's gone, that could the best, both limn
And act my grief; and 'tis for only him
That I invoke this strange assistance to it,
And on the point invoke himself to do it:
For none but Tully Tully's praise can tell,
And no man act a grief, or act so well.
He's gone, and with him what a world are dead,
Friends, every one, and what a blank instead!
Take him for all in all, he was a man
Not to be match'd, and no age ever can.
No more young Hamlet, though but scant of breath,
Shall cry 'Revenge!' for his dear father's death.
Poor Romeo never more shall tears beget
For Juliet's love and cruel Capulet:
Harry shall not be seen as king or prince,
They died with thee, dear Dick, [and not long since,]
Not to revive again. Jeronimo
Shall cease to mourn his son Horatio:
They cannot call thee from thy naked bed
By horrid outcry; and Antonio's dead.
Edward shall lack a representative;
And Crookback, as benefits, shall cease to live.
Tyrant Macbeth, with unwash'd, bloody hand,
We vainly now may hope to understand.
Brutus and Marcius henceforth must be dumb,
For ne'er thy like upon the stage shall come,
To charm the faculty of ears and eyes,
Unless we could command the dead to rise.
Vindex is gone, and what a loss was he!
Frankford, Brachiano, and Malevole.
Heart-broke Philaster, and Amintas too,
Are lost for ever; with the red-hair'd Jew,
Which sought the bankrupt merchant's pound of flesh,
By woman lawyer caught in his own mesh.
What a wide world was in that little space,
Thyself a world — the Globe thy fittest place!
Thy stature small, but every thought and mood
Might throughly from thy face be understood;
And his whole action he could change with ease
From ancient Lear to youthful Pericles.
But let me not forget one chiefest part,

Wherein, beyond the rest, he mov'd the heart;
The grieved Moor, made jealous by a slave,
Who sent his wife to fill a timeless grave,
Then slew himself upon the bloody bed.
All these and many more are with him dead."

It will be noticed that in the first four lines of this elegy, the writer records the ability of Burbadge to "both limn and act" his grief. There is no doubt that Burbadge was a painter, as well as an actor, and that in the art which he did not profess, he had attained at least to what was considered in England in his day very considerable skill. Mr. Collier quotes from a MS. volume belonging to the late well-known English bibliomaniac, Mr. Heber, the following title of an epigram by Middleton, the dramatic poet, who was contemporary with Burbadge: "On the Death of that great Master in his art and quality, painting and playing, R Burbage." That Burbadge, among other portraits, painted that of Shakespeare himself, there is good reason to believe; but upon this point the reader is referred to the Remarks upon the Portraits of Shakespeare in Vol. I.

Burbadge inherited some property from his father, and became rich, beside, by the exercise of his profession. His income from his real estate alone was £300 per annum, equal to nearly $10,000 at this day and in this country He died on the 13th of March, 1618, and was buried on the 16th at St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, London. Burbadge, like Garrick, Kean, Talma, Rachel and Matilda Heron, was under the ordinary height. This we learn from the epitaph quoted above:

"Thy stature small; but every thought and mood
Might throughly from thy face be understood."

This fact sustains the opinion that the part of *Jeronimo* in Kyd's tragedy was written for Burbadge; for in that play there are these references to the size of the hero:

"I'll not be long away,
As short my body, long shall be my stay;"

"My mind's a giant, though my bulk be small;"

which were entirely superfluous and out of place, except as quasi apologies for the unheroic stature of the representative of the character who spoke the lines. The attentive reader of

Hamlet must have concluded that the part of *Hamlet* himself was written for a particular actor, (as all Shakespeare's characters doubtless were,) from the Queen's apology for her son, — "He's fat and scant of breath," which could have been introduced only as a personal allusion. It therefore seems that Burbadge was not only short, but fat. What genius could bring a modern audience to endure a curt and pinguid *Hamlet!* There is a portrait of Burbadge at Dulwich College which represents him with regular features, a full face, a high forehead, all his beard, and crisp-curled hair.

We know less of the other principal actors in Shakespeare's plays than we do of Burbadge; but even were this not the case, they would be dismissed much more briefly than he has been in these memorandums of their lives. They left no such claim as his upon the consideration of posterity. The first representative of nearly all of Shakespeare's heroes, and the acknowledged chief of that celebrated company of which Shakespeare himself was a member, all London admired him living and lamented him dead; and his memory should be ever held in honor by those who speak the language that he spoke.

Of John Heminge little is known which is of any interest to the world at large, or even to the most devoted student of Shakespeare's works or of the literature and events connected with them.* It is not known when or where Heminge was born, and no mention of his name in connection with theatrical matters before 1596 has been discovered. In that year, he, in company with seven others, petitioned the Privy Council that they might not be hindered from repairing the Black-friars Theatre. His name is the third in the list of signatures; those of Pope and Burbadge preceding it. From this and other like circumstances, we gather that he was an important person in the company; but no allusion to the character of his performances has come down to us. One statement

* Malone, Chalmers, and Mr. Collier recount in detail the births and deaths of his children, and print his will at full length; and the last-named gentleman duly exposes the grave omission of the two former "to mention the burial of 'Swynnerton Heminge, an infant,' on the 8th June, 1613." But I suppose that the worthy reader of Shakespeare is about as much interested in knowing the number of Heminge's children, and to whom he left his property, as in knowing what he ate for breakfast, and to whom he gave the broken victuals.

in his will is of consequence, from its bearing upon this subject. He there styles himself "citizen and grocer of London;" and although it is not improbable that he may have become a tradesman after having abandoned the stage, (the will is dated October 9, 1630, and we know from the Address to the Readers in the first folio that neither he nor Condell were acting in 1623,) still it is quite as probable that he had been bred a grocer, and that his connection with the company was rather of a business than of a professional nature. This conjecture receives considerable support, I think, from contemporary testimony that Heminge had an impediment in his speech, which must have prevented him not only from attaining any distinction as an actor, but from being even a useful performing member of the company. In a ballad written on the burning of the Globe Theatre in 1613, which was entered on the Stationers' Books soon after that event, and which is, doubtless, the one reprinted in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LXXXVI. p. 114, are these lines:

> "Then with swolne lipps, like drunken Flemminges,
> Distressed stood old stuttering Heminges."

From this couplet we also learn that in 1613 Heminge was distinguished from the other members of a company among whom were men of mature years, as "old Hemings;" and we may hence reasonably conclude him to have been then about sixty years of age — ten years Shakespeare's senior.* This conclusion is supported by the application of the same epithet to Heminge by Ben Jonson in the *Masque of Christmas*,† produced in 1616; Jonson being then forty-three years old himself.

Malone mentions his having seen in a pamphlet, the name of

* My very ingenious friend, Q. Nunc, Esq., who did me the favor to offer to look over the proofs of this work and make suggestions, expresses his surprise that no statement is made in the above passage, according to the custom of the Shakespearian commentators, that Malone, Chalmers, and Mr. Collier, and all other previous writers upon this subject, were either culpably negligent or hopelessly ignorant of the very important facts that Heminge stuttered, and was called 'old' in 1613, allusion having hitherto been made only to Jonson's having called him 'old' in 1616 — a difference of three whole years. I am obliged to Mr. Nunc for his solicitude and his suggestion; but in this case, as in all others like it, I must decline accepting his advice, even although it is supported by the eminent examples to which he directs my attention.

† See Gifford's Jonson, Vol. VII. p. 277.

which he had forgotten, the statement that Heminge was the original performer of *Falstaff;* * but this vague and unauthentic testimony is worth as little as that of the actor Roberts, in his letter to Pope in 1729, that Heminge was a tragedian and a printer, — Condell being his partner; and there is not much room for doubt that the most important and intimate connection which Heminge had with Shakespeare's plays was the share he took in the publication of the first collected edition of them. The superintendence of that most notable work fell into his and Condell's hands because they were at the time of its prosecution the most important persons in the company for which the plays were written; they being named first in the patent granted by Charles I. to that company as his servants, on his accession to the throne in 1625. It is worthy of remark, as having some bearing upon the question of the order of arrangement in this list of "Principal Actors," that of the eight first named, Condell being the eighth, all were dead at the time of the publication of the first folio except the two who, so to speak, edited it. They with Burbadge were the three of his "fellows" who had the distinction of being mentioned by Shakespeare in his will: he left them twenty-six shillings and eight pence each (equal to nearly forty dollars with us) "to buy them ringes."

As Heminge made his will upon the 9th October, 1630, and it was proved on the 11th, he died either on the 9th or 10th of that month. Heminge was "a rich fellow enough," as all capable and prudent actors or theatrical proprietors were in his day.

Augustine Phillips appears to have been a musician and an actor of comic parts. No record of his performance of such parts has been discovered; but in his will he bequeathed to his apprentice his "citterne, bandore, and lute;" and one of those ludicrous metrical pieces called jigs, written by him or for him, perhaps both, was entered on the Stationers' Register in 1595, under the title of *Phillips Jig of the Slippers*. These jigs were in doggerel rhyme, and were partly spoken, partly sung, by, in most cases, a single comic performer, who usually filled up the intervals between the stanzas with dancing to the pipe and tabor. The low comic songs still heard in England, in which there is a mixture of speech and song,

* *Variorum* ed. of 1821, Vol. III. p. 187.

and in the execution of which the performer dances to the symphony played by the band between the stanzas, are direct descendants and fair representatives of the old jigs. The date of Phillips' birth is unknown; but he was old enough to play *Sardanapalus* in Tarleton's Second Part of *The Seven Deadly Sins* in 1588. His name appears in the casts of *Every Man in his Humour*, *Every Man out of his Humour*, and *Sejanus*, published in the first folio edition of Jonson's plays, 1616; and he appears, from the position which it holds in petitions and patents, to have been a person of some importance in the company. He died in the early part of May, 1605, leaving behind him a handsome property for a man in his station. He bequeathed "a thirty shillings peece in gould" to Shakespeare and seven other of his fellow-actors; Shakespeare being the first named among them.

William Kempe was a famous actor in his day. He was at two periods the leading comedian of the company for which Shakespeare's plays were written, and was considered the worthy successor of the great Tarleton. As to the date of his birth, we can only venture a conjecture, founded on the fact that in 1589 Thomas Nash dedicated one of his attacks upon Martin Marprelate entitled *An Almond for a Parrat*,* "To that most comicall and conceited cavalier, Monsieur du Kempe, Jest-monger and Vice-gerent generall to the Ghost of Dick Tarlton;" and speaks of him in that tract as one whose reputation is known abroad. To have attained such distinction, he must have been, at the very least, twenty years old, and probably was four or five years older. There is ample contemporary evidence that he was the greatest comic actor of his time in England. We know that he was the original *Dogberry*, and that he also played *Peter* in *Romeo and Juliet*.† He also played in Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour;* but we have no evidence from which to decide what part he sustained, and no direct testimony as to his having appeared in any other plays. In *The Return from Parnassus*, an anonymous play written about the beginning of the seventeenth century, Kempe, who is introduced as one of the characters, is spoken of as very famous, and

* Reprinted by the Shakespeare Society.

† See Notes on *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act IV. Sc. 2, and *Romeo and Juliet*, Act IV. Sc. 5.

is represented as showing *Philomusus* — a Cambridge scholar, who is a candidate for the stage — how he is to act "a foolish mayor or a foolish justice of the peace." * This passage was accepted by Malone as evidence that "he was the original Justice Shallow." It is hardly so decisive in its character; but it seems somewhat to sustain a very probable conjecture.

Kempe, like all the low comedians of his time, sought to amuse his audience not only by his representation of the character which he for the time assumed, but by an extemporal exhibition of his own humor, whim, and wit. He was celebrated for his success in this function of his 'quality;' and it is more than probable that it was to curb an excessive partiality for it, both on his part and that of his audience, — a partiality from which the authors of the plays in which he appeared, including Shakespeare himself, had suffered, — that the latter wrote the well-known passage in the third Act of *Hamlet* in which the clowns are directed to "speak no more than is set down for them." Kempe appears to have written several jigs, the entries of three of which appear in the Stationers' Register.† One of them was called *The Kitchen-stuff Woman*, another was "betwixt a souldior, a miser, and Sym the clown:" neither of them is known to exist. Kempe was a famous morris-dancer; and another publication under his name, one copy of which has come down to us, *Kemps nine daies wonder*, Lond., 1600, is an account of his feat of dancing a morris from London to Norwich.‡

Kempe travelled on the continent of Europe and visited France, Germany, and Italy. This appears from a quotation made by Mr. Halliwell from the Sloane MS. in the British Museum, in which, under the date of September 2, 1601, he is mentioned as "Kemp, a certain comedian, who made a journey into Germany and Italy," &c.§ He had made a sort of an-

* Act IV. Sc. 3. See the reprint of this play in Hawkins' *Origin of the English Drama*, Vol. III. p. 270.

† See the Rev. Mr. Dyce's Introduction to Kempe's *Nine Days' Wonder*, published by the Camden Society.

‡ See Notes on *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act II. Sc. 2.

§ "1601. September 2. Kemp, mimus quidam, qui peregrationem quandam in Germaniam. et Italiam. instituerat, per multos errores, et infortunia sua reversus: multa refert de Anthonio Shirley, equite aurato, quem Roma (legatum Persicum agentum) convenerat." See the *Ludus Conventriæ*, published by the Shakespeare Society, p. 410.

nouncement at the end of the *Nine Days' Wonder* that he would go to "Rome, Jerusalem, Venice," and other places; and in John Day's *Travels of three English Brothers*, 1607, he is represented (perhaps, however, by dramatic license) as being in Venice at the same time with Sir Anthony Shirley, and as having an interview with him. There are also allusions in popular ballads to Kempe's visits to Rome and France; and his notoriety as a morris-dancer was so great that his journeyings were called dances. Thus, in *The Return from Parnassus*, — "Welcome M. Kempe from dancing a Morris over the Alpes."

Kempe did not always remain with the Lord Chamberlain's (Shakespeare's) company, but twice left it for Alleyn's; once before June, 1592, and, after returning to his early associates, again about 1600. The first we learn from the title-page of *A Knacke to knowe a Knave*, a play brought out by Alleyn's company between June 9 and 12, 1592,* in which title a very stupid scene is specially set forth as "Kemp's applauded Merriments of the Men of Goteham," &c.; the second from Henslowe's *Diary*, in which there are records of payments made to him in 1602.†

The date of Kempe's death is not known; but it must have occurred between 1605, when he, Armyn, and others were complained against for caricaturing upon the stage of the Blackfriars Theatre "one or more of the worshipfull aldermen of the City of London, to their great scandall, and the lessening of their authority," and 1609, when Decker's *Gull's Hornbook* was published, in which Kempe, Tarleton, and Singer are spoken of as among the fools that were.‡ Kempe might have been rich, for of course his receipts were large and constant; but the antiquaries have not been able to discover his will; and it is by no means improbable that he squandered what he earned, and had nothing to bequeath.§ There is a wood cut of a morris-

* See Rev. Mr. Dyce's Introduction to the Camden Society's reprint of the *Nine Days' Wonder*.

† See the Shakespeare Society's reprint of this *Diary*.

‡ The entire passage is quoted by Malone in the *Variorum* ed. of 1821, Vol. III. p. 199.

§ For a very few of the statements in this and others of these biographical notices the present editor is indebted to the *Memoirs of the Principal Actors in Shakespeare's Plays*, by that industrious Shakespearian antiquary, Mr. John Payne Collier; but even Mr. Collier's assiduity has been able to bring to light upon this subject very little new matter which possesses any intrinsic interest or relative value.

dancer upon the title-page of Kempe's *Nine Days' Wonder;* but it can scarcely be accepted as a portrait of Kempe himself.

Thomas Pope's mother was Agnes Webbe; and as in 1560 an Agnes Arden, whose maiden name was Webbe, granted a lease to Alexander Webbe of certain property then occupied by Richard Shakespeare,* it seems quite probable that, like other associates of Shakespeare's manhood, Pope was a native of Warwickshire, and that their boyhood was passed amid the same scenes, and perhaps in occasional companionship. The date of Pope's birth has not been discovered; but that he was at least as old as Shakespeare, we know from the appearance of his name in the plat of Tarleton's Second Part of *The Seven Deadly Sins*, as the representative of *Arbactus*.† Pope was a low-comedian, or clown, as such actors were called in Shakespeare's day, and attained distinction in this department of acting, and prominence as a member of the Lord Chamberlain's Company. His name appears in the casts of *Every Man in his Humour* and *Every Man out of his Humour*, published in Jonson's folio of 1616; but we do not know what parts he sustained either in these plays or Shakespeare's, or in what others he appeared. He had ceased to be a member of Shakespeare's company (then called "His Majesties Servants") in 1603, and he died between July of that year, when his will is dated, and February 13, 1604, when it was proved. We learn from that document that he was a man of substance.

Of George Bryan nothing is known except that he performed an inferior part in Tarleton's Second Part of *The Seven Deadly Sins*, and that he was, therefore, an actor before 1588. It is somewhat noteworthy that he, Pope, and Phillips were distinguished by the prefix 'Mr.,' which in their day was given only to 'persons of worship.'

Henry Condell or Cundall has a claim upon the undying gratitude of posterity as being one of the two "pious fellows" of Shakespeare who gave the world his works. Condell's name first

* The document is given in Mr. Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 10.

† The reader who is desirous of consulting this plat will find it in the *Variorum* edition of 1821, Vol. III. p. 348, printed in the exact form in which it was written.

appears in our dramatic literature in the folio of Ben Jonson's plays, published in 1616, where he is mentioned as a performer in *Every Man in his Humour*, when it was first played in 1598; and he was also one of the original actors of the counterpart of that play. He played in most of Beaumont and Fletcher's dramas; and the appearance of his name most frequently in the lists appended to comedies, gives some support to a tradition that he was a comic actor. He does not appear to have attained great distinction in his profession; but he had evidently the respect of his fellow-actors and fellow-citizens. He was always remembered by the former on special occasions; and having been indirectly attacked by Decker, who was always snarling at somebody, for leaving London at the time of the pestilence, he was defended by several of them in a letter full of expressions of kindness and esteem. His holding the office of sidesman, or assistant church warden, in the parish of St. Mary's, Aldermanbury,* is evidence that he was considered a worthy and substantial citizen. Condell owned two of the twenty shares into which the property of the Black-friars Theatre was divided, and seems to have been in very easy if not affluent circumstances for a man of his station. He had ceased to act before the publication of the first folio of Shakespeare's plays; but he retained his interest in the theatre until his death, as we learn from his will. He passed the latter years of his life at his country house at Fulham; but died in London, and was buried, in the night time, according to his own direction given in his will, on the 29th of December, 1627, in the parish of St. Mary's, Aldermanbury.

William Sly's ancestors may have "come in with Richard Conqueror;" but more probably the Conqueror found them in England when he arrived there. The actor's pedigree is quite as uncertain as the tapster's; and unless the allusions of the latter to Warwickshire matters may be taken as a sly hit of Shakespeare's at his fellow-actor, and as some evidence that the latter came from that *officina histrionum*, we are without any information as to his origin. Sly was one of the actors in the Second Part of *The Seven Deadly Sins*, and so must have attained early manhood by 1588. Six years after that date he was

* See Chalmers' *Apology for the Believers*, &c., p. 438.

probably a member of Henslowe's company, as his name appears in the old manager's diary as the purchaser of a jewel (which he paid for but in part and very irregularly) and as the wearer of a suit called by Henslowe "Perowe's sewt." * In 1596 he was one of the Lord Chamberlain's Players, his name being the seventh in the list of those who petitioned the Privy Council that they might not be hindered in repairing the Black-friars; Shakespeare's being fifth. He continued to be a member of the company until his death, which took place in 1608. There is reason to suppose that he played light comic parts, from the character assigned to him by his own proper name in the Induction to Marston's *Malcontent;* † and the occurrence there of a phrase, "No, in good faith, for mine ease," which is repeated almost word for word by *Osric* in *Hamlet*, caused Malone to conjecture, not without some reason, that the latter part was filled by Sly. His name appears in the original casts of *Every Man in his Humour*, *Every Man out of his Humour*, *Sejanus*, and *Volpone*. He had an illegitimate son; and left some property to two women not related to him, by a nuncupative will which was ineffectually contested by his next of kin.‡

Of Richard Cowley but little is known — not when or where he was born, who were his companions, or what his circumstances. He was old enough to play several minor parts in Tarleton's Second Part of *The Seven Deadly Sins*, so often referred to in these notes; but what parts it is almost impossible to tell; and he died in March, 1618. We know that he played *Verges* to Kempe's *Dogberry*, in *Much Ado about Nothing;* § but have no record of his connection with any other drama, either by Shakespeare or any of his contemporaries.

John Lowin was the son of Richard Lowin, a carpenter, and was born in 1576. Nothing is known of him before 1602, when, as Malone discovered from Henslowe's Diary, he was a member of Alleyn and Henslowe's company, which performed at the Fortune Theatre. The presence of his name in the original

* See Boswell's Malone, (*Variorum* ed. of 1821,) Vol. III. p. 314; and Henslowe's *Diary*, published by the Shakespeare Society, p. 66.

† See Marston's Works, ed. Halliwell, Vol. II. p. 199.

‡ See Chalmers' *Apology for the Believers*, &c., p. 441.

§ See Notes on that play, Act IV. Sc. 2, p. 337.

cast of *Sejanus*,* which was first performed by the "Kings Majesties Servants" in 1603, shows that by that time he had become one of Shakespeare's fellow-actors. Lowin appears not to have risen rapidly in the company until after his marriage with a widow, named Hall; and from this fact, which he discovered, Mr. Collier reasonably concludes that the lady brought her husband the wherewithal to purchase a greater interest in the Black-friars Theatre than he would otherwise have been able so soon to obtain; for in 1608 he owned a share and a half, then valued at £350, which is equal to about $10,500 in America at the present day. In Wright's *Historia Histrionica*, published in 1699, *Trueman*, an old play-goer, says of Lowin, "In my time, before the wars, Lowin used to act with mighty applause *Falstaff*, *Morose*, *Volpone*, *Mammon* in *The Alchemist*, and *Melantius* in *The Maid's Tragedy*;" but in none of these characters was he the original performer. He played *Aubrey* in *The Bloody Brother*, and *Belleur* in *The Wild Goose Chase*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, *Eubulus* in *The Picture*, and *Domitian* in *The Roman Actor*, by Massinger, and *Bosola* in Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*. Downes also says, in his *Roscius Anglicanus*, that Betterton received instructions how to play *Henry VIII.* from Shakespeare through Davenant and Lowin, the latter of whom "had his instructions from Shakespeare himself." That he attained distinction in the latter part of his career, there is no doubt. In an attack on Ben Jonson, published in 1632, he and Taylor are selected as representatives of their profession:

> "Lett Lowine cease, and Taylore feare to touch
> The loathed stage; for thou hast made ytt such.
> ALEXANDER GILL." †

In 1633 a play, called *The Tamer Tamed*, which was acted at the Black-friars, having given offence by its "oaths, profaneness, and ribaldry," the order for its withdrawal was addressed by Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, "to Mr. Taylor, Mr. Lowin, or any of the King's Players at the Blackfriars;" and the apology and submission was received at the hands of Lowin and Swanston. After the Civil Wars Lowin became very poor, and kept an inn, "the Three Pidgeons at Brentford, where he died very old." ‡ In 1652 he and Taylor published

* Jonson's Works, fol. 1616.
† See Jonson's Works, ed. Gifford, Vol. VI. p. 125.
‡ See Wright's *Historia Histrionica*.

Fletcher's *Wild Goose Chase*, which could not be found when the folio of 1647 was printed: their object was to relieve their pressing wants. There is a portrait of Lowin in the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, England, inscribed "1640 Ætat. 64." It represents him as portly, with a full face, a slight moustache and peaked beard, and long flowing locks.

Of Samuel Crosse nothing whatever is known except that he performed in these plays.

Alexander Cooke appears not to have attained any distinction in his profession. He performed in most of Ben Jonson's plays, and in some of Beaumont and Fletcher's. Nothing is known of his parentage, or of the date of his birth. He died between January and May, 1614, as appears by the dates of the making and the proving of his will; and that document * shows that he had but very little personal and no real property.

Of Samuel Gilburne nothing is known except that he was apprenticed to the Augustine Phillips before mentioned in this list of actors, and that the latter left him by will forty shillings, various articles of handsome clothing, and a base viol.†

Robert Armin was a noted if not a great comedian, and received instructions in his art from Tarleton. This we know from a passage in *Tarleton's Jests*, which relates that Armin, being a goldsmith's apprentice, went often to a tenant of Tarleton's for money due to his master; and finding his steps taken in vain, he wrote on a wainscot of the house some verses not in any way worth the space they would occupy here, to which Tarleton, who lived in the house, replied, in others no better, that the boy was a wag, and should be his adopted son, and wear his clown's suit after him. The account goes on to state, that "the boy, reading this, so loved Tarleton after, that regarding him with more respect, he used to his plays, and fell in a league with his humour: and private practice brought him to present playing, and at this hour performs the same, where, at the Globe on the Bankside, men may see him." We

* See Chalmers' *Apology for the Believers*, &c., p. 447.
† For this will, See *Ibid.*, p. 431.

know that Armin was a member of the King's company in 1603, his name appearing in the patent granted by James I. to that company in that year; but how much earlier he was one of Shakespeare's fellows we cannot determine; for of *Tarleton's Jests* there is no earlier edition known than that of 1611. The date of Armin's birth is unknown; but as Tarleton died in 1588, Armin, who must then have been at least fifteen years old, was, consequently, at least thirty in 1603. Armin wrote or gave his name to several pamphlets, none of which seem to have possessed much interest, and of which only one among those still existing will repay examination at the present day. It is called *A Nest of Ninnies;* and consists of tales, most of them dull enough, of the adventures and practical jokes of professional Fools and Jesters.* In the dedicatory epistle to the *Italian Tailor and his Boy*, which is a translation from the Italian of Straparola, Armin says that he "hath been writ down an ass in his time, and pleads under *formâ pauperis* in it still, notwithstanding his constableship and office." This passage justifies the surmise that he may have played *Dogberry* after Kempe, or in his absence, and, except the mention of Armin's name in the original cast of Jonson's *Sejanus*, is the only information which has come down to us in regard to the plays in which he performed. Armin was living in 1611. When he died, or whether he had accumulated any property, we do not know. He appears to have been respected and kindly thought of by those who knew him.

William Ostler went early upon the stage. He was one of that singular body, The Children of the Queen's Chapel, and took part in the original production of Ben Jonson's *Poetaster* in 1601.† Ostler was a member of the King's Company in 1604, and is supposed by Mr. Collier, though it would seem merely on account of his youth, to have then sustained female parts. He was one of the original performers in Jonson's *Alchemist* and *Catiline;* also in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Captain*, *Bonduca*, and *Valentina;* and he played *Antonio* in Webster's *Duchess of Malfi* when it was first produced in 1616. He attained some distinction, and, as Chalmers pointed out, was addressed by Davies, in

* Reprinted by the Shakespeare Society.

† See Jonson's Works, fol. 1616, for the authority for this and other similar statements; concerning which particular reference is no longer necessary.

his *Scourge of Folly*, published about 1611, as "the Roscius of these times;" the value of which compliment could have been better judged by those who knew Ostler and Davies, and the relations between them, than it can be by us of to-day. The period of his death is unknown.

Nathan or Nathaniel Field, commonly called Nat Field, was the son of a Puritan preacher, and was born at London in 1587.* His name first appears in our dramatic literature as one of The Children of the Queen's Chapel, by whom Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels* and *Poetaster* were originally produced in 1600 and 1601, when Field was but thirteen years old. In 1607 he played *Bussy d'Ambois* in George Chapman's tragedy of the same name. We do not know of any particular character sustained by him in Shakespeare's plays, and it is not worth while to enumerate those which he performed in dramas by other authors. A portrait of him is still existing in Dulwich College; and as from that we know that he was handsome, with delicate features, brown hair, and a face capable of tender expression, it has been not unreasonably supposed that he played women's parts. In this portrait he wears a light-colored doublet, which, with its falling collar, is singularly embroidered or guarded on the seams with black lace. Field attained such eminence in his profession that his name was coupled with Burbadge's. He was a member of the Princess Elizabeth's company in 1613, and probably did not become permanently a member of the King's company until 1615 or 1616; and as Shakespeare died in the latter year, Field could hardly have been the original representative of any of his characters. Field was not only an actor, but the author of *The Faithful Shepherdess*, *Woman is a Weathercock*, and *The Amends for Ladies;* three comedies popular in their day, and of some intrinsic merit. He also was concerned with Massinger in the production of *The Fatal Dowry*. Field was a recognized wit; but of his jests that have come down to us, only one is worth repetition. A nobleman connected with him, but whose branch of the family spelled the name *Feild*, asked him how this came about. "I don't know," said the actor, "unless it was because my branch of the family first

* See Collier's *Lives of the Principal Actors*, &c., published by the Shakespeare Society.

learned to spell." The same repartee has been assigned to other lips. Field, with an ample income, appears to have been improvident, like almost all of his profession. There is a letter extant in which he, Massinger, and Robert Daborne pray Henslowe for a loan of five pounds on a play that they were writing, that they may be released from imprisonment for debt; and Mr. Gifford supposes that this play may have been *The Fatal Dowry*.* There are also two other similar notes from him, each asking for an advance of ten pounds.† In 1619 Field's name occurs as the seventh in a patent granted to the company by King James; and the following MS. epigram of the time, in satirizing him for his jealousy, also brings to light the fact that he had succeeded Burbadge as *Othello*:

"*De Agello et Othello.*

Field is, in sooth, an actor — all men know it: —
And is the true Othello of the Poet.
I wonder if 'tis true, as people tell us,
That, like the character, he is most jealous.
If it be so, — and many living swear it, —
It takes not little from the actor's merit;
Since, as the Moore is jealous of his wife,
Field can display the passion to the life." ‡

Field's name does not appear in the patent granted by Charles I. to his players in 1625; and nothing is known of him from that time until his death, which took place in February, 1632.

John Underwood appears to have been a very useful though not a distinguished actor. He was originally one of the Children of the Queen's Chapel, and like several other members of that body § became an actor at the Black-friars in his manhood. He sustained a character in Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels* when it was produced in 1600; and as he did not play in the same author's *Epicœne* which was produced by the 'Children' in

* See the Introduction to Gifford's edition of Massinger's Works, Vol. I. p. xv. and p. xxxvi.

† See *The Alleyn Papers*, published by the Shak. Soc., p. 43 and p. 65.

‡ Quoted by Mr. Collier, and formerly in the possession of Mr. Heber, of England, before alluded to in these Notes.

§ See Wright's *Historia Histrionica*, 1699.

1609, and did play in the *Alchemist* which was brought out by the King's company in 1610, it appears quite certain that he joined the latter company at about the former date. It is not known what parts he sustained; but from the character of the very numerous plays in which he is recorded as having been one of the principal actors, he was probably a comedian. The date at which he joined the company for which Shakespeare wrote his dramas, 1609, makes it quite certain that he could have been the original actor of characters in but very few of them. Underwood died in 1624; and from his will * we learn that he owned shares in the Curtain Theatre as well as the Black-friars and the Globe. His wife had died before him; and he left his young orphan children in the guardianship of certain of his "loving and kind fellows." The regard in which this company of actors held each other, and the confidence which they seem to have reposed in each other, are constantly apparent in all the surviving records of their individual or collective transactions. This is noteworthy chiefly because it is on record, and because of the prominence given to the association by Shakespeare's connection with it; for, to the honor of actors be it spoken, whatever may be the professional jealousies of the stage, — which the close and candid observer will find neither less nor greater than those of the forum, the bar, the consulting room, or the pulpit, — there is among those who tread it a personal kindliness, and a readiness to share individual joys and alleviate individual sorrows, which is not so apparent among the members of other professions. In this respect actors, as a class, are no less distinguished than (in spite of their improvidence and addiction to pleasure) they are, and ever have been, by their freedom from those crimes which send men to prison or the gallows.

Nicholas Tooley, alias Wilkinson, (or rather Wilkinson, alias Tooley,) was apprenticed to the great Burbadge. The date of his birth is not known; but in 1596 he had become a sharer in the Black-friars Theatre; his name standing last in the list of those who addressed the Privy Council in that year. His name appears in the original casts of *The Alchemist* and *Catiline*, produced by Shakespeare's company in 1610 and 1611, and also in many of those of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays. We do not

* For this will, See the *Variorum* of 1821. Vol. III. p. 314.

know of any particular play of Shakespeare's in which he appeared. He seems to have been an esteemed though not an eminent actor. He continued to be a member of the company until his death, which took place in 1623. In his will he left considerable legacies to several of his good friends and fellows, forgave some of them debts which they owed him, directed sums for which he was surety on the part of others to be paid, and gave a moderate marriage portion to Sarah Burbadge, the daughter of his master. There is a remarkable codicil to his will, of the same date as the will, the purpose of which appears in this passage: "by reason of the omission of my name of Wilkinson therein, [the will] I doe therefore, by this my presente codicil by the name of Nicholas Wilkinson alias Tooley, ratifie, confirm, &c., &c., ... as if I had been so named in my said last will, any omission of my said name of Wilkinson in my said last will, or any scruple, doubt, &c., &c., ... to the contrary notwithstanding." * This codicil he signed Nicholas Wilkinson, alias Tooley, having signed the will Nicholas Tooley. From this it would appear that his name was Wilkinson, and that having assumed the name of Tooley, probably out of respect to the scruples of his family, he had become so accustomed to the latter that he actually forgot his right to the former.

William Ecclestone's name first appears as one of the principal actors in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*, when it was produced in 1610. At this time Shakespeare had retired from the stage, though he still retained his interest in the theatre, and afterward wrote, most probably, a play or two for it. Ecclestone, however, was quite surely the original performer of no character of Shakespeare's; for in 1611 he had left the King's company for that of the Prince of Wales, under the management of Henslowe and Alleyn; † though the appearance of his name in the list of the principal performers in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Honest Man's Fortune* shows that he had returned to the former company in 1613. He continued a member of this company until 1619; but his name does not appear in Charles I.'s patent of 1625. It is not known when he died, or what were his circumstances. He appears to have attained no eminence.

* For the entire will, See Chalmers' *Apology for the Believers*, &c., p. 450.

† See a copy of a document showing this in Mr. Collier's *Memoirs of Edward Alleyn*, published by the Shak. Soc., p. 98.

Joseph Taylor was one of the more important members of the company distinguished by Shakespeare's fellowship. In 1608, when he was a very young man, (as he was married in 1610 and was living in 1652,) he owned a share and a half in the Blackfriars Theatre; * and this shows that his talent was early manifested and recognized. He left the company for a while; he having been one of the Prince of Wales' players in 1611; † but he returned before 1613; and, as Mr. Collier observes, "he seems to have shifted about a good deal at this period." To follow his wanderings, is not worth our while; for the interest which we take in him depends on his connection with Shakespeare, not his separation from him. It is probable that he finally returned to the King's company upon the death of Burbadge, which took place in 1618; and that he succeeded to Burbadge's characters. For in the edition of John Webster's *Duchess of Malfi* published in 1623 there is a singular duplicate list of the principal performers in it; one giving the original cast, in 1616, and the other the cast at a subsequent date — probably 1621 or 1622; and by this list we learn that Burbadge had played *Duke Ferdinand* at the former date, and that it was assigned to Taylor at the latter. We also know from Wright's *Historia Histrionica* that Taylor played *Hamlet*, originally Burbadge's part, "incomparably well;" he, according to tradition, having been instructed in it by Shakespeare himself. He also played *Iago*, as Wright assures us, and perhaps was the original performer of that character; playing it to Burbadge's *Othello*. Taylor's name does not appear in the lists of players which accompany the original edition of Jonson's plays; but the contrary is the case with regard to Beaumont and Fletcher's, and Massinger's. In 1625 Taylor had come to be regarded as the head of the company of the King's Players: in 1647 he was one of the ten actors who published the first folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays. The dedication of this volume to Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, contains the following interesting allusion to the dedication of the first folio of Shakespeare's plays, and to the circumstances which led to the publication of Beaumont and Fletcher's in the same form: —

* See the *Life of Shakespeare*, Vol. I., for an appraisement of the value of this property, and the names of the owners in 1608.

† See Mr. Collier's *Memoirs of Alleyn*, p. 98.

"*But directed by the example of ſome, who once ſteered in our qualitie, and ſo fortunately aſpired to chooſe your* Honour, *joyned with your* (*now glorified*) Brother, Patrons *to the flowing compoſitions of the ſweet* Swan *of* Avon SHAKESPEARE; *and ſince, more particularly bound to your* Lordſhips *moſt conſtant and diffuſive* Goodneſſe, *from which, wee did for many calme yeares derive a ſubſiſtence to ourſelves, and Protection to the Scene* (*now withered and condemn'd as we feare, to a long Winter and ſterilitie*) *we have preſumed to offer to your* Selfe, *what before was never printed of theſe* Authours."

The theatres were shut; and these poor actors were forced, and were permitted, to seek a subsistence through the sale for perusal, of such plays as *The Custom of the Country*, by the very Puritans who would not permit such plays as *The Tempest*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *As You Like It*, *King Lear*, and *Hamlet* to be acted! These were the people who put a stop to bear-baiting "not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the men." Yet they had virtues, after a grim and ghostly fashion.

In 1652 Taylor, with Lowin, as it has been already remarked, published Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wild Goose Chase* for the purpose of obtaining a much-needed pittance by the sale of it; and he died in the next year, at Richmond, where he was buried, as we are told by Wright.

Of Robert Benfield we only know that he was a very useful member of the King's company; his name appearing in the casts of a great many of the plays by Beaumont and Fletcher, Webster, and others, which were performed by that company. He appears not to have played at the Black-friars (perhaps nowhere else) until after Shakespeare left the stage; and most probably was the original performer of no character in his plays. He was living in 1647, and was one of the ten players who published Beaumont and Fletcher's works in that year. These facts are established by the dates of existing patents and lists of actors in which his name appears.

Robert Gough's name appears in the plat of the Second Part of *The Seven Deadly Sins* in a position which makes it more than probable that he sustained the character of *Aspasia*. But though young enough to play a woman in 1588, he was man enough to marry the sister of his fellow Augustine Phillips in

1602.* Gough was probably the original actor of some of Shakespeare's female characters. His name appears in the casts of none of Jonson's or Beaumont and Fletcher's plays. He died in 1624, leaving a son, Alexander, who succeeded him as a "woman-actor" at the Black-friars.†

Richard Robinson, or Dick Robinson as he was familiarly called by his fellows, was, in his earlier professional years at least, an actor of female parts. This appears from the following passage in Ben Jonson's *The Devil is an Ass:*

> "*Ingine.* There's *Dicke Robinson*
> A very pretty fellow, and comes often
> To a Gentlemans chamber, a friends of mine. We had
> The merriest supper there, one night,
> The Gentleman's Land-lady invited him
> To ' a Gossip's feast. Now sir he brought *Dick Robinson*,
> Drest like a Lawyers wife, amongst 'hem all;
> (I lent him cloathes); but to see him behave it;
> And lay the law; and carve;‡ and drink unto 'hem;
> And then talke baudy; and send frolicks, O!
> It would have burst your buttons, or not left you
> A seame.
> *Merecraft.* They say he's an ingenious youth!
> *Ing.* O sir! and dresses himself the best! beyond
> Forty o' your very ladies! did you ne'er see him?"
>
> Act II. Sc. 8, p. 127, ed. 1631.§

Robinson's name first appears in our dramatic literature as one of the original actors in Ben Jonson's *Catiline*, which was produced in 1611, and by the King's company. From that time, at least, he remained a member of this company until the closing of the theatres by the Puritans. That he had attained some distinction among his fellows, may be reasonably supposed from the position in which his name appears in various documents which have come down to us. The investigations of the English Shakespearian antiquaries have brought to light no other

* For evidence of this, See the will of Augustine Phillips, (Chalmers' *Apology*, &c.. p. 431,) which is witnessed by "Robert Goffe," and in which the testator leaves a legacy to his "Sister Elizabeth Goughe."

† See Wright's *Historia Histrionica.*

‡ See Notes on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. Sc. 3, Vol. II. p. 309.

§ Act II. Sc. 3, Vol. V. p. 73, ed. Gifford.

circumstances in regard to his life. On the authority of an anecdote in Wright's *Historia Histrionica* it was for a long time believed * that Robinson was killed at the taking of Basing House by General Harrison, who shot him after he had laid down his arms, saying, "Cursed is he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently." But although it is certain that Harrison did earn his hanging at Charing Cross by so killing one Robinson, a player; yet that this was not Richard Robinson, is clear from the two facts that Basing House was taken on the 14th of October, 1645, and that Richard Robinson signed in 1647 the dedication of the folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's Works. It was also shown by Chalmers, from the parish register of St. Anne's, Black-friars, London, that Robinson was buried on the 23d of March, 1647.†

John Shancke was a low comedian, or performer of such parts as Clowns and Curates. His name first appears in our dramatic records in 1603, as a performer in Prince Henry's company. He played Sir *Roger*, the Curate, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady;* and his name is mentioned as the performer of other characters in the plays of those authors and of Massinger; but always in quite an inferior position. He does not appear as a member of the King's company until the confirmation of their patent in 1619. He seems gradually to have acquired some reputation; and he composed a 'jig' which was called *Shanck's Ordinary*. Like all actors of his class, he was a comic singer. He died in 1635,‡ and was quite surely the original performer of none of Shakespeare's characters.

* See Sir Walter Scott's *Woodstock*.

† It is perhaps worth while to notice here a lamentably mistaken instance of that kind of antiquarian pride the exhibition of which so continually repels those who are impelled to the study of Shakespearian literature. Mr. Collier, (*Lives of the Principal Players*, &c., p. 273,) after giving with prolonged and pompous flourish this solution of a question "which," he says, "we apprehend is *now* set at rest," with great appearance of accuracy adds, "It is due to Chalmers to state, that he was the first to maintain that Richard Robinson had not been killed by Harrison; but he was not acquainted with the precise date of the entry which we have quoted." The fact is, however, that, in giving this gravely-important date, Mr. Collier but repeated Chalmers, whose words, in the very passage to which that gentleman refers, are, "The Parish Register, expressly records, that Richard Robinson, a *Player*, was buried on the 23d of March, 1646-7: So that there can be no doubt about the identity of the person." *Supplemental Apology for the Believers*, &c., 1799, p. 178.

‡ See Mr. Collier's *Lives of the Principal Reformers*, &c.

Of John Rice nothing is known except that he was one of Henslowe's company in 1611, that he played *Pescara* in Webster's *Duchess of Malfi* when it was revived about 1622, and that he was one of the King's company for two years after the publication of the first folio edition of Shakespeare's Works. As his name does not appear in connection with the stage after 1625, and as Heminge left in his will "twenty shillings as a remembrance of his love" to "John Rice, Clerk, of St. Saviour's in Southwark," Mr. Collier not unreasonably conjectures that, like Stephen Gosson, and like others in our own day, Rice left the stage for the church.

Hugh Holland, whose memorial Sonnet upon Shakespeare preceeds the list of the Names of the Principal Actors in these plays, was the son of Robert Holland, Gentleman, and born at Denbigh. He studied at Cambridge, and became a Fellow of his College. His religious sympathies appear to have been with the Romish Church; and he travelled, perhaps pilgrimed, to Jerusalem and the Holy Sepulchre. Fuller says that he was "no bad English and an excellent Latin poet." He wrote *A Cypress Garland for the Sacred Forehead of the Sovereign King James*, published at London in 1625, and other works which exist in MS. — among them a Chronicle of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He died in 1633.*

The Catalogue of the Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies contained in this volume is only remarkable on account of its omission of *Troilus and Cressida;* the supposed reasons for which will be found in the *Introduction* to that tragedy.

The commendatory verses printed in the folio of 1623 appear also in the folio of 1632, but with certain additions; two of which are very interesting. Of the writer of the first, "Upon the Effigies," &c., nothing is known: he has not even given the initials of his name. It is noteworthy that he bears indirect evidence to the genuineness and likeness of Droeshout's portrait.

The unsigned Sonnet, entitled "An Epitaph," &c., is by Milton. This is known by its appearance in the edition of his minor

* See Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses.*

poems, published in 1645. They are there stated to have been written in 1630, and are printed, as follows, with certain corrections evidently made by the author:

"On *Shakespeare*. 1630.

What needs my *Shakespear* for his honour'd Bones
The labour of an age in piled Stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing *Pyramid?*
Dear son of memory, great heir of Fame
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thy self a live long Monument.
For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easie numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd Book
Those Delphick lines with deep impression took.
Then thou our fancy of it self bereaving,
Dost make us Marble with too much conceaving;
And so Sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,
That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die."

The word 'part' in the tenth line of the folio version is plainly a misprint caused by the long tail of the old *h*. The substitution of 'itself' for 'herself' in the thirteenth line is important, as one of the evidences that 'itself,' as a compound word, and 'its,' as a possessive, were not in vogue in 1630, but were coming into use fifteen years after. 'Herself,' in the folio copy, is not a personification.*

The verses signed J. M. S. are still anonymous. Mr. Collier suggested that those initials may possibly stand for 'John Milton, Student;' adding, "We know of no other poet capable of writing the lines. We feel morally certain that they are by Milton." Baseless as this opinion is, the disposition which Mr. Verplanck and Mr. Hudson have shown to accept it, gives it a claim to a more serious consideration than, I am sure, it could have received from them. There are several reasons which make it quite impossible to believe that Milton wrote this beautiful compliment. And the first is, that while the

* See Notes on *The Winter's Tale*, Act I. Sc. 2, Vol. V. p. 385, and on *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act II. Sc. 1, Vol. V. p. 119.

preceding sonnet was claimed by its author, and appeared, with corrections, in the volume of his works published in 1645, this other tribute to the same poet, which, though inferior to the former, is not unworthy of Shakespeare's memory or Milton's youthful pen, was not so claimed. Mr. Hudson supposes that "perhaps it is a sufficient answer to this, that in 1632 Milton was not too much a Puritan to write such lines; whereas in 1645 he was too far committed that way to put them forth as his." But surely the same objection would apply to the acknowledgment of the preceding eulogy of the player and playwright, and, as it was more highly laudatory, in a greater degree. The unacknowledged verses, eulogistic as they are, render no such homage to the professor of the quality so hated by the Puritans as that of which the sonnet is made the vehicle in the expressions "*honour'd* bones," "*hallow'd* reliques," and "That kings for such a tomb would wish to die." Milton had a full appreciation of the worth of every line that he wrote, and preserved even his least important compositions most carefully; and the absence of this eulogy from the volume of 1645, as well as from that augmented collection afterward published in 1673, in both of which the sonnet appeared, is fatal to the supposition that he was the author of both.

The internal evidence against that supposition is, in my opinion, even stronger. These lines bear no trace of Milton's hand. Supposing even, what is not true, that they are worthy of him who had written the *Ode on the Nativity*, and who was just about to write *Comus*, and *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*, they have not the kind of excellence which distinguishes his compositions. They go into details, and point out minute beauties; while he is remarkable for his neglect of these and for a recognition only of great characteristic traits. They are infested with conceits and quibbles such as, "abused, and glad to be abused," "time past made pastime" — forms of expression which he solicitously avoided, if, indeed, he were ever tempted to use them. But, more than all, these verses have a rhythm which is not Milton's, and in which his sustained, unflagging power of song secured him from being constrained to write. The observant reader will notice that the composition is afflicted from beginning to end with a deformity for which we have no name, but which the French call *enjambement des vers*, and of which these seven lines contain seven examples: —

"—— and eyes in tears
Both weep and smile : fearful at plots so sad,
Then laughing at our fear ; abus'd, and glad
To be abus'd ; affected with that truth
Which we perceive is false ; pleas'd in that ruth
At which we start, and by elaborate play
Tortur'd and tickled ; by a crab-like way
Time past made pastime," &c.

Now the poet who writes in this way, however fine his thoughts may be, lacks one great requisite to his art — spontaneous rhythmical expression. His hand and his brain, his ear and his fancy, have not one motive power ; for it will be seen that in these verses there is a continual disagreement between the completion of the thought and the completion of the measure. They were not written by a man who wrote "in numbers for the numbers came ;" but the ideas, conceived independently, were painfully expressed in this form. Poets like Pope, whose inspiration is that of the ear and the spleen, and whose ideas require only the epigrammatic form to give them their full expression, weary us with the monotony of couplets containing two rhymes and one thought ; and we find that the occasional completion of an idea in the middle of a verse gives a pleasing variety to rhythm ; but the constant use of this device is the sure indication of one who, though he might have been born to think, was not born to sing.

But whatever opinion may be held with regard to the merit of this style of versification, the important fact in connection with the present question is, that Milton did not write in it ; that not one of his many poems in rhyme has a single passage marked by this *enjambement ;* although his musical ear led him occasionally to complete a thought in some other part of a verse than the end. The fact is conclusive against the opinion that these verses were written by Milton.

There is, however, yet another. Shakespeare died when Milton was but eight years old : and the sonnet, it will be noticed, is styled "An Epitaph on the admirable Dramatic Poet W. Shakespeare" — a form of expression well suited to a tribute paid by a young man to the memory of one who attained distinction in the time of his father and his grandfather ; but the succeeding verses are, "On *worthy Master* Shakespeare, and his Poems ;" and they are subscribed, "The *friendly admirer* of his

endowments, I. M. S." — expressions which seem unmistakably those of a contemporary, or even a loving companion, of him to whom they refer; and the conceits before alluded to are quite in the style of one whose taste had been formed in the days when Shakespeare ruled the stage.*

In the face of these objections, it seems to me that the opinion that Milton wrote this fine compliment cannot be entertained for a moment; and as to the question, Who then did write it? that we are not obliged to answer. It is not at all impossible that it might have been written by a man who produced nothing else worth printing, and who has no other claim upon posterity greater than that of Leonard Digges or Hugh Holland. 'Single-speech Hamilton' is not the only instance of a man who was able to do once what he never did before nor could do after. The merits of the lines, considerable as they are, have been much overrated and overstated. The eulogy is finely imaginative, earnest, and glowing; and the criticism shows a nice and just discrimination; but either line, "Dear son of Memory, great heir of Fame" in Milton's sonnet, or, "He was not of a day, but for all time" in Ben Jonson's memorial, overtops it all, and is ten times worth the whole of it.

With these lines all contemporary eulogy of Shakespeare ends:† the Commendatory Verses received no additions in the folios of 1664 and 1685.

* Mr. Hudson's observation, that "Milton is the only man of that time who has left any similar marks" does not evince his usual discrimination; for even were these verses better than Milton's, they are as *dis*similar from them as they well could be; and the same gentleman's suggestion, that the initials I. M. S. "may well enough be supposed to extend over this and the preceding piece," was surely made upon insufficient knowledge. For these verses and "the preceding piece," Milton's sonnet, are separated in the second folio by seven pages; and it is somewhat noteworthy, that while there the two other additions to the commendatory verses of the first folio are placed first, and by themselves, these verses are made to follow Ben Jonson's, (which in that volume are placed after the list of the actors,) as if they belonged among the tributes paid to Shakespeare by his companions.

† Except the verses by Basse, given with the Poems in Vol. I.

COMEDIES.

THE TEMPEST.

The Tempest occupies the first nineteen pages of the folio of 1623. It is divided into Acts and Scenes. On page 19, printed side by side with the Epilogue, a list of the Dramatis Personæ is given, under the heading "Names of the Actors;" and above this is "The Scene, an vn-inhabited Island."

THE TEMPEST.

INTRODUCTION.

IN the only authentic edition of Shakespeare's dramatic works *The Tempest* is placed first. The arrangement of that edition appears to have been entirely arbitrary, except as to the division of the Plays into Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies; but as any other, based either upon the period when the several plays were produced, or the affinity of their subjects or their style, must in the one case be directed by conjecture and in the other by individual opinion, and as it is desirable that the same order should obtain in all editions, a general acquiescence in the arrangement adopted by the first editors seems to be both proper and convenient. It is more than possible that *The Tempest* was made the leading play, as being one of the latest and most admired works of its author.

The text has come to us in a state of almost absolute purity; and, indeed, so carefully was this play printed, that it may be safely used as a guide in the correction of others which were less fortunate in the hands of some of the printers employed by Jaggard, Blount & Smithweek. This fact, and the existence of no quarto copy prior in date to the first folio, secured the text of *The Tempest* comparative immunity from editorial mutilation during the last century; but some injuries were done to it, which have not been entirely repaired, even in the latest editions of the present day. The text of this edition differs from that of the first folio only in the regulation of the orthography, the correction of palpable errors of the press, and the addition of such few stage directions as appear to be absolutely required.

Of the exact date at which Shakespeare wrote any of his plays, we are entirely ignorant; but the testimony of contemporary literature, personal diaries, and official records, aided in some

cases by internal evidence of the plays themselves, has enabled us, in most instances, to determine that period with some approach to accuracy. . Thus we know that *The Tempest* was produced between 1603 and 1611; the first limit being determined by a versified quotation, in the first Scene of the second Act, from Florio's translation of Montaigne's Essays, which was first published in 1603, and the last, by an entry in the accounts of the Revels at Court, under James I., recently discovered by Mr. Peter Cunningham. The memorandum is in the Book for 1611–12, and is in these words: —

By the Kings Players. Hallomas nyght was presented att Whithall before y^e^ Kings Ma^tie^ a play called the Tempest.

To this positive external testimony are to be added some external probabilities. First, in the occurrence of a passage in the Induction to Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, written between 1612 and 1614, which has a hit, not necessarily ill-humored, at those who have "a *Servant-monster*" in their *dramatis personæ*, and "beget *Tales*, *Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries*," where the allusion to *The Tempest* is too plain to be mistaken, — an allusion which would be made only when the impression of that play was fresh in the public mind: Next, in the publication by Sil[vester] Jourdan of a quarto pamphlet entitled "A Discovery of the Barmvdas, otherwise called the Ile of Divels: by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Sommers, and Captayne Newport, with diuers others. London, 1610." This pamphlet tells of the tempest which scattered the fleet commanded by Somers and Gates, and the happy discovery by some of the shipwrecked, of land which proved to be the Bermudas. It alludes to the general belief that these islands "were *never* inhabited by any Christian or Heathen people," being "reputed a most *prodigious and inchanted* place," adding that, nevertheless, those who were cast away upon them and lived there nine months, found the air temperate and the country "abundantly fruitful of all fit necessaries for the sustentation and preservation of man's life." *Prospero's* command to *Ariel* "to fetch dew from the still vex'd Bermoothes" makes it certain that the Bermudas are not the scene of *The Tempest*, though, strangely enough, it has produced the contrary impression on many minds; but this reference to these islands and allusion to their storm vexed coast, connects itself naturally with the publication of Jourdan's narrative. It is highly probable, therefore, that *The Tempest* was written about 1611.

The thoughtful reader will, however, find in the compact simplicity of its structure, and in the chastened grandeur of its diction and the lofty severity of its tone of thought, tempered although the one is with Shakespeare's own enchanting sweetness, and the other with that most human tenderness which is the peculiar trait of his mind, sufficient evidence that this play is the fruit of his genius in its full maturity.

Shakespeare usually built his dramas upon some well known story of chronicle or romance; but although the plot of *The Tempest* and its characters seem to point out some old Italian or Spanish tale as its foundation, the most diligent search has failed to discover any prototype of this play. Collins the poet told Warton the critic that he had seen "a romance called *Aurelio and Isabella*, printed in Italian, Spanish, French, and English in 1588," the characters and incidents of which were evidently those upon which *The Tempest* was founded. But Collins was insane when he made the statement; and no such romance is known in Italian, Spanish, French, or English literature. A play by Jacob Ayrer of Nuremberg, published in 1618, and called *Die Schöne Sidea*, (The Beautiful Sidea,) has been discovered by Mr. Thoms, who supposes, from some similarity of incident and plot between it and *The Tempest*, that they were derived from the same source. But the resemblances pointed out by Mr. Thoms himself are too vague to justify the supposition; and English plays having been translated into German as early as 1600, it is not at all improbable that, should there be any connection between these two, it is that of imitation on the part of the German dramatist.

The action of this play gives no hint of the period at which it is supposed to have taken place; and the costume may be the Italian dress of any period of the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries.

As to the actual scene of *The Tempest*, that is in the realms of fancy. Mr. Hunter has contended that Lampedusa, "an island in the Mediterranean, lying not far out of a ship's course passing from Tunis to Naples," and which is uninhabited and supposed by sailors to be enchanted, was *Prospero's* place of exile. It may have been; though if it were, we would a little rather not believe so. When the great magician at whose beck it rose upon the waters broke his staff, the island sunk and carried *Caliban* down with it.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Alonso, *King of* Naples.
Sebastian, *his Brother.*
Prospero, *the right Duke of* Milan.
Antonio, *his Brother, the usurping Duke of* Milan.
Ferdinand, *Son to the King of* Naples.
Gonzalo, *an honest old Counsellor.*
Adrian, Francisco, } Lords.
Caliban, *a savage and deformed Slave.*
Trinculo, *a Jester.*
Stephano, *a drunken Butler.*
Master *of a Ship*, Boatswain, Mariners.

Miranda, *Daughter to* Prospero.

Ariel, *an airy Spirit.*
Iris, Ceres, Juno, Nymphs, Reapers, } *Spirits.*

Other Spirits *attending on* Prospero.

SCENE, *the* Sea, *with a* Ship; *afterwards an uninhabited* Island.

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.

Scene I. — On a Ship at Sea.

A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard.

Enter a Ship-master *and a* Boatswain.

Master.

BOATSWAIN!

Boatswain. Here, Master: what cheer?

Mast. Good, speak to th' mariners: fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare. Take in the top-sail; tend to th' Master's whistle. — Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, *and Others.*

Alonso. Good Boatswain, have care. Where's the Master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Antonio. Where is the Master, Boson?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour. Keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.

Gonzalo. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a Counsellor: if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more. Use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. — Cheerly, good hearts! — Out of our way, I say! [*Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the top-mast: yare; lower, lower. Bring her to: try wi' th' main-course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office. —

Enter Sebastian, Antonio, *and* Gonzalo.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Sebastian. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! You whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses. Off to sea again: lay her off.

Enter Mariners, *wet.*

Mariners. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exeunt.*

Boats. What! must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The King and Prince at prayers! let's assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards. —
This wide-chapp'd rascal, — would thou might'st lie drowning,
The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him.

[*A confused noise within.* Mercy on us! — We split, we split! — Farewell, my wife and children! — Farewell, brother! — We split, we split, we split! —

Ant. Let's all sink wi' th' King. [*Exit.*

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

The Island: before the cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero *and* Miranda.

Miranda. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting souls within her.

Prospero. Be collected:
No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day!

Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,

And pluck my magic garment from me. — So :
Lie there, my art. — Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul —
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know farther.

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding, — " Stay, not yet."

Pro. The hour's now come:
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear:
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,

How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A Prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir
And Princess, no worse issued.

Mira. O, the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly holp hither.

Mira. O! my heart bleeds
To think o' th' teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Please you, farther.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio, —
I pray thee, mark me, — that a brother should
Be so perfidious! — he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my State; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,
(And Prospero the prime Duke, being so reputed
In dignity) and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel: those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my State grew stranger, being transported,
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle —
Dost thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. — Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who t' advance, and who

To trash for over-topping. new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em: having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' State
To what tune pleas'd his ear, that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't. — Thou attend'st not.

Mira. O good sir! I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which but by being so retir'd
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He, being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact, — like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie — he did believe
He was indeed the Duke; out o' th' substitution,
And executing th' outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative: — hence his ambition
Growing, — Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd,
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man! — my library
Was dukedom large enough. Of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates
(So dry he was for sway) wi' th' King of Naples —

To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and th' event; then tell me,
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition.
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' th' premises,
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother. Whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight,
Fated to th' purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' th' dead of darkness,
The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to 't.

Pro. Hear a little farther,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now 's upon 's; without the which this story
Were most impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not;
(So dear the love my people bore me,) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
—Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it. There they hoist us,
To cry to th' sea that roar'd to us, to sigh
To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pro. O! a cherubin
Thou wast, that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore?

Pro. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this design) did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much. So, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From mine own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. Would I might
But ever see that man!
Pro. Now I arise: —
[*Puts on his robe.*
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
Mira. Heavens thank you for 't! And now, I pray you, sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
Pro. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune
(Now my dear lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions.
Thou art inclin'd to sleep: 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way: — I know thou canst not choose. —
[MIRANDA *sleeps.*
Come away, servant, come! I am ready now:
Approach, my Ariel: come!

Enter ARIEL.

Ariel. All hail, great master; grave sir, hail. I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task
Ariel, and all his quality.
Pro. Hast thou, spirit,

Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
Ari. To every article.
I boarded the King's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement. Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places: on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' th' dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.
Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?
Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the King's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man that leap'd; — cried, "Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."
Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
Ari. Close by, my master.
Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?
Ari. Not a hair perish'd:
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.
The King's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs

In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.
Pro. Of the King's ship
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' th' fleet?
Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the King's ship: in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid;
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' th' fleet
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the King's ship wrack'd,
And his great person perish.
Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work.
What is the time o' th' day?
Ari. Past the mid season.
Pro. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pro. How now! moody?
What is't thou canst demand?
Ari. My liberty.
Pro. Before the time be out? no more.
Ari. I pr'ythee
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd

Without or grudge, or grumblings. Thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.
Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much, to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' th' earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.
Ari. I do not, sir.
Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
Ari. No, sir.
Pro. Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.
Ari. Sir, in Argier.
Pro. O! was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did,
They would not take her life. Is not this true?
Ari. Ay, sir.
Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by th' sailors. Thou, my slave
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,

Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she di'd,
And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
— A freckl'd whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban, her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears. It was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.

Pro. Do so, and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go, make thyself like a nymph o' th' sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible

To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in 't: go: hence, with diligence.
[*Exit* ARIEL.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off. Come on:
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. — What hoa! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Caliban. [*Within.*] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say: there's other business for thee.
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Enter ARIEL, *like a Water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-comb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me, — would'st give me
Water with berries in 't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fertile.
Curs'd be I that did so! — All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me,
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness, I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho! O ho! — would 't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopl'd else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,

Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but would'st gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known; but thy vile
race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good
natures
Could not abide to be with: therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit
on 't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou 'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee!—
I must obey. [*Aside.*] His art is of such pow'r,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence!
[*Exit* CALIBAN.

Enter FERDINAND, *and* ARIEL *(invisible,) playing and singing.*

ARIEL. — Song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
and then take hands:

Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd —
the wild waves whist, —
Foot it featly here and there;
and, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Burthen. *Hark, hark!* [Dispersedly.
Bowgh-wawgh.
The watch-dogs bark:
Bowgh-wawgh.
Ari. *Hark, hark! I hear*
The strain of strutting chanticlere
Cry, Cock-a-didle-dow.

Ferdinand. Where should this music be? i' th' air, or th' earth? —
It sounds no more; — and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the King my father's wrack,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather: — but 'tis gone. —
No, it begins again.

Ariel. — Song.

Full fadom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
[Burthen:] *Ding-dong.*
Hark! now I hear them, — ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father. —

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. — I hear it now above me.
Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance
And say, what thou seest yond'.
Mira. What is 't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form: — but 'tis a spirit.
Pro. No, wench: it eats and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, — such. This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wrack; and but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.
Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Pro. [*Aside.*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. — Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.
Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! — Vouchsafe, my pray'r
May know if you remain upon this island,
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid, or no?
Mira. No wonder, sir;
But, certainly a maid.
Fer. My language! heavens! —
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.
Pro. How? the best?

What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me,
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The King, my father, wrack'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan,
And his brave son, being twain.

Pro. [*Aside.*] The Duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control thee,
If now 't were fit to do 't. — At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes: — delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this! — [*To him.*] A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for. Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O! if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, sir: one word more. —
[*Aside.*] They are both in either's pow'rs: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. — [*To him.*] One word more: I charge thee,
That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.
Pro. [*To* FER.] Follow me. —
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. — Come.
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.
Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*
Mira. O, dear father!
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.
Pro. What! I say:
My foot my tutor? — Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mira. Beseech you, father!
Pro. Hence! hang not on my garments.
Mira. Sir, have pity:
I'll be his surety.
Pro. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? Hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To th' most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble: I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. [*To* FER.] Come on; obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid. All corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of: space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pro. [*Aside.*] It works.
[*Alternately to* FER. *and* MIRA., *and to* ARI.
Come on. —
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! —
Follow me. — Hark, what thou else shalt do me.

Mira. Be of comfort.
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. [*To* ARIEL.] Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then, exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To th' syllable.

Pro. Come, follow. — Speak not for him.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — Another Part of the Island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and Others.*

GONZALO.

BESEECH you, sir, be merry: you have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common: every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle, —
I mean our preservation — few in millions
Can speak like us: then, wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look; he's winding up the watch of his wit: by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir, —

Seb. One: — tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
Comes to th' entertainer —

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purpos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord, —

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done. But yet —

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done. The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adrian. Though this island seem to be desert, —

Ant. Ha, ha, ha!

Seb. So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible, —

Seb. Yet —

Adr. Yet —

Ant. He could not miss 't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 't were perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in 't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit —

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. — that our garments, being, as they were, drench'd in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses; being rather new dy'd than stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage; and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their Queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said, widower Æneas too? Good Lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O! widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she, too,
Who is so far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou, mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan! what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

Francisco. Sir, he may live.
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To th' shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no; he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss

That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.
Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.
Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' th' beam she'd bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, forever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them, of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's
Your own.
Alon. So is the dear'st o' th' loss.
Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.
Seb. Very well.
Ant. And most chirurgeonly.
Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.
Seb. Foul weather?
Ant. Very foul.
Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—
Ant. He'd sow 't with nettle-seed.
Seb. Or docks, or mallows.
Gon. —And were the King on 't, what would I do?
Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.
Gon. I' th' commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,

And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, — all,
And women too, but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty: —

Seb. Yet he would be king on 't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common, Nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but Nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores, and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
T' excel the golden age.

Seb. 'Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir? —

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given!

Seb. An it had not fall'n flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle: you

would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL, *playing solemn Music.*

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep? for I am very heavy.

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep but* ALON., SEB., *and* ANT.

Alon. What! all so soon asleep? I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find,
They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow: when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you. — Wondrous heavy.

[ALONSO *sleeps.* *Exit* ARIEL.

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality o' th' climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not, then, our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I: my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian? — O! what might? — No more: —
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be. Th' occasion speaks thee, and

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My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What! art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me speak?
Seb. I do; and, surely,
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.
Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep — die rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly:
There's meaning in thy snores.
Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.
Seb. Well; I am standing water.
Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do so: to ebb,
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
Ant. O!
If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.
Seb. Pr'ythee, say on.
The setting of thine eye and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee, and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.
Ant. Thus, sir.
Although this lord of weak remembrance, (this,
Who shall be of as little memory,

When he is earth'd!) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, — only
Professes to persuade) the King, his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O! out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! No hope, that way, is
Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is Queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
(The man i' th' moon's too slow) till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she, from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;
And by that destiny to perform an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come,
In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this! — How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter 's Queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!" — Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse

Than now they are. There be, that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzalo: I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?
Seb. Methinks I do.
Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
Ant. True;
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Seb. But for your conscience —
Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if 't were a kybe,
'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom. Twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, — that's dead,
Whom I, with this obedient steel — three inches of it —
Can lay to bed forever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course: for all the rest,
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.
Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan,

I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st,
And I the King shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O! but one word.

[*They converse apart.*

Enter ARIEL, *with Music and Song.*

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) to keep them living.

[*Sings in* GONZALO'S *ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! Awake!

Ant. Then, let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels preserve the King!

[*They wake.*

Alon. Why, how now, hoa! awake! Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did 't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O! 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,

To make an earthquake: sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming —
And that a strange one, too, — which did awake me.
I shak'd you, sir, and cri'd: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn. — There was a noise,
That's verily: 'tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our weapons.
Alon. Lead off this ground, and let's make farther search
For my poor son.
Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts,
For he is, sure, i' th' island.
Alon. Lead away. [*Exeunt.*
Ari. Prospero, my lord, shall know what I have done:
So, King, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Another Part of the Island.

Enter Caliban, *with a burthen of wood. A noise of Thunder heard.*

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse; but they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' th' mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em. But

For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometime like apes, that mowe and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness. — Lo, now! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trinculo. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing: I hear it sing i' th' wind. Yond' same black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. — What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, (as once I was,) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man: any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion — hold it no longer, — this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man with

strange bedfellows. I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, *singing.*

Stephano. *I shall no more to sea, to sea,*
Here shall I die a-shore. —

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral. Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, "Go, hang:"
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch;
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon 's with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, as proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at 's nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples

with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee: I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon,
I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways: open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat. Open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice. It should be — but he is drown'd, and these are devils. O! defend me! —

Ste. Four legs, and two voices! a most delicate monster. His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come, — Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano! — if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me, for I am Trinculo, — be not afeard — thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke. — But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drown'd. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano! two Neapolitans 'scap'd?

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about: my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou cam'st hither. I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'er-board, by this bottle! — which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear upon that bottle, to be thy true subject;
For the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here: swear, then, how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck. I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano! hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by th' sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Ste. Out o' th' moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' th' moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee
My mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book; I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster: — I afeard of him? — a very weak monster. — The man i' th' moon! — a most poor credulous monster. — Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island;
And I will kiss thy foot. I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster: when 's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on, then: down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster: I could find in my heart to beat him, —

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. — But that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, — to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts,
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how

To snare the nimble marmozet. I'll bring thee
To clustering filberds; and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking. — Trinculo, the King and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here. — Here; bear my bottle. — Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him, by and by, again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] Farewell, master; farewell, farewell.

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. *No more dams I'll make for fish;*
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish;
'Ban 'Ban, Ca–Caliban,
Has a new master — get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom! hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — Before PROSPERO'S Cell.

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a Log.*

FERDINAND.

THERE be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness

Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me, as odious; but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures. O! she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours;
Most busiest when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA, *and* PROSPERO *at a distance.*

Mira. Alas! now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would, the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile.
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study: pray now rest yourself:
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O! most dear mistress,
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that:
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer No, precious creature:
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you; and I should do it

With much more ease, for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shows it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech you, —
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers —
What is your name?

Mira. Miranda. — O my father!
I have broke your hest to say so.

Fer. Admir'd Miranda.
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you!
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father. How features are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. — But I prattle
Something too wildly; and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. — Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service, — there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven! O earth! bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' th' world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and, much less, take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow,
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble, ever.

Mira. My husband, then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in 't: and now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand!

[*Exeunt* FER. *and* MIRA.

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Island.

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO.

Ste. Tell not me: — when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em. — Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? — the folly of this island! They say, there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th' other two be brain'd like us, the State totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty

leagues, off and on, by this light! — Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list: he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you'll lie, like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him; he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou debosh'd fish thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he! — that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer, the next tree. — The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd
To hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I; kneel and repeat it: I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant,
A sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me
Of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou;
I would, my valiant master would destroy thee:
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in 's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more. — [*To* CALIBAN.] Proceed.

Cal. I say by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it: if thy greatness will,
Revenge it on him, for, I know, thou dar'st;
But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How, now, shall this be compass'd? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pi'd ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch! —
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no farther danger: interrupt the monster one word farther, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie. — Out o' your wits, and hearing too? — A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. — A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee stand farther off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand farther. — Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him,
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them)
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal:
And that most deeply to consider is,
The beauty of his daughter. He himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax, my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queen; (save our graces!) and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. — Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep; Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure.
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[ARIEL *plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee. — Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,

Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away: let's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow. — I would, I could see this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another Part of the Island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, *and Others.*

Gon. By'r la'kin, I can go no farther, sir;
My old bones ake: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To th' dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.

Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
[*Aside to* SEBASTIAN.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd t' effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.

[*Solemn and strange music; and* PROSPERO *above, invisible. Enter several strange* Shapes, *bringing in a Banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c., to eat, they depart.*]

Seb. I say, to-night: no more.

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples

I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,
(For, certes, these are people of the island)
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pro. [*Aside.*] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present,
Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse,
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. [*Aside.*] Praise in departing.

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind, for we have stomachs. —
Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find,
Each putter-out on five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past. — Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter ARIEL *like a Harpy, claps his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint device, the Banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caus'd to belch you up, — and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
[*Seeing* ALON., SEB., *&c., draw their Swords.*
And even with such like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume. My fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But, remember,
(For that's my business to you) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, (which hath requit it,)
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers — delaying, not forgetting, — have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee, of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Lingering perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once) shall step by step attend
You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in Thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Shapes *again, and dance with mocks and mowes, and carry out the table.*

Pro. [*Aside.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring.
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drown'd,)
And his and my lov'd darling.

[*Exit* PROSPERO.

Gon. I' th' name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper: it did base my trespass.
Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

[*Exeunt* SEB. *and* ANT.

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,

Now 'gins to bite the spirits. — I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.
Adr. Follow, I pray you.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — Before PROSPERO's Cell.

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA.

PROSPERO.

IF I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand!
Do not smile at me that I boast her off;
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.
Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.
Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may,
With full and holy rite, be minister'd,

No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke.
Sit then, and talk with her; she is thine own. —
What, Ariel! my industrious servant Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform, and I must use you
In such another trick. Go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee pow'r, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, 'Come,' and 'go,'
And breathe twice; and cry, 'so so;'

Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mowe.
— Do you love me, master? no?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach,
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pro. Look thou be true. Do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To th' fire i' th' blood. Be more abstemious,
Or else, good night, your vow.

Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well. —
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly. —
No tongue, all eyes; be silent. [*Soft music.*

Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and lilied brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air; the Queen o' the Sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace.
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,

To come and sport. [JUNO *descends.*] Her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Ceres. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy Queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the Queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted; but in vain:
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest Queen of State,
Great Juno comes: I know her by her gait.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me,
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

[They sing.]

Juno. *Honour, riches, marriage, blessing,*
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. *Earth's increase, foison plenty,*
Barns, and garners never empty;
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing;
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd, to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever:
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wise,
Makes this place Paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, silence!
[JUNO *and* CERES *whisper, and send* IRIS *on employment.*
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do. Hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wand'ring brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons: Juno does command.
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love: be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry.
Make holy day: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, *properly habited: they join with the* Nymphs *in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof* PROSPERO *starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

Pro. [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come. — [*To the Spirits.*] Well done. — Avoid; no more.

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. — Sir, I am vex'd:
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity.
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish your peace.

[*Exeunt.*

Pro. Come with a thought: I thank thee, Ariel: come!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking:
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces, beat the ground
For kissing of their feet, yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,

As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking gorse, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,

Enter ARIEL, *loaden with glistering apparel, &c.*

Even to roaring. — Come, hang them on this line.

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may
Not hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a harmless fairy, has done little better than play'd the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you; look you, —

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to

Shall hood-wink this mischance: therefore, speak softly;
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool, —

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my King, be quiet. Seest thou here,
This is the mouth o' th' cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool: it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery: — O King Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo: by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To doat thus on such luggage? Let's alone,
And do the murther first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. — Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, and 't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am King of this country. "Steal by line and level," is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom. Go to; carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, *in shape of hounds, and hunt them about;* PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on.*

Pro. Hey, *Mountain*, hey!

Ari. *Silver!* there it goes, *Silver!*

Pro. *Fury*, *Fury!* there, *Tyrant*, there! hark, hark!
[CAL., STE., *and* TRIN. *are driven out.*
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them,
Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark! they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom. For a little,
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — Before the Cell of PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO *in his magic robes; and* ARIEL.

PROSPERO.

NOW does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not, my spirits obey, and Time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the King and 's followers?

Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them: all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The King,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, the good old lord, Gonzalo:
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From caves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works
them,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling

Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to th' quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part. The rarer action is
In virtue, than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown farther. Go, release them, Ariel.
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have be-dimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have waked their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. — But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music, (which even now I do,)
To work mine end upon their senses, that

This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fadoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

Here enter ARIEL *before; then* ALONSO, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *they all enter the circle which* PROSPERO *had made, and there stand charm'd; which* PROSPERO *observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd. —
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes ev'n sociable to the shew of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. — The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. — O good Gonzalo!
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed. — Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act; —
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. — Flesh and blood,
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,)
Would here have kill'd your King; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. — Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide

Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me. — Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
[*Exit* ARIEL.
I will dis-case me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan. — Quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *enters, singing, and helps to attire him.*

Ari. *Where the bee sucks, there suck I;*
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: — so, so, so. —
To the King's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the Master, and the Boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pr'ythee.
Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit* ARIEL.
Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!
Pro. Behold, Sir King,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero.
For more assurance that a living prince

Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.
Alon. Whe'r thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me. This must crave
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs. — But how should Prospero
Be living, and be here?
Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.
Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.
Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtleties o' th' isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. — Welcome, my friends all. —
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
[*Aside to* SEB. *and* ANT.
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I'll tell no tales.
Seb. [*Aside.*] The devil speaks in him.
Pro. No. —
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault — all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.
Alon. If thou beest Prospero,

Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, whom three hours since
Were wrack'd upon this shore, where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe for't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and Patience
Says it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss?

Pro. As great to me, as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The King and Queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath; but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wrack'd, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor

Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

Here PROSPERO *discovers* FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at chess.*

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.
Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
Seb. A most high miracle!
Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cause.
[FER. *kneels to* ALON.
Alon. Now, all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.
Mira. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O, brave new world,
That has such people in't!
Pro. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:

Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, she is mortal
But, by immortal providence she's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am hers.
But O, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!
Pro. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burthen our remembrances
With a heaviness that's gone.
Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown,
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way,
Which brought us hither!
Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo.
Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become Kings of Naples? O! rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: — In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.
Alon. [*To* FER. *and* MIRA.] Give me your hands:

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!
Gon. Be it so: Amen.

Enter ARIEL, *with the* Master *and* Boatswain *amazedly following.*

O look, sir! look, sir! here is more of us.
I prophesi'd, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. — Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?
Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our King, and company: the next, our ship,
Which but three glasses since we gave out split,
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.
Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went. [*Aside.*
Pro. My tricksy spirit!
Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger. — Say, how came you hither?
Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And (how we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our Master
Cap'ring to eye her. On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.
Ari. Was't well done? [*Aside.*

Pro. Bravely, my diligence! Thou shalt be free.
[*Aside.*

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than Nature
Was ever conduct of. Some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business: at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you
(Which to you shall seem probable) of every
These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well. — Come hither, spirit:
[*Aside.*
Set Caliban and his companions free:
Untie the spell. [*Exit* ARIEL.] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Enter ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself, for all is but fortune. — *Coragio*, bully-monster, *coragio!*

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos! these be brave spirits, indeed.
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like: one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be true. — This mis-shapen knave,
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em? —
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano!

Ste. O! touch me not: I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be King o' the Isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on. [*Pointing to* CALIBAN.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape. — Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions: as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool?

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt* CAL., STE., *and* TRIN.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: — the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-belov'd solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.
My Ariel — chick,
That is thy charge: then, to the elements; [*Aside.*
Be free, and fare thou well!
Please you, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

[Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own;
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.]

NOTES ON THE TEMPEST.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 9. "*Good*, speak to th' mariners: fall to't *yarely*": — 'Good,' for 'good fellow;' of course, not 'good cheer,' as they were in danger of running aground. 'Yarely' — readily, nimbly.

p. 10. "Where is the Master, Boson?" — The original puts this forecastle abbreviation of 'boatswain' into the mouth of *Antonio;* but Mr. Dyce sees in this merely the chance result of unsettled orthography. Is it not, then, very strange that throughout this Scene the abbreviated prefix is invariably '*Botes*,' and that although the word occurs eight times in the text and stage directions of the folio, it is in every case spelled at full length, 'Boateswaine' or 'Boatswaine,' except where it is used by this coarse and flippant man, who, even to secure the attention of his fellow-conspirator about their plot, is obliged to say to him, "I am more serious than is my wont"? So fortunate an accident should not be amended.

" "Bring her *to:* try wi' th' main-course": — This has hitherto been printed, in all editions, "Bring her *to try with* main course;" than which nothing could be more awkward, even if it were correct. But, as Mr. William W. Story, of Boston, suggested to me, the Boatswain's order is, plainly, that the vessel shall be brought to; and by the main course, or main sail. Thus Lord Mulgrave, a naval officer, setting forth the nautical accuracy of this Scene, remarks upon this passage: "The gale encreasing, the topmast is struck, to take the weight from aloft, make the ship drive less to leeward, and bear the mainsail, under which the ship is *brought to*." The original text, also, is clear enough in this regard, although the point and the marks of contraction were accidentally omitted. It stands: — "bring her to Try with Main-course."

p. 11. "I'll warrant him *for* drowning": — 'For' in Shakespeare's time was used in the sense of 'from.'

p. 11. "Set her two *courses*" :—A ship's courses are her largest lower sails. The punctuation of this passage is that suggested by Lord Mulgrave, Shakespeare's sailor critic.

" "We are *merely* cheated" :—sheerly, entirely, absolutely.

SCENE II.

p. 12. "—— nor that I am *more better*" :— The double comparative and superlative were both used until about the middle of the seventeenth century.

p. 13. "I have with such *provision*" : — Mr. Hunter suggested that Shakespeare wrote '*pre*vision,' and in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 '*præ*vision' was found. It is not improbable that it may have been the original word.

" "The direful spectacle of the *wrack*" : — This orthography of the original is uniform, legitimate, and characteristic, and should not be disturbed.

p. 14. "To think o' th' *teen*" : — anxious trouble.

p. 15. "To *trash* for overtopping" : — This word 'trash,' which also occurs in *Othello*, II. 1, was hunting slang, and meant, to check or whip in those dogs which overtopped or outran the pack at an improper time. "*Who* to trash," is in accordance with the grammatical usage of Shakespeare's day.

" "Who having, *unto* truth" : — The original has '*in*to,' which Warburton first corrected.

p. 17. "A rotten carcass of a *boat*" : — The original has 'Butt': the change, which the two following lines show to be necessary, was made by Rowe.

" "O! a *cherubin*" : — So the original, which was improperly changed to 'cherubim' in all editions except Capell's, even Knight's, Collier's, Hudson's, and Singer's. Mr. Verplanck first restored the old word, which came into our language from the Italian *cherubino*. Thus Herrick, *Upon a Gentlewoman with a sweet voice*: —

"But when your playing and your voice came *in*
'Twas no more you, then, but a cheru*bin*."

" "When I have *deck'd* the sea" : — It has been thought, not without reason, by some editors, that for 'decked' we should read *degged*, a word still known in the north of England, and which means 'to sprinkle.'

p. 18. "*Puts on his robe*]" : — This stage direction is from Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

"Than other *princes* can that have more time."

The original gives 'Princesse,' which Rowe corrected; but the feminine singular has been adopted in the more

modern editions, although (even setting aside the extreme awkwardness of the phrase 'than other princess') the plural form of the verb shows plainly that there is an error of the press in the folio. Women as well as men of royal or ducal birth were called 'prince' in Shakespeare's day: as, for instance, in *A Compendious or briefe Examination of certayne ordinary Complaints of diuers of our Countreymen in these our Dayes.* London, 1581. — "How our old coine may be transported and the Prince and her officers not ware." fol. iii. b. "Yea, the Prince of whom wee speake nothing of all this while, as she hath most of yearely Reuenews," &c. fol. 11. b. Queen Elizabeth is the Prince alluded to.

p. 19. "—— that this *coil*": — 'Coil' is disturbance, tumult.

p. 20. "From the still vex'd *Bermoothes*": — The Bermudas were so called when this play was written.

" "—— the Mediterranean *flote*": — wave, from the French *flot*.

p. 21. "Sir, in *Argier*": — The old English name of Algiers.

p. 23. "We cannot *miss* him": — We cannot do without him.

p. 24. "—— *urchins*
Shall, for that *vast* of night that they may work."

Urchins were a sort of fairies. The vast of night was, so to speak, the void of night, as in *Hamlet*, I. 2: "the dead vast and middle of the night."

" "Abhorred slave": — This speech is, by a printer's error, assigned to *Miranda* in the first folio. The change was made in Dryden and Davenant's alteration of *The Tempest*, printed in 1670.

p. 25. "Fill all thy bones with *aches*": — Until a comparatively recent date, 'ache' was pronounced *aitch*, like the letter H — a custom which John Philip Kemble in vain attempted to revive. The plural, of course, made a dissyllable.

" "—— my dam's god, *Setebos*": — Setebos was worshipped by the Patagonians according to *Eden's History of Travaile* printed in 1577: — another evidence that Shakespeare had been reading books of American discovery before he wrote this play.

p. 26. "*Full* fadom *five thy father lies.*"

This is the old Anglo-Saxon form of the word, which, as Mr. Halliwell says, "it is not within an editor's discretion to alter," unless, indeed, we wish to deprive the text of all characteristic marks of the period when it was written.

p. 27. "That the earth *owes*": — 'Owes' was used for 'owns' in Shakespeare's day.

p. 28. "A *single* thing" : — a feeble thing.

" "I fear you have *done yourself some wrong*" : — misrepresented yourself.

p. 29. "He's *gentle*, and not *fearful*" : — of gentle blood, and not afraid.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

p. 31. "The visitor will not give him o'er so" : — 'Visitor' seems to be used in the sense of a visiting consoler of the sick.

p. 32. "So you're paid" : — *Antonio* won the wager, and was paid by having the laugh against *Sebastian*. The prefixes having been misplaced in the original, remained so hitherto through all subsequent editions, making much work for commentators, some of whom read '*you've* paid,' while others, Mason, Knight, and Halliwell among them, have proposed that both speeches should be given to *Sebastian*. It did not occur to them that he who lost the wager was of course not to laugh, but to be laughed at; according to the old proverb — "Let them laugh that win." "*Marchand qui perd ne peut rire.*"

" "How *lush* and lusty" : — how juicy, succulent.

p. 33. "His word is more than the miraculous harp" : — The allusion is to Amphion's harp, to the sound of which the walls of Thebes arose.

p. 35. "Which end o' th' beam *she'd* bow" : — The original gives '*should*,' which, it can hardly be doubted, is 'sh'ould,' with the mark of contraction accidentally omitted.

' "Had I *plantation* of this isle" : — That is, had I the colonization, not the planting, of this isle. See Bacon's Essay *Of Plantations*. Some editors, even of the present day, have so misunderstood this expression as to give, "Had I *a* plantation," &c.; and in the French translation the word is rendered *defricher*, a purely agricultural term, meaning, to clear, to bring under cultivation. Tieck and Schlegel correctly give pflanzung, which corresponds exactly to the word of the original in both its significations.

" "—— for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate."

This passage is plainly taken from Montaigne's Essays, in which, (Book I. chap. xxx., *Of the Caniballes*,) according to Florio's translation, published in 1603, this passage occurs: —

"It is a nation, would I answere *Plato*, that hath *no kinde*

of traffike, no *knowledge of Letters*, no intelligence of numbers, *no name of magistrate*, nor of politike superioritie; no *use of service, of riches, or of povertie; no contracts, no successions, no dividences; no occupation, but idle;* no respect of kinred, but common; no apparell, but naturall; no manuring of lands; *no use of wine, corn, or mettle.* The very words that import lying, falsehood, *treason*, dissimulation, covetousnes, envie, detraction, and pardon were never heard amongst them."

Capell first pointed out the likeness of the two passages. Shakespeare might have read the Essay in the original, but the identity of phrase in the play and the translation indicate the latter as the source of *Gonzalo's* policy.

p. 36. "—— all foison" : — all plenty.

p. 39. "—— she from whom" : — The original gives 'she *that* from whom,' a typographical error easily made on account of the occurrence of the words "she that" twice before in the same sentence. Rowe made the correction.

p. 40. "Much *feater* than before" : — Much more trimly.

Scene II.

p. 43. "—— a foul *bombard*" : — a large vessel for containing liquor.

p. 44. "—— while Stephano breathes *at's* nostrils" : — The printer of the original text having neglected to set the *s*, and printed "*at*' nostrils," editors hitherto have deliberately completed what his carelessness began, and suppressed even the apostrophe.

p. 45. "Do not torment me, pr'ythee: I'll bring my wood
home faster."

Caliban always speaks in measured rhythm; but because his lines are sometimes irregular, and sometimes of more than five feet, many of his speeches have been printed as prose from the first edition to the present, in which all appear in the form of verse.

p. 46. "—— the *siege* of this moon-calf" : — The seat, and so, the stool, as appears by *Stephano's* next remark.

p. 48. "Young *scamels* from the rock" : — It is yet undecided what scamels were, and will probably ever remain so. Holt and Crofton Croker say that limpets are called scams in some parts of England, and in Ireland. Theobald read *sea-mells* — a sort of gull. Dyce is quite sure that *staniel*, a species of mountain hawk mentioned in *Twelfth Night*, Act II. Sc. 5, is meant. The question is not of great consequence; and the original word is quite as likely to be right as either of those which it has been proposed to substitute.

p. 48. "*Nor scrape* trenchering, *nor wash dish.*"

Dryden, Theobald, Dyce, Halliwell, and Hudson would have 'trenchering' a typographical error for 'trencher,' which they introduce into the text. Surely they must all have forgotten that *Caliban* was drunk, and after singing 'firing' and 'requiring' would naturally sing 'trencher-ing.' There is a drunken swing in the original line which is entirely lost in the precise, curtailed rhythm of —

Nor scrape trencher, *nor wash dish.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

p. 49. "Most *busiest* when I do it."

The original folio has "Most busy *lest*:" the second folio, 1632, "Most busy *least*," which in Mr. Collier's famous copy with the MS. corrections is changed to "Most busy *blest*," &c. Theobald gave "Most *busy-less*." The present text is the happy conjecture of Holt White. 'Busiest' of course refers to 'thoughts': *Ferdinand's* 'sweet thoughts' of *Miranda* were busiest when he was labouring to win her. See Note on Act I. Sc. 2, p. 12.

Scene II.

p. 53. "Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my *standard*": — That is, my standard bearer, my ensign.

" "Why, thou *debosh'd* fish thou": — This old form of 'debauched' preserves the pronunciation of the time, which was that of the original French word.

p. 54. "What a *pi'd* ninny's this! Thou scurvy *patch!*"

Trinculo wears the motley dress of a jester, or court fool, who was often called a patch.

p. 55. "He's but a *sot*": — 'Sot' is used here with its French meaning — fool.

p. 56. "—— the picture of *No-body*": — This represented a head upon legs and with arms, but without a body. It was used as a tavern sign. George Cruikshank took from it the hint for a set of caricatures.

Scene III.

p. 57. "By'r *la'kin*": — By our ladykin, — the diminutive of 'lady.'

p. 58. "Will we take *throughly*": — This word has hitherto been printed '*thoroughly*,' in disregard of the authentic

text, and to the destruction of the rhythm. A similar disregard has been shown in many instances in this play, which it would be tedious and needless to notice specially. 'Through' and 'thorough' are different forms of the same word.

p. 58. "PROSPERO *above*]" : — The folio gives "PROSPERO *on the top*," which, as Collier suggests, probably meant that he appeared in the balcony which was at the back of the old stage.

" "A living *drollery*" : — A drollery was a show played by puppets.

p. 59. "Praise in departing" : — A proverbial phrase, equivalent to the old adage "Don't halloo till you're out of the wood."

" "Each putter-out *on* five for one" : — There was a custom among the adventurous voyagers of Shakespeare's day to put out a sum of money on their departure, at the enormous rate of five hundred per cent., to be paid on their return, their heirs having no claim upon the money in event of a fatal result of the voyage. The folio has "*of* five for one," which is manifestly wrong, as it was one for five that was put out; so Malone suggested "of *one* for *five*." Theobald read "*on* five for one," with the least possible violence to the old text; and where we would say '*at* five for one,' our Elizabethan ancestors would have said '*on* five for one.'

p. 60. "Hath caus'd to belch *you* up" : — Many editors omit 'you,' although it appears in the authentic text, and the contraction of the participle shows that its right to a place in the line was conceded at the expense of a syllable, which they of course are obliged to restore. The tautological repetition of the pronoun was a habit, almost a custom, with the Elizabethan dramatists. The first folio reads "up you," a transposition which escaped notice until the printing of the fourth folio.

" "One *dowle*" : — One particle of down, according to Bailey's Dictionary, which definition is confirmed by the use of the word in the works of several ancient authors.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE I.

p. 62. "—— a *thread* of mine own life" : — The folio gives "a *third* of mine own life;" but this was an old spelling of 'thread,' which was also often spelt *thrid*, of which innumerable instances might be given — one of them being

the MS. correction of this word in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. *Prospero* might well have called *Miranda* '*half* his life,' that being a phrase of recognized signification, and meaning 'a great part,' as in the Latin expression *animæ dimidium meæ*, or the promise of the Eastern kings, "even unto the half my kingdom." But 'third' is rather arithmetical than poetical, and takes us too far into vulgar fractions. We regard it as $\frac{1}{3}$; and it might as well be $\frac{1}{13}$, or $\frac{1}{33}$. *Prospero* means to tell *Ferdinand* that he has given him a thread, a fibre of his existence — one of his very heart-strings.

p. 63. "No sweet *aspersion*" : — The word is used in its original sense, 'sprinkling.'

p. 64. "—— bring a *corollary*" : — a surplus.

"And flat meads thatch'd with *stover*, them to keep;
Thy banks with *pioned* and *lilied* brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns."

Stover is coarse grass used for thatching. The original text gives "pioned and *twilled* brims," which most modern editors would retain, because 'pioned' may mean 'dug,' and 'twilled,' 'ridged,' from the French *touiller;* and were this line only involved, these words, being so explained, should stand. But dug and ridged banks cannot "make cold nymphs chaste crowns;" for those we must go to pionied and lilied banks. Steevens suggested *lilied* for 'twilled,' and sustained Hanmer in this interpretation of 'pionied.' To Henley's objection that pionies and lilies do not bloom in April, the following passage from Lord Bacon's Essay *Of Gardens* is a sufficient answer: "In *Aprill* follow The Double white Violet; The Wall-flower; The Stocke Gilly-flower; The Cowslip, The Flower-De-lices, and *Lillies* of all Natures; Rose-mary-flowers; The Tulippa; The *Double-Piony*," &c.

p. 65. "JUNO *descends*]" : — Mr. Collier suggests that she was let slowly down by some machine, and did not reach the stage until *Iris* and *Ceres* were concluding their speeches.

p. 66. "*Earth's increase*" : — Theobald was the first editor to remark the error of the original copy, and all its successors until his time, in giving the whole of this song to *Juno*. Both goddesses are directed to sing; and from the fifth line the song evidently belongs to *Ceres*.

" "So rare a wonder'd father, and a *wise*,
Makes this place Paradise."

Malone and the corrector of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 changed 'wise' to *wife*, and 'makes' to *make*.

p. 67. "—— the *wand'ring* brooks": — The original has *windring*. Some, Dyce among them, would read *winding* which possibly is the word.

p. 68. "Leave not a *rack* behind": — Horne Tooke, in his *Επεα Πτεροεντα*, (Vol. II. pp. 389–396,) has quoted numerous instances which establish his position that *rack* is that which is *reeked*, — as steam, vapor, — and that 'the rack' is the light fleeting body of clouds which is highest in the atmosphere. But it by no means follows that such is the signification of the word in the text. So 'rack' means a place where hay is kept; but *Prospero* does not mean to say that there will not be a rack of that kind left. The word is plainly the same as 'wreck,' which, when this play was written, was often spelled 'rack,' when it was not spelled 'wrack.' Dyce has pointed out two instances in which Milton so spelled it in *Paradise Lost*: —

"—— or all the elements
At least had gone to *rack*." — B. iv. 994.

"A world devote to universal *rack*." — B. xi. 821.

This form of the word still survives to us in the phrase 'Gone to rack and ruin,' and therefore the orthography of the original should not be changed.

" "Come with a thought: *I thank thee, Ariel:* Come!"

This is the reading of the original, and so it stood until Theobald's time, since when, in all editions, it has been variously changed to "I thank thee; — *Ariel come.*" "I thank *ye*; — &c.," and "I thank *you*; — &c.," making *Prospero* thank *Ferdinand* and *Miranda* for their salutation! But the authentic text plainly makes the magician, as he summons the sprite, thank him (according to his habit) for the Masque which he had so deftly managed. What palliation is there for the substitution of another text and another sense?

p. 69. "For *stale* to catch these thieves": — In fowling, bait or decoy was called 'stale.'

" "—— played the *Jack* with us": — The *Jack o' Lantern*, as *Ariel's* reply to *Prospero*, just before, plainly shows.

p. 70. "—— a *frippery*" was a shop where second-hand clothes and finery were sold: from the French *fripperie*.

" "Let's *alone*,
And do the *murther* first."

This reading is that of the original. Theobald read "Let's *along*," in which he is sustained by Dyce. Malone proposed "Let *it* alone," which is adopted by Collier, Verplanck, and Hudson. Steevens allowed the old text to stand; and it is difficult to discover why the original should be dis-

turbed, as it has this obvious and appropriate meaning: — Let us do the murder alone, without the Fool's aid. If it be objected that *Stephano* is no less captivated by the finery than *Trinculo*, the reply is obvious: — we have not to do with *Stephano*, but with *Caliban's* estimate of him; and a glance at the two previous Scenes in which the three appear, shows us the contempt in which the monster holds *Trinculo*, and his unbounded reverence for and trust in *Stephano*. That he relies on the aid of the Butler alone to do the murder is also evident: —

> "If thy greatness will,
> Revenge it on him, for I know *thou dar'st;*
> *But this thing dare not.*" — Act III. Sc. 2.
> "Within this half hour will he be asleep;
> Wilt *thou* destroy him then?" — *Ibid.*

Therefore when *Trinculo* is diverted by the fine clothes, and *Stephano* appears about to join him, *Caliban* says to the latter, — "Let's alone, and do the murther first."

The old form 'murther' should be retained, because it is etymologically correct, and because it was the uniform orthography of the day, and the word was pronounced in accordance with it. It is one of those marks of their age upon these works which an editor is not at liberty to obliterate, if indeed he would wish to do so. Mr. Halliwell claims the same immunity for *salvage*, the form in which 'savage' appears in Act II. Sc. 2 of this play, and often elsewhere in the works of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. But this word came to us through the French *sauvage* as well as the Italian *salvaggio*, and was written and pronounced in both ways in Shakespeare's day. His contemporaries, Cotgrave and Florio, in their French and Italian Dictionaries, translate *salvage* and *salvaggio* 'savage.'

p. 70. "Now is the jerkin *under the line:* now, jerkin, you are like *to lose your hair*": — An allusion to the loss of hair common to those who visit equatorial latitudes.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

p. 72. "On the sixth *hour*": — 'Hour' was pronounced as a dissyllable in Shakespeare's day, by which practice alone can this line be made perfect in its numbers.

"In the *line*-grove": — The linden or lime was called the 'line tree,' two hundred and fifty years ago, as Mr. Hunter has shown in his treatise on this play.

p. 73. "Ye elves of hills": — It will be noticed that this speech

is incomplete in form. *Prospero* begins an apostrophe to his spirit ministers; but, without completing it, he is led off into a contemplation of what he has done by their aid. It is possible that this is the result of inadvertence on Shakespeare's part; but it is more than probable that he purposely, though perhaps not at first deliberately, avoided the clear, determinate effect of a more precise construction.

p. 74. "—— sociable to the *shew* of thine": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 gives "*flow* of thine," which it is possible was the original text, the misprint having been caused by the similarity of *f* and *s*, *o* and *e*, in old MS.

p. 75. "*Where the bee sucks, there suck I.*"

Liberties far too numerous and tedious for mention here have been taken with this song. By means of punctuation it has been made to have as many meanings as "Will you go to town to-day" in the grammars; some of them reminding us of the delivery of the Clown's Prologue to the *Most lamentable Comedy and most cruel death of Piramus and Thisbe*. It is given in the text as nearly in accordance with the original as the modern system of punctuation will admit, which brings out, as Mr. Hudson well says, "its most natural as well as most poetical meaning." Theobald proposed *sunset* for 'summer.'

p. 78. "*Here* PROSPERO *discovers* FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA,' &c.]: — Mr. Collier conjectured that "probably the traverse curtain towards the back of the stage was drawn for the purpose;" and such is the MS. direction in the folio of 1632 which he afterwards discovered.

p. 80. "Where we in all *her* trim": — The original has "*our* trim," a palpable error, first corrected by Theobald. "*Our* trim" could not refer to the well-preserved garments mentioned by *Ariel*, (Act I. Sc. 2,) because his care in this regard was expressly limited to "all *but mariners*."

p. 82. "—— that hath *gilded* them": — 'Gilded' is an old cant word for 'drunk.'

p. 83. "Of these our dear be*lov'd* solemni*zed*."

Thus the line is printed in the original; and yet all modern editors, even Singer, Knight, Collier, Verplanck, and Hudson, give "belo*ved* solem*niz'd*." 'Solémnized' was an accentuation in use in Shakespeare's day, as appears by this line in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act II. Sc. 1: —

"Of Ja-ques Falconbridge *so-lém-ni-zed*,"

and the following in *Paradise Lost*, the only occasion on which Milton uses the participle in his poems: —

"Ev'ning and Morn *solémniz'd* the Fift day."
B. vii. 448.

p. 84. Epilogue.] No one conversant with its history, needs to be told that the Prologues and Epilogues of the English Drama are generally written by other persons than the authors of the plays themselves. It would be strange indeed were Shakespeare's an exception to this general rule, surrounded as he was with verse-writing friends, and his dramas having been written not as literary performances, but as acting plays, to become the absolute property of the theatre in which he was shareholder and actor. But it needs not these considerations to sustain the conclusion that some of the Epilogues which appear in the first folio were certainly not written by Shakespeare, and that among them is the Epilogue to *The Tempest*. Let any one who has found that he can trust his ear for rhythm, and his comparative appreciation of style, read the Epilogue carefully, and judge. Did Shakespeare write, —

> "And what strength I have's mine own,
> *Which is most faint:* now 'tis true," &c. ?

Could he have written, —

> "Gentle breath of yours my sails
> Must fill, or else my project fails,
> *Which was to please.* Now I want," &c. ?

Ben Jonson might have written this clumsy verse; John Bunyan could have done it easily, had he been alive and willing; but Shakespeare! It is not necessary to dwell upon the poor and commonplace thoughts of which the Epilogue is entirely composed, though these confirm the judgment which the miserable and eminently un-Shakespearian rhythm compels. The consentaneous flow of Shakespeare's thought and verse is a characteristic trait of his poetry; and in no play is it more remarkable than in this. Will any one familiar with his works then believe, that after writing such a play, he would write an Epilogue in which the feeble, trite ideas are confined within stiff couplets, or else carried into the middle of a third line, and there left in helpless consternation, like an awkward booby who suddenly finds himself alone in the centre of a ball room?

It is to be noticed, too, that the speaker in this Epilogue asks the help of his hearers' hands, to free him from the bands of necromancy, and again, their prayers, to save him from despair; which puts the commentators to the trouble of stating that noise was supposed to dissolve a spell, and that stories have been told of the despair of necromancers in their last moments. Now, setting aside the fact that *Prospero* was a mighty master of his art, and had power *over* devils, being in no degree subject to them, —

which Shakespeare would not have forgotten, — *Prospero*, at the end of Act V., is no longer a magician: he has himself dissolved the enchantments of the island, and is but as other men. His petitions are well enough for such an epilogue as might have been written by any one for theatrical purposes; but absurd when we suppose them to be put into his mouth by the author of *The Tempest*. It seems plain that this Epilogue was written for the theatre by some person other than Shakespeare; and an examination of that to *Henry VIII.* can hardly fail to convince the reader that they are from the same pen — possibly Ben Jonson's, whose verses they much resemble. Another of the Epilogues to these plays appears not to have been written by Shakespeare — that to the *Second Part of Henry IV.* It seems to have been prepared for some theatrical emergency: it was spoken by a dancer who had no part in the play, and is a flat, tame imitation of that to *As You Like It*.

These conclusions were reached solely in the course of reflections upon the Epilogue to *The Tempest*, and in ignorance that Dr. Johnson had expressed a like opinion with regard to the Epilogue to *Henry VIII.*, and one somewhat similar in regard to the Epilogue to *Henry IV.*, Part 2. He extends his judgment to the Prologue to *Henry VIII.*, and it seems that there cannot be a doubt as to its justice. He is sustained by Malone, Farmer, Steevens, and Boswell. It is strange that he failed to make the same discovery with regard to the Epilogue to *The Tempest*, as the internal evidence in its case is even stronger.

But to this internal there is to be added external evidence hardly of less weight with regard to these three Epilogues. The plays to which Epilogues are appended in the folio are *The Tempest*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *As You Like It*, *The Second Part of Henry IV.*, *Henry V.*, *Henry VIII.*, and *Troilus and Cressida;* and on examining the folio I was surprised and pleased to find that the Epilogues to these three plays, *The Tempest*, *The Second Part of Henry IV.*, and *Henry VIII.*, were plainly pointed out as separate performances, written by some other pen than Shakespeare's. For in these plays the characters are all sent off the stage by the direction '*Exeunt*,' and the Epilogue is set forth as something apart from the play, being in one case separated from it by a single rule, in another by double rules, and in the third, being printed on a page by itself; while in the other plays the '*Exeunt*' or '*Exit*' is not directed until after the Epilogue, which is included within the single border-rule of the page, no separation of any kind being made. That this arrangement has no reference to the personage by whom the Epilogue

is to be spoken, is evident from the fact, that, although the Epilogue to *The Tempest* is assigned to *Prospero*, the '*Exeunt*' precedes it, and the Epilogue is printed in a compartment double-ruled off by itself, while the Epilogue to *Henry V.*, assigned to the *Chorus* brought on only to deliver it, is printed within the rule as an integral part of the play. The player editors have thus indicated, as clearly as they could by typographical arrangement, that the Epilogues to these three plays, *The Tempest*, *The Second Part of Henry IV.*, and *Henry VIII.*, were by some other hand than Shakespeare's. In the absence of the author's own testimony such a union of external and internal evidence must be accepted.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona occupies nineteen pages in the folio of 1623, viz., from p. 20 to p. 38, inclusive, in the division of Comedies. It is there divided into Acts and Scenes. At the end of the play a list of the Dramatis Personæ is given, headed "The Names of all the Actors."

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

INTRODUCTION.

AMONG the many unaccountable and incomprehensible blunders of the critics of the last century, with regard to Shakespeare and his works, was the denial by two of them, — Hanmer and Upton — and the doubt by more, that he wrote *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. An important and often quoted passage in the *Palladis Tamia*, of Francis Meres, published in 1598, mentions this play first among the twelve which the author cites in support of his opinion, that "Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds [comedy and tragedy] for the stage." But this uncontradicted testimony, and that of Shakespeare's friends and fellow-actors, who superintended the publication of the folio of 1623, is hardly needed; for so unmistakably does Shakespeare's hand appear in the play, from *Valentine's* first speech to his last, that were a copy of it found without a name upon its title-page, or a claimant in the literature or the memorandum books of its day, it would be attributed to Shakespeare by general acclamation. Who but he could then have written the first ten lines of it, where *Valentine* says to *Proteus*, —

—— "affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,"

and gently reproves him for living "sluggardiz'd at home," wearing out his youth "in shapeless idleness"? There has been but one man in the world whose daring fancies were so fraught with meaning. Who but he could have created *Launce* or *Launce's* dog? Indeed, it is safe to say that, however inferior it may be to the productions of his maturer years, even *The Tempest* and *King Lear* are not more unmistakably Shakespearian in character than *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

The play was first printed in the folio of 1623, and with very

few corruptions. The most remarkable error in the original text is that which occurs in Act II., Sc. 5, where *Speed*, being in Milan, bids *Launce* "welcome to *Padua*," — a place with which the plot has no relations whatever. Mr. Halliwell suggests that the name is perhaps a relic of some old Italian story, upon which the play may have been founded. This is not impossible; but mistakes as great occur sometimes even in the present day; and this one can hardly be received even as cumulative evidence that the play is constructed upon an undiscoverable, forgotten story. Some similarity has been noticed between a scene and some of the incidents in this play, and certain passages of the story of the Shepherdess *Felismena* in the *Diana* of George de Montemajor. Such are — the refusal of the mistress to receive a letter brought by her maid, with the final success of the latter in obtaining a hearing for the lover, — the departure of the lover to a foreign court, where he loves another lady, — the determination of his old mistress to follow him in boy's clothes, and her reception into his service as page, after having, in company with her host, heard him serenade his new love, — and his choice of her as his confidant and messenger in his suit.

These incidents, however, are not uncommon in the many romances with which Shakespeare must have been familiar; and their similarity to some passages in *Twelfth Night* will at once occur to the reader. In that play, the likeness to this story of *Felismena* is yet greater; for in the latter the scornful lady falls in love with the forlorn damsel, who, in a page's dress, woos her for another. But the companionship — that of her host — in which *Felismena* hears her false lover's serenade, and her statement, in the course of her story, that some officious person persuaded her lover's father that he should be sent to Court because "it was not meete that a yoong gentleman, and of so noble a house as he was, should spende his youth *idly* at home, where nothing could be learned but examples of vice, whereof the verie same *idlenes* (he said) was the onely mistresse," — these trivial points of likeness to *Julia's* adventures, and to the opinions uttered by *Valentine*, Act I., Sc. 1, and *Panthino*, Act I., Sc. 3, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, tell more of imitation on Shakespeare's part, than the similarity of any of the more important incidents in play and novel.

The *Diana* was first translated into English by B. Yonge, and was not published until 1598, before which, as we have seen, *The*

Two Gentlemen of Verona had obtained an established reputation. But it should be remarked that, in his preface, Yonge informs us that the translation had lain by him "finished, Horace's ten, and six years more"; and it is possible that Shakespeare, if he did not read Spanish, might have become acquainted with the story in its English dress during these sixteen years. In any case, his debt was so small that we need not be solicitous about acknowledging it for him. The likeness is of the same nature, and almost as insignificant as that which some have found between the play and an episode in Sidney's *Arcadia;* to wit, that in both the hero becomes the leader of a band of outlaws; — the outlaws in the *Arcadia* being revolted Helots!

The comparatively timid style and unskilful structure of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* show that it was the work of Shakespeare's earliest years as a dramatic writer. Malone attributes it to 1591. This is Malone's judgment on probabilities; but when we consider that in 1598, at which time Shakespeare was only thirty-four years old, he was the author of sixteen successful plays (the thirteen enumerated by Meres, with *Pericles* and the Second and Third Parts of *Henry VI.*,) of *Venus and Adonis* and the *Rape of Lucrece*, besides many of his Sonnets, and that he was an actor and had become a prominent theatrical manager and proprietor, may we not, with reason, place the production of his first three or four plays, of which this is undoubtedly one, earlier than 1591, — his twenty-seventh year? It is worthy of notice, that no evidence has come down to us of the performance of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* in the lifetime of the author.

The period of the action of this comedy is indeterminable, except from *Panthino's* remark that *Valentine*, who is at Milan, "attends the Emperor in his royal court," which, as Mr. Knight has suggested, points to a time when Charles V. was undisputed master in that city and before the dukedom passed into the imperial family; — that is, between the year 1529, when Francis I. signed the treaty of Cambray, by which he resigned all pretensions beyond the Alps, and 1535, when Sforza, the last of the Dukes of Milan, died. The costume of the play is then, of course, the court dress of Northern Italy at that period.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF MILAN, *Father to* Silvia.
VALENTINE, PROTEUS, } *Gentlemen of* Verona.
ANTONIO, *Father to* Proteus.
THURIO, *a foolish rival to* Valentine.
EGLAMOUR, *agent for* Silvia *in her escape.*
SPEED, *a clownish Servant to* Valentine.
LAUNCE, *the like to* Proteus.
PANTHINO, *Servant to* Antonio.
Host, *where* Julia *lodges, in* Milan.
Outlaws.

JULIA, *a Lady of* Verona, *in love with* Proteus.
SILVIA, *the* Duke's *Daughter, beloved of* Valentine.
LUCETTA, *Waiting-woman to* Julia.

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE: *sometimes in* Verona; *sometimes in* Milan, *and in a* Forest *near it.*

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT I.

Scene I. — An open Place in Verona.

Enter Valentine *and* Proteus.

Valentine.

CEASE to persuade, my loving Proteus:
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Were't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Proteus. Wilt thou begone? Sweet Valentine, adieu.
Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:

Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,
(If ever danger do environ thee,)
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beads-man, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success?

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.

Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won:
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear, you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at: I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud

Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more, adieu. My father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters,
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan.

Val. As much to you at home; and so, farewell.
[*Exit.*

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at naught,
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, 'save you! Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one, then, he is shipp'd already, and I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude, that my master is a shepherd, then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True, and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me; therefore, I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee; therefore, thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry 'baa.'

Pro. But, dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd mutton; and she, a lac'd mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharg'd, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray: 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake: I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she?

Speed. [*Nods.*] Ay.

Pro. Nod, ay? why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir: I say she did nod, and you ask me, if she did nod; and I say ay.

Pro. And that set together, is — noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come; open the matter in brief: what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter; and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What! said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as — "Take this for thy pains." To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me; in requital whereof, henceforth

carry your letters yourself. And so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore. —
[*Exit* SPEED.
I must go send some better messenger:
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Same. The Garden of JULIA's House.

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Julia. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Would'st thou, then, counsel me to fall in love?

Lucetta. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well, of his wealth; but of himself, so so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam: 'tis a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.
Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?
Luc. Then thus, — of many good, I think him best.
Jul. Your reason?
Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason:
I think him so, because I think him so.
Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?
Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.
Jul. Why, he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.
Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.
Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.
Luc. Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.
Jul. They do not love, that do not show their love.
Luc. O! they love least, that let men know their love.
Jul. I would I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.
Jul. "*To Julia.*" Say, from whom?
Luc. That the contents will show.
Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee?
Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.
He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray.
Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper: see it be return'd,
Or else return no more into my sight.
Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.
Jul. Will you be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*

Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What ' fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say 'No,' to that
Which they would have the profferer construe 'Ay.'
Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That like a testy babe will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod.
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
My penance is to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past. —
What ho! Lucetta!

Enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is it near dinner-time?

Luc. I would, it were;
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't that you took up so gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop, then?

Luc. To take a paper up
That I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.
Jul. — As little by such toys as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of '*Light o' love.*'
Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath some burthen then.
Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.
Jul. And why not you?
Luc. I cannot reach so high.
Jul. Let's see your song. — How now, minion!
Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.
Jul. You do not?
Luc. No, madam; 'tis too sharp.
Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.
Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.
Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.
Luc. Indeed I bid the base for Proteus.
Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation! — [*Tears the letter.*
Go, get you gone, and let the papers lie:
You would be fing'ring them to anger me.
Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleas'd
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*
Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands! to tear such loving words:
Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it, with your stings.
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ — "*kind Julia;*" — unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ — "*love-wounded Proteus.*" —
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice, or thrice, was 'Proteus' written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter;
Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea.
Lo! here in one line is his name twice writ, —
"*Poor forlorn Proteus; passionate Proteus*
To the sweet Julia:" — that I'll tear away; —
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What! shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?

Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down;
Yet here they shall not lie for catching cold.

Jul. I see, you have a moneth's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come; will't please you go?

[*Exeunt*

Scene III.

The Same. A Room in Antonio's House.

Enter Antonio *and* Panthino.

Antonio. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Panthino. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pant. He wonder'd, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet;
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pant. I think, your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the Emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither.
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth, and nobleness of birth.
Ant. I like thy counsel: well hast thou advis'd;
And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known.
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the Emperor's court.
Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the Emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.
Ant. Good company: with them shall Proteus go: —

Enter PROTEUS.

And, in good time, — now will we break with him.
Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!
Ant. How now! what letter are you reading there?
Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the letter: let me see what news.
Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the Emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?
Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.
Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish.
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed,
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the Emperor's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from mė.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.
Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:
Please you, deliberate a day or two.
Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go. —
Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition. [*Exeunt* ANT. *and* PANT.
Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And, with the vantage of mine own excuse,
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day!
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.
Pro. Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers, no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — Milan. A Room in the DUKE's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

SPEED.

SIR, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine. — Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!
Ah Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir. Tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks. First, you have learn'd, like Sir Proteus, to wreathe your arms, like a mal-content; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a schoolboy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to

watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money; and now you are metamorphos'd with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal, that not an eye that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But, tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She, that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard favour'd, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well favour'd.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man 'counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever since I saw her, and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because Love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes, or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungarter'd!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity; for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed. I thank you, you swing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them. — Peace! here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Speed. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her. [SPEED *stands aside.*

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good morrows.

Speed. O! 'give ye good ev'n: here's a million of manners.

Silvia. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant. 'Tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam: so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much.
And yet —

Sil. A pretty period. Well, I guess the sequel:
And yet I will not name it; — and yet I care not; —
And yet take this again; — and yet I thank you,
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet.

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ,
But since unwillingly, take them again.
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request,
But I will none of them: they are for you.
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And, when it's writ, for my sake read it over;
And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam! what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour:
And so good-morrow, servant. [*Exit.*

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir! what, are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself. Why, she woos you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir: but did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse!

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:
"For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover." —
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it. —
Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner time.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the cameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress! be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Verona. A Room in Julia's House.

Enter Proteus *and* Julia.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner.
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
[*Giving a Ring.*

Pro. Why then, we'll make exchange: here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'er-slips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness.
My father stays my coming; answer not;
The tide is now; — nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should.
[*Exit* JULIA.
Julia, farewell. — What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come. —
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Street.

Enter LAUNCE, *leading his dog* Crab.

Launce. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab, my dog, be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is a stone, a very pibble-stone,

and has no more pity in him than a dog; a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting: why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father; — no, this left shoe is my father: — no, no, this left shoe is my mother; — nay, that cannot be so, neither: — yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father. A veng'ance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand; this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog; — no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog, — O! the dog is me, and I am myself: ay; so, so. Now come I to my father: — "Father, your blessing." Now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father: well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother: — O! that shoe could speak now, like an old woman. Well, I kiss her: why there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now, the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Launce, away, away, aboard: thy master is shipp'd, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass; you'll lose the tide if you tarry any longer.

Launce. It is no matter if the ti'd were lost; for it is the unkindest ti'd that ever any man ti'd.

Pant. What's the unkindest tide?

Launce. Why, he that's ti'd here; Crab, my dog.

Pant. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and,

in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service, — Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Launce. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Pant. Where should I lose my tongue?

Launce. In thy tale.

Pant. In thy tail?

Launce. Lose the ti'd, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tide. Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pant. Come; come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Launce. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Pant. Wilt thou go?

Launce. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Milan. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, *and* Speed.

Sil. Servant. —

Val. Mistress.

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress, then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knock'd him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thurio. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam: he is a kind of cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir: you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more. Here comes my father.

Enter the DUKE.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends,
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord; I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I know him, as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days:
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,)
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me
With commendation from great potentates;

And here he means to spend his time a while.
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him, then, according to his worth.
Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir Thurio: —
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it.
I'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit* DUKE.

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them,
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say, that Love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:
Upon a homely object, Love can wink.

Enter PROTEUS.

Sil. Have done, have done: here comes the gentleman. [*Exit* THURIO.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus! — Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is. Sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability. —
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed.
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthless.

Enter THURIO.

Thu. Madam, my lord, your father, would speak with you.

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure: come, Sir Thurio,
Go with me. — Once more, new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt* SILVIA, THURIO, *and* SPEED.

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady, and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you:
I know, you joy not in a love discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,

And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O, gentle Proteus! Love's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No, but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O! flatter me, for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her: if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her, too;
She shall be dignified with this high honour, —
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worth as nothing.
She is alone.

Pro. Then, let her alone.

Val. Not for the world. Why, man, she is mine own;

And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along, and I must after;
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay, more, our marriage hour,

With all the cunning manner of our flight
Determin'd of: how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall enquire you forth.
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use,
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will. — [*Exit* VALENTINE.

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it her mien, or Valentinus' praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair, and so is Julia that I love; —

That I did love; for now my love is thaw'd,
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not, as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady too too much;
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

Scene V.

The Same. A Street.

Enter Speed *and* Launce.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this always — that a man is never undone, till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap; I'll to the ale-house with you presently; where for one shot of five pence thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

Launce. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launce. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Launce. Marry, thus: when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Launce. What a block art thou, that thou canst not. My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Launce. Ay, and what I do too: look thee; I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Launce. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is, then, that it will.

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistak'st me.

Launce. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt, go with me to the alehouse: if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

The Same. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And ev'n that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury:
Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear.
O sweet-suggesting Love! if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will

To learn his wit t' exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I, by their loss,
For Valentine, myself, for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious in itself;
And Silvia, (witness heaven that made her fair!)
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia, as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself
Without some treachery us'd to Valentine.
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor.
Now, presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and pretended flight,
Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine,
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross
By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift!

[*Exit.*

Scene VII.

Verona. A Room in Julia's House.

Enter Julia *and* Lucetta.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me:
And, ev'n in kind love, I do conjure thee,
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she, that hath Love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

Jul. O! know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,

He makes sweet music with th' enamel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course.
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman, for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men.
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well reputed page.

Luc. Why, then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastic, may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall shew to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as — 'Tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?'
Why, ev'n what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a codpiece, madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.

But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone.
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear.
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect;
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heav'n from earth.

Luc. Pray heav'n, he prove so, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love by loving him:
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come; answer not, but to it presently:
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — Milan. An Ante-chamber in the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTEUS.

DUKE.

SIR THURIO, give us leave, I pray, a while:
We have some secrets to confer about. —
[*Exit* THURIO.
Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that,
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter:
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know, you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stol'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care,
Which to requite, command me while I live.

This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep,
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court;
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so unworthily disgrace the man,
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord: Sir Valentine is coming. [*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your Grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter: stay with me a while.
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, Sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable: besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me: she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her childlike duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then, let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady of Verona, here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long agone I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd,)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words.

Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometime scorns what best contents her.
Send her another; never give her o'er,
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone,
For why! — the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For 'get you gone,' she doth not mean 'away.'
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why, then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets, but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why, then, a ladder quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee; I will go to her alone.
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then, let me see thy cloak:
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak? —
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me. —
What letter is this same? What's here? — "*To Silvia*"!
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*

"*My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;*
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
O! could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune.
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord should be."

What's here?

"*Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.*"

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose. —
Why, Phaëton, (for thou art Merops' son,)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence.
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By Heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.
Begone: I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.
[*Exit* DUKE.

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die is to be banish'd from myself,
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self; a deadly banishment.
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be, to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon.
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.

I fly not death, to fly this deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy; run, run, and seek him out.

Launce. So-hough! so-hough!

Pro. What seest thou?

Launce. Him we go to find: there's not a hair on 's head, but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Launce. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?

Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?

Launce. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Launce. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear. — Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia! —
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me! —
What is your news?

Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.

Pro. That thou art banish'd: O! that is the news:
From hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy friend.

Val. O! I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banish'd?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd,
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;

Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate,
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love affairs.
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the North-gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O, my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt* VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

Launce. I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think, my master is a kind of a knave; but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now, that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me, nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milk-maid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips: yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel, which is much in a bare Christian. Here is the cate-log [*pulling out a paper*] of her conditions. "*Imprimis: She can fetch and carry.*" Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore, is she better than a jade. "*Item: She can milk.*" Look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce? what news with your mastership?

Launce. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper?

Launce. The black'st news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Launce. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Launce. Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Launce. O, illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother. This proves, that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

Launce. There, and St. Nicholas be thy speed!

Speed. "*Imprimis: She can milk.*"

Launce. Ay, that she can.

Speed. "*Item: She brews good ale.*"

Launce. And thereof comes the proverb, — *Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.*

Speed. "*Item: She can sew.*"

Launce. That's as much as to say, — Can she so?

Speed. "*Item: She can knit.*"

Launce. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

Speed. "*Item: She can wash and scour.*"

Launce. A special virtue; for then she need not be wash'd and scour'd.

Speed. "*Item: She can spin.*"

Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. "*Item: She hath many nameless virtues.*"

Launce. That's as much as to say, bastard vir-

tues, that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. "*Item: She is not to be fasting, in respect of her breath.*"

Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

Speed. "*Item: She hath a sweet mouth.*"

Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. "*Item: She doth talk in her sleep.*"

Launce. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. "*Item: She is slow in words.*"

Launce. O villain! that set this down among her vices. To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. "*Item: She is proud.*"

Launce. Out with that too: it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. "*Item: She hath no teeth.*"

Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. "*Item: She is curst.*"

Launce. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. "*Item: She will often praise her liquor.*"

Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. "*Item: She is too liberal.*"

Launce. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may; and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. "*Item: She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*"

Launce. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. "*Item: She hath more hair than wit,*" —

Launce. More hair than wit, — it may be; I'll prove it: the cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt: the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. — "*and more faults than hairs,*" —

Launce. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. — "*and more wealth than faults.*"

Launce. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible, —

Speed. What then?

Launce. Why, then will I tell thee, — that thy master stays for thee at the North-gate.

Speed. For me?

Launce. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath stay'd for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Launce. Thou must run to him; for thou hast stay'd so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

Launce. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter. An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets. — I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

The Same. An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke *and* Thurio; Proteus *behind.*

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most;
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot. —
How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace,
Let me not live to look upon your Grace.

Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter?

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will?

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she persevers so.

What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore, it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially, against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him:
Therefore, the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord. If I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me;
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already Love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt, and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And for your friend's sake will be glad of you,

Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do I will effect.
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay; much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart.
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line
That may discover such integrity:
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber window
With some sweet consort: to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently,
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music.
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it: I will pardon you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — A Forest near Milan.

Enter certain Outlaws.

First Outlaw.

FELLOWS, stand fast: I see a passenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you;
If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone. These are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends, —

1 *Out.* That's not so, sir: we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace! we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose.
A man I am, cross'd with adversity;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have stay'd,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

2 *Out.* What! were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse.
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully, in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them: it's an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain!

2 *Out.* Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near alli'd unto the Duke.

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose; for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;

And, partly, seeing you are beautifi'd
With goodly shape; and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want —

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you.
Are you content to be our General?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all.
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our Commander, and our King.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No; we detest such vile, base practices.
Come, go with us; we'll bring thee to our crews,
And show thee all the treasure we have got,
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt*

Scene II.

Milan. The Court of the Palace.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;

But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn,
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio. Now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO *and* Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus! are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know, that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay; but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Who? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia, — for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily a while.

Enter, at a distance, Host, *with* JULIA *in boy's clothes.*

Host. Now, my young guest; methinks you're allycholly: I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry. I'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.
Jul. That will be music. [*Music plays.*
Host. Hark! hark!
Jul. Is he among these?
Host. Ay; but peace! let's hear 'em.

Song.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind, as she is fair,
For beauty lives with kindness?
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now! are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.
Jul. You mistake: the musician likes me not.
Host. Why, my pretty youth?
Jul. He plays false, father.
Host. How? out of tune on the strings?
Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.
Host. You have a quick ear.
Jul. Ay; I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark! what fine change is in the music.

Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, Host, doth this Sir Proteus, that we talk on, Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, —he lov'd her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside: the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead, That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell. [*Exeunt* Thu. *and* Musicians.

Silvia *appears at her window.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen. Who is that, that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth, You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What's your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish: my will is even this, That presently you hie you home to bed. Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!

Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me, by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,
And by and by intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

Jul. 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For, I am sure, she is not buried.

Sil. Say, that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives, to whom thyself art witness
I am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence;
Or, at the least, in her's sepulchre thine.

Jul. He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep;
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow,
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir;

But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it.
And so, good rest. [SILVIA *retires.*

Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn. [*Exit* PROTEUS.

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think, 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Eglamour. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind.
There's some great matter she'd employ me in. —
Madam, madam!

SILVIA *appears at her window.*

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,

(Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,)
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorr'd.
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love di'd,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which Heaven and Fortune still reward with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At Friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship. Good morrow, Gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The Same.

Enter Launce *and* Crab.

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I sav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it. I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, — thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master, and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O! 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies. I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily, he had been hang'd for't: sure as I live, he had suffer'd for't. You shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs under the Duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. "Out with the dog!" says one; "What cur is that?" says another; "Whip him out," says the third; "Hang him up," says the Duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: "Friend,"

quoth I, "you mean to whip the dog?" "Ay, marry, do I," quoth he. "You do him the more wrong," quoth I; "'twas I did the thing you wot of." He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen; otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath kill'd; otherwise he had suffer'd for't: thou think'st not of this now. — Nay, I remember the trick you serv'd me, when I took my leave of Madam Silvia. Did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? Didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please: — I'll do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt. — How, now, you whoreson peasant!
Where have you been these two days loitering?

Launce. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Launce. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

Launce. No, indeed, did she not. Here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What! didst thou offer her this from me?

Launce. Ay, sir: the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman boys in the market-place;

and then I offer'd her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go; get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say! Stayest thou to vex me here? —
[*Exit* LAUNCE.
A slave that still an end turns me to shame. —
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
(For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lowt)
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour,
Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee:
Deliver it to Madam Silvia.
She lov'd me well deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token.
She's dead belike?

Pro. Not so: I think, she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas!

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia.
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity, love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring; and therewithal
This letter: — that's her chamber. — Tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.

Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary. [*Exit.*

Jul. How many women would do such a message?

Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him,
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will;
And now am I (unhappy messenger!)
To plead for that which I would not obtain;
To carry that which I would have refus'd;
To praise his faith which I would have disprais'd.
I am my master's true confirmed love,
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly,
As, Heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA, *attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day. I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O! he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.

[*A picture brought.*

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,

One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.
Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter. —
Pardon me, madam, I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:
This is the letter to your ladyship.
Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.
Jul. It may not be: good madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold.
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know, they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths, which he will break,
As easily as I do tear his paper.
Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.
Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For, I have heard him say, a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure.
Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.
Jul. She thanks you.
Sil. What say'st thou?
Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her.
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.
Sil. Dost thou know her?
Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes, I do protest,
That I have wept a hundred several times.
Sil. Belike, she thinks, that Proteus hath forsook her.
Jul. I think she doth, and that's her cause of sorrow.
Sil. Is she not passing fair?
Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is.
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,

And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature; for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part;
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part.
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

Sil. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth. —
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left! —
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth; there is my purse: I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell. [*Exit* SILVIA.

Jul. And she shall thank you for 't, if e'er you know her. —
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture. Let me see: I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers;

And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form!
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd,
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — The Same. An Abbey.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

EGLAMOUR.

THE sun begins to gild the western sky,
And now it is about the very hour,
That Silvia at Friar Patrick's cell should meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,

Unless it be to come before their time,
So much they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See, where she comes! — Lady, a happy evening.

Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall.
I fear, I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, *and* JULIA.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

Pro. O, sir! I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No, that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder.

Jul. [*Standing aside.*] But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies: my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them.

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. O, sir! she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool.

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O! ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an ass should owe them.

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the Duke.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio! Which of you saw [Sir] Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why, then
She's fled unto that peasant Valentine,
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for Friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest.
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even, and there she was not.
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence:
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,

But mount you presently, and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot,
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled.
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her.
I'll after, more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her. [*Exit.*

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

The Forest.

Enter Silvia *and* Outlaws.

1 *Out.* Come, come; be patient, we must bring you to our Captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us;
But Moses, and Valerius, follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our Captain. We'll follow him that's fled:
The thicket is beset; he cannot 'scape.

1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our Captain's cave.
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine! this I endure for thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Valentine.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
These shadowy desert unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia!
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain! —
What halloing and what stir is this to-day?
'Tis sure my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chace.
They love me well; yet I have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here?
[*Steps aside.*

Enter Proteus, Silvia, *and* Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him,
That would have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this, I see, and hear!

Love, lend me patience to forbear a while.

[*Withdraws.*

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. [*Aside.*] And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, Heaven! be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do detest false, perjur'd Proteus:
Therefore, be gone! solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look!
O! 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.

Sil. When Proteus cannot love, where he's belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two;
And that's far worse than none: better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love — force you.
Sil. O Heaven!
Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!
Pro. Valentine!
Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love;
(For such is a friend now) treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes: naught but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive: thou would'st disprove me.
Who should be trusted, when one's [own] right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest. O time most accurs'd!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!
Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me. —
Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender 't here: I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.
Val. Then, I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd.
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd:
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

Jul. O me unhappy!

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what's the matter? Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir! my master charg'd me to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it.

Pro. How! let me see. — Why, this is
The ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O! cry you mercy, sir; I have mistook:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

Pro. But, how cam'st thou by this ring?
At my depart I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How? Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
O Proteus! let this habit make thee blush:
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment; if shame live
In a disguise of love.
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds: 'tis true. O Heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults, makes him run through all th' sins:
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins.
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's, with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either.
Let me be blest to make this happy close:
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, *with* DUKE *and* THURIO.

Out. A prize! a prize! a prize!

Val. Forbear: forbear, I say; it is my lord the Duke. —
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death.
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands:
Take but possession of her with a touch:
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I.
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know, then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe. — Sir Valentine,

Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd:
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your Grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile.
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd: I pardon them, and thee:
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come; let us go: we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your Grace to smile.
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him: he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord, — more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned. —
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES ON THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 106. "For I will be thy *beads-man*" : — A beads-man was one who assumed the duty of praying for a benefactor. The custom was of great antiquity, the name being derived from *beade*, the past participle of the Anglo Saxon *biddan* — to beg, to pray.

" "Nay, *give me not the boots*" : — A cant phrase of frequent occurrence in old plays, and meaning, as Theobald first pointed out, 'don't make a laughing stock of me.'

" "So, by your *circumstance*" : — In the first instance this word is used to signify 'circumstantial deduction;' in the second, it is almost needless to add, it means 'the position in which you have placed yourself.'

p. 107. "Sir Proteus, '*save* you!" — The apostrophe marks an elision, — for 'God save you!'

p. 108. "—— a lac'd mutton" : — 'Mutton' was a cant word for 'courtesan' in Shakespeare's day; and 'laced,' which is often found with it, meant 'finely trimmed up.' But the phrase here plainly means 'a fine piece of woman's flesh,' or, in the abbreviated form, not yet entirely obsolete, 'a fine piece.'

" "*Pro.* But what said she?
Speed. Ay.
Pro. Nod-ay? why, that's noddy."

This is the text as it stands in the original folio, the orthography being modernized; and its meaning seems too plain to be mistaken. *Speed*, in reply to his master's question, "what said she?" says, "Aye;" and, as children and clownish servants do, the world over, nods the assent

as he speaks it. No one who has observed children and servants can fail to remember this trick. *Proteus*, then, in this jesting mood, asks, "Nod-aye?" (the words being connected by a hyphen, not separated by a comma,) — that is, 'did she give a nodding assent?' — and then comes his poor pun. Theobald, failing to see this plain construction, (which, nevertheless, like all plain matters, it requires some words to set forth, — a truth which the reader should not forget hereafter,) and also forgetful that *Speed* says, "I say she did nod, *and* you ask me if she did nod," and not *vice versa*, added to *Proteus'* first question, "Did she nod?" which wholesale interpolation has been admitted as "necessary" to introduce what follows, in all editions for the last century and a quarter. Collier tells us that the knave or fool in a pack of cards was called Noddy, and gave the name to a game.

p. 109. "—— you have *testern'd* me": — that is, 'you have given me a testern,' — a sixpenny piece.

Scene II.

p. 111. "Should *censure* thus": — pass judgment on.

" "*Fire* that's closest kept": — 'Fire' is here a dissyllable, according to the frequent poetical custom of Shakespeare's day.

" "A goodly *broker*": — A matchmaker, or a bawd. It was not until the last ten years of the seventeenth century that the word was advanced to the honor of a connection with stock operations.

p. 112. "What '*fool* is she": — Elision for 'what *a* fool.'

p. 113. "*Light o' love*": — An old tune, often mentioned. Collier knows no earlier notice of it than that in the *Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, 4to., 1578.

" —— "too harsh a *descant*
There wanteth but a *mean*," &c.

Since Malone's time 'descant,' in this passage, has been most strangely interpreted to mean 'variations,' as of an air in music; — a definition incorrect in itself and unsuited to the context. The word did come to be loosely and ignorantly used somewhat in that sense; but in Shakespeare's time it meant 'counterpoint,' or the adding one or more parts to a theme, which was called 'the plain song.' The following quotations and definitions will make this clear: —

"—— when a man talketh of a descanter it must be understood of one that can extempore sing a part upon a playne song. *Phi.* What is the meane to sing upon a

playne song? *Mast.* To know the distances of concords and discords." *A Plaine and Easie Introduction to Practical Musicke.* By Thomas Morley. London, 1597.

"*Contrapunto*, a counterpoint. Also a descant in Musicke or singing." Florio's Dictionary, 1611.

"Descant (in Musick) signifies the Art of Composing in several parts, &c." Phillips' *New World of Words.*

"*A Brief Introduction to the Art of Descant or composing Musicke in parts.*" By John Playford. London, 1655.

"—— while the skilful Organist plays his grave and fancied descant." Milton. *Tractate of Education.*

See also North's *Memoires of Musicke*, pp. 66, 68. Ed. 1728.

Lucetta's terms "sharp," "flat," "mar the concord," show that she used the word 'descant' because she and her mistress were at discord, and it meant a performance in strict harmony, not capricious melody. And besides, airs with variations were unknown in Shakespeare's time. The mistake resulted from an entire misapprehension of the term 'plain song,' which preceding editors have evidently supposed, and sometimes expressly stated, to be a simple air which the 'descant' varied by ornament more or less florid. Milton's calling the nightingale's song an "amorous descant," is not at all at variance with the foregoing remarks; but this note has already occupied so much space that further explanation is inadmissible. It is remarkable that Shakespeare and Milton are the only poets who use musical terms with absolute correctness.

The 'mean' was a middle or interior part in concerted music.

p. 113. "Indeed I *bid the base*": — *Lucetta* shifts her quibble from music to the rustic playground. In the game of Prisoner's base, to 'bid the base,' was to challenge to a contest of speed.

p. 114. "—— *for* catching cold": — 'On account of catching cold.' As in that most touching of old ballads, *Childe Waters*: —

> "And take her up in thine armes twaine
> For filing of her feet."

" "I see you have *a moneth's mind*": — Gifford well says, "It is perfectly nauseating to look at the trash which always accompanies the mention of this word in the notes on our old dramatists." The obvious meaning, 'a strong inclination,' has been accepted, after all. 'Moneth' is the old form of 'month,' and as the measure shows, is required here. The omission of the *e* in the folio is a mere typographical error.

SCENE III.

p. 115. About fifteen months elapse between the first Scene and this. For in that, the ship waits for *Valentine* to embark for Milan, while on the next day after the occurrences in this, *Proteus* also leaves Verona for the same city, where he arrives in the middle of Act II., and where the subsequent events of that Act and of Act III. occupy but a few days; and as in the first Scene of Act IV., *Valentine* tells the Outlaws that he sojourned in Milan "some sixteen months," nearly all of that period must have passed before the departure of *Proteus* from Verona. The division of this comedy into Acts might be improved; but we have no right to remove this evidence of Shakespeare's inexperience when he wrote it, even if we admit that he was much solicitous at any period about the probabilities of time.

/ "—— *sad* talk": — Grave, sober talk. Colors, even, were called 'sad.'

p. 117. "Like *exhibition*": — That is, 'like allowance' or 'endowment.' The word is still so used in the English universities.

// "O how this spring of love *resembleth*."

'Resembleth' is here used as if it were written 'resem*ble*eth,' as, indeed, Ritson, with some show of reason, maintained all such words should be written. Shakespeare often thus claims the dropped syllable.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.

p. 118. The folio names *Silvia* as entering with *Valentine* and *Speed*, although she does not appear for some time. This enumeration at the beginning of a Scene of all the persons engaged in it is very common in our old printed plays.

// "*Val.* Not mine; my gloves are *on*.
Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but *one*."

'On' and 'one' were of old pronounced and often written alike. It is universally assumed that the pronunciation was that which we now give to 'on;' but the tendency of former days to preserve the pure or name sound of vowels goes far to warrant the opinion, that both words had the primary sound of *o*, and were pronounced *own*. To this day we pronounce 'only,' (which is 'one-ly,') not *on-ly*, but *own-ly*. See Note on "for the nonce," 1 *King Henry IV.*, Act I. Sc. 2.

p. 119. "And now you are metamorphos'd": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "*so* metamorphos'd," which is plausible. But the interpolation is not necessary, and therefore not admissible.

p. 121. "O excellent *motion!*" — A puppet show was called 'a motion,' because the puppets were moved.

" "Sir Valentine and *servant*": — Ladies used to call their professed admirers their 'servants.'

p. 123. "All this I speak *in print*": — With the precision of 'print.' *Speed* having found the foregoing four lines in print — probably in some ballad — quibbles as usual.

Scene III.

p. 125. "O, that *shoe* could speak now, like *an old* woman": — This passage appears in the folio, evidently corrupted, thus: — "Now come I to my mother: Oh that she could speake now like a would-woman; well, I kisse her," &c. It is printed in nearly all modern editions since Theobald's, — "Now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now! like a *wood* woman,)" &c.: — introducing a parenthesis, changing "would" to *wood*, (i. e. crazy,) and supposing *Launce* to *wish* that the shoe could speak like a mother, distracted at her son's departure. But does not the context make it plain that *Launce*, having said of the representative of his father, that this shoe should not speak a word for weeping, says of the representative of his mother, (in accordance with the difference between manly and womanly grief,) "O *that* shoe could speak now, like an old woman"? Pope first read "an old woman," but without giving any reason for so doing. The words were probably written '*an ould woman*,' which might be easily mistaken for '*a would woman;*' much more easily than 'wood' for 'would.' *Launce's* speech about his mother-shoe is not parenthetical, and is but the counterpart of his remark about that with the better sole; and the context warrants the belief that "*she*" is a misprint for '*shoe*' and "could," perhaps, for '*should*.' Blackstone and Hanmer would read "O that *the shoe* could speak," &c. But this interpolates a word and perpetuates the change in the character of *Launce's* speech. He merely says that the father-shoe "should . . . *not* speak a word," while the mother-shoe "*should*, or could, speake . . . like an old woman."

Scene IV.

p. 127. "And how *quote* you my folly": — To 'quote' was to notice: it was pronounced like 'coat.'

p. 128. "To be of *worth*" : — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has '*wealth*,' — a change which found some favor. But 'worth' here means 'wealth;' and there is a quibbling repetition, as in the last line of *Valentine's* next speech but one, — "all good grace to grace," &c.

" "I *know* him as myself" : — The original has "I knew him." The misprint is evident, and was the more easily made from the great resemblance between *o* and *e* in old MS. in which the bow of the *e* was turned to the left.

" "He is complete in *feature*" : — This word originally meant 'form,' 'making,' and was applied by Shakespeare and his contemporaries to the whole person. Thus, —

> "Three goddesses stripp'd naked to your eye,
> * * * * * * *
> I scarce believe those high immortal creatures
> Would to your eye expose their naked features."
> Heywood's *Helen to Paris*. 1609.

p. 129. "I need not *cite* him to it" : — Since Malone's time this word has been printed '*cite*, with a note that it is an abbreviation of 'incite'; but needlessly. *Cito*, the Latin verb from which it is formed, means 'to set in motion,' (Riddle's *Lexicon*, 4to., 1849 :) *cito*, its root, is defined in Cooper's *Thesaurus*, fol., 1573, 'to provoke or move to,' and *citare equum* is rendered, in the same contemporary authority, 'to spurre the horse.' Johnson also defines 'to cite' 'to enjoin,' and quotes this very passage, with one from Prior, in illustration.

p. 130. "*Enter* THURIO" : — This is the old stage direction, which Theobald needlessly changed to '*Enter a* Servant.' It is not at all improbable that the *Thurio* of Shakespeare's poorly appointed stage was called upon to carry a message from a Duke to his daughter.

p. 131. "Yet let her be a *principality*" : — An angel of the highest rank, next to divinity. "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities," &c. *Paul to the Romans*, viii. 38.

> "He [Satan] sat; and in th' assembly next upstood
> *Nisroc*, of principalities the prime."
> *Par. Lost*, VI. 445.

" "—— the summer-*swelling* flower" : — Steevens proposed, 'summer-s*m*elling,' which was also found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "—— makes other *worth as* nothing" : — The original has "other *worthies*," a palpable misprint, although it has hitherto escaped notice. 'Worthies' had, in Shakespeare's

time, a settled and special signification, which makes it impossible that he could have applied it to *Silvia*. It was exclusively applied to warlike heroes. A thousand instances might be added to this from Milton : —

" —— what do these *worthies*
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peaceable nations." *Par. Reg.* III. 74.

See also *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. 1 and 2, *passim*.

p. 132. "*Is it her mien*" : — The folio gives this line, most corruptly, thus : —

" It is mine or Valentine's praise."

The corrector of the press for the second folio, seeing that the interrogative form was absolutely required, printed, —

" *Is it* mine, *then*, or Valentin*ian's* praise ? "

Warburton announced that "the line was originally thus : " —

"Is it mine *eye* or Valentino*'s* praise ? "

The Rev. Mr. Blakeway suggested the above reading, which Malone adopted, for the good reasons that 'mien' was usually spelled 'mine,' as in French, in Shakespeare's day, and that it is more probable that a compositor should omit a pronoun 'her,' than the principal word 'eye.' Valentin*us*, required by the measure, has been used before, Act I. Sc. 3.

p. 133. "And that hath *dazzled*" : — 'Dazzled' here, like several other words elsewhere in which a liquid follows a mute, is pronounced as if there were an *e* between those letters, — 'dazzeled.' In the folio it is printed *dazel'd*.

Scene V.

l "Welcome to *Milan*" : — In the folio, "Welcome to *Padua*," which is plainly an error. See *Introduction*.

p. 135. "If thou wilt, go with me to the ale-house," &c. : — That is, of course, 'Go with me to the ale-house if thou wilt ; if not, thou art an Hebrew,' &c. This is the obvious signification of the text, which is that of the original. Collier reads, — "I care not though he burn himself in love if thou wilt go," &c. Dyce proposes an interpolation, — "If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, *so*," &c.

11 "—— go to the *ale* with a Christian" : — 'Ales were inferior church festivals ; to which *Launce* makes a quibbling allusion.

Scene VI.

p. 136. "—— *pretended* flight" : — "Pretended flight," says Mr. Collier, in the language of the time, is 'intended flight.'

Scene VII.

p. 138. "—— your *farthingale*": — The farthingale, Mr. Fairholt tells us, was originally a broad roll, which made the person full about the hips. It came to be applied to the gown so widened. The codpiece was a monstrous appendage to the male costume, all trace of which did not disappear until quite recently.

p. 139. "—— instances of *infinite* of love": — That is, 'of infinity of love.' The construction, strange to us, was in use among our early writers.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

p. 141. "—— tender youth is soon *suggested*": — 'Tempted.' So in Act II. Sc. 6, *Proteus* exclaims, "O sweet *suggesting* love!"

p. 142. "And *where* I thought": — Our elder writers commonly used 'where' for 'whereas.'

" "There is a lady *of Verona*, here."

The original gives "*in* Verona, here"; which is plainly incorrect, as the Scene is Milan: and therefore Pope substituted the name of the latter city for that of the former, and then, perforce, added a syllable, — a sweeping alteration, — and since his day the line has been —

"There is a lady, *sir*, in *Milan*, here."

But is it not the most natural supposition, that the *Duke* made his pretended mistress a Veronese, the better to justify his application to her townsman for advice. We have then only to suppose the substitution, by mistake or carelessness, of 'in' for 'of.' To suppose that Shakespeare wrote "in Verona" when he should have written "sir, in Milan," is absurd; and to attribute the error to a modification of his plan — the only plausible ground for Pope's reading, — is to disregard the fact that the change of the Scene from Verona to Milan is the very hinge on which the plot of the play turns.

p. 143. "What *lets?*" — What 'hinders.'

p. 145. "Merops' son": — The *Duke* calls *Valentine* Phaëton and Merops' son, on account of his presumption above his birth. The presuming Phaëton was reproached, though falsely, with being the son, not of Apollo, but Merops.

p. 146. "—— to fly *this* deadly doom" : — The original has, "to fly *his* deadly doom," which Dr. Johnson accepted as a Gallicism, equivalent to "*in flying* his deadly doom,' which seems forced and not at all like Shakespeare. Mr. Singer proposes, "to fly *is* deadly doom," which involves an error less probable than the printing of 'his' for 'this.' *Valentine* says, 'to fly this deadly doom is not to fly death; for if I fly hence I fly away from life.'

p. 148. "—— *one* knave" : — A single, not a double, knave; as Johnson and Farmer have pointed out; and, as Capell suggests, referring to *Proteus'* falsehood to both friend and mistress.

" "—— for she hath had *gossips*" : — *Launce's* pun depends upon the use of this word to mean 'chatting companions,' 'childbed attendants,' and 'sponsors in baptism.'

p. 149. "*St. Nicholas*" : — He is invoked to *Speed's* aid, as the patron of scholars.

" "She can knit him a *stock*" : — A 'stocking.'

p. 150. "She is not to be fasting in respect of her breath" : — Rowe thought it necessary to interpolate a word here, and read "to be *kissed* fasting"; and all subsequent editors have hitherto thought it necessary to follow him. The sentence has a plain and appropriate meaning as it stands.

" "—— a sweet *mouth*" : — a sweet tooth; but Launce, of course, perverts the meaning in his reply.

p. 151. "The cover of the salt hides the salt." The salt cellar of olden times was a large piece of plate with a cover, which stood near the head of the table: above it was the place of honor.

Scene II.

p. 153. "But say this *weed* her love" : — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 plausibly substitutes 'wean.'

" "—— to *bottom* it on me" : — A 'bottom' is the knitter's name for the centre upon which her ball of yarn is wound.

p. 154. "—— such *integrity*" : — such sincerity.

" "—— sweet *consort*" : — the old word for 'concert.'

" "—— a deploring *dump*" : — A 'dump' was a melancholy poem or piece of music.

" "—— will *inherit* her" : — Formerly 'inherit' was used in the general sense, — to receive possession of. See Richardson's Dictionary.

"—— I will *pardon* you" : — excuse you.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

p. 155. [A Forest near Milan.] — Since Malone's time this Scene has been laid in A Forest near *Mantua*, and Sc. 3 and 4 of Act V., on the Frontiers of Mantua. But this is incorrect; for in the last Scene of Act III., which passes in the afternoon, *Proteus* and *Thurio* agree to serenade *Silvia* that evening; and in Scene 2 of the present Act (IV.) they pay her that compliment, *Valentine's* encounter with the Outlaws in the forest having taken place meanwhile. The robbers evidently haunted the forest which *Sir Eglamour* tells *Silvia* (Act. V. Sc. 1) is "not three leagues off" from Milan. This will be found of some importance in the last Scene of the play. Mr. Collier lays this Scene very vaguely in A Forest between Milan and Verona; forgetting that the road from Milan to Verona lay through Mantua.

" "—— a *proper* man" : — a man of fine presence.

p. 156. "Or else I often had been miserable" : — The first folio has 'often' after both pronoun and verb. The latter is rejected in the text, not because that is the correction of the second folio; but because the word might be very easily repeated by a compositor, yet would hardly be anticipated, and because this arrangement of the sentence is more logical and euphonious.

" "—— *awful* men" : — men who regard just authority with awe. It has been plausibly suggested that we should read '*lawful* men.'

" "*An* heir, and *near* allied unto the Duke."

The original has, by a palpable misprint, "And heir and *neece* allied," &c. Theobald made the correction. The same mistake occurs in *King John*, Act. II. Sc. 2.

p. 157. "On *silly* women" : — This word was formerly used in the sense of 'simple,' 'harmless.'

" "—— we'll bring thee to our *crews*" : — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has 'cave.'

Scene II.

p. 160. "—— out of all *nick*" : — Beyond all reckoning. Accounts, even those of public offices, used to be kept by nicking or notching sticks, called 'tallies.' (See Pepys' Diary.) Milkmen and bakers kept up the custom here until within fifteen or twenty years.

p. 162. "By my *halidom!*" — This oath was common of olden time. 'Halidom' has been variously supposed to be formed, like 'kingdom,' from 'holy' and 'dom,' and to mean 'religious faith;' to be a corruption of 'Holy-Dame,' that is, 'Virgin Mother;' and to be derived from the Anglo-Saxon '*halig*,' 'sacred,' and '*dom*,' 'house.' The first derivation is most probably correct.

Scene III.

p. 163. "Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd," &c.

The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 interpolated a line between these two, giving the passage as follows: —

"Madam, I pity much your grievances,
And the most true affections that you bear."

This is not only unnecessary and wanton, but, as Mr. Singer has observed, it makes *Sir Eglamour* pity *Silvia's* affections as well as her grievances, which last, according to the authentic text, he says were virtuously placed, or founded.

Scene IV.

p. 164. "—— he steps me to her *trencher*": — Trenchers were used at the tables of the wealthiest nobles in Shakespeare's day.

p. 165. "—— the *hangman* boys": — The original has "the hangmans boys," which is changed in the second folio to "the hangman's *boy*." Mr. Collier's copy corrects this to "*a* hang*man* boy;" Mr. Singer's to "the hang*man boys*," which varies as little as possible from the authentic text. It seems needless to say that 'hangman' is used as a term of reproach, and is equivalent to 'rascally.'

p. 166. "—— *still an end*": — Although this expression has gone out of use, it seems hardly necessary to explain that it means 'continually.'

" "Therefore know *thou*": — The original has "know *thee*," &c. Malone says that "he who has so frequently given us *who* for *whom*, and who has *him* for *he*, *she* for *her*, &c., would, in the same licentious way, write *thee* for *thou*." True, he *might* have done so; but as we know of no other case in which he did, as it was not the custom of his day, and as the mistaking of one word for the other, owing to the great similarity between the old *o* and *e*, was very easy, it seems proper to read 'thou.'

" "—— *to* leave her token": — The original gives "*not*

leave her token." The obvious error was corrected in the second folio.

p. 169. "—— her sun expelling mask": — The reader hardly needs to be told that in Shakespeare's day, and for a hundred years after, women of fashion wore black silk and velvet masks when they went abroad.

p. 170. "—— such a colour'd *periwig*": — Yellow periwigs were in fashion when this play was written; Fashion in this way flattering Queen Elizabeth.

" "Her eyes are *grey* as glass": — Blue eyes were called grey in Shakespeare's day. Glass then had a blue tint; and a certain blue is still called 'French grey' by ladies.

" "Ay, but her forehead's low": — 'Forehead' was formerly used, as it now too often is, for 'brow;' and to the beauty of a broad low brow (which may exist with a high fore-head, as we see in the finest antique statues) the folk of Shakespeare's day seem to have been blind. Perhaps in this too they paid their court to the bald-browed Virgin Queen. There are fashions even in beauty.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene II.

p. 171. "*Jul.* [*standing aside.*] But love will not be spurr'd," &c.: — This line is given by mistake to *Proteus* in the original. Boswell pointed out that it is a part of *Julia's* soliloquizing comment on the scene. *Julia's* speech below, "'Tis time," &c., was by a similar mistake assigned to *Thurio*. Rowe made the correction.

p. 172. "Which of you saw [Sir] Eglamour": — *Sir Eglamour's* title, which is omitted in the original, to the great detriment of the line, is restored in the second folio; but as it may possibly not have been in the original MS., it is placed in brackets in the text.

p. 173. "—— a *peevish* girl": — a silly, discontented girl.

Scene IV.

p. 174. "*These* shadowy desert unfrequented woods."

The original gives "*This* shadowy desart," &c. The correction, which was made in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, will commend itself to every intelligent reader who considers the whole line.

" "—— *record* my woes": — sing my woes. "Then began

she to record in verses, and therewithall to sing so sweetly." — *The Patterne of Painefull Aduentures.* 1576. See Collier's *Shakespeare's Library.* Vol. I. p. 233.

p. 174. "'*Tis sure* my mates": — The original has "*These are* my mates," which leaves the verb in the next line without an antecedent. The emendation is Mr. Singer's. Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has "These *my rude* mates," which obtains a less acceptable reading at the cost of greater violence to the text of the authentic folio.

p. 176. "—— when one's [own] right hand": — The word in brackets is not in the original text. It was supplied by Hanmer, and adopted by Malone and Knight. The second folio gives "Who should be trusted *now*," which Collier, Singer, and Hudson accept. But *Valentine* is thinking how near the friend was who is false to him; and, besides, as the two words used to be pronounced alike, 'own' would be easily omitted as a repetition of 'one.'

" "And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee."

Much of little worth has been written upon this singular passage. But it appears to be uncorrupted, and it has a plain meaning. Comment upon it, therefore, seems to be the function, not of the editor of Shakespeare's works, but of the philosophical critic upon his poetry and dramatic art. It is proper to remark, however, that *Valentine* displays a similar overstrained generosity, when, on the arrival of *Proteus*, (Act II. Sc. 4,) he twice earnestly entreats *Silvia* to receive his friend as her lover, on equal terms with him — as his "fellow-servant" to her. It is strange that this very significant passage has been taken into consideration by none of those who have attempted to explain or to explain away *Valentine's* seeming sudden abandonment of his mistress.

p. 177. "And *Julia* herself," &c. — In this and in the next line '*Julia*' is a trisyllable.

" "Behold her that *gave aim*": — "To give aim," Mr. Collier thinks it necessary to say, is a phrase taken from archery, and means 'to direct.'

p. 178. "Verona shall not hold thee": — To *Valentine's* apprehension, the whole party were on their way from Milan to Verona, as he was when the Outlaws stayed him; and therefore his threat to *Thurio* that he shall never reach his destination. Theobald, not perceiving this, and seeing only that "*Thurio* is a Milanese, and has no concern, as it appears, with Verona," in his perplexity reads, "*Milan* shall not *be*hold thee." This is cutting the knot, with a

vengeance. But the difficulty and the solution have, with too little thought, been accepted by succeeding editors. Mr. Singer even adds that "the Scene, too, is between the confines of Milan and Mantua," as support for the rejection of any allusion to Verona. This, however, is not the case, as appears from the fact that *Silvia* takes flight before sunset in Sc. 1 of this Act, is pursued immediately, as we see by the *Duke's* speech in Sc. 2, is seized by the Outlaws in the next Scene, and is rescued in the next. The events evidently pass with great rapidity; and the same safety from pursuit which *Sir Eglamour* promised *Silvia* in the forest "not three leagues" from Milan, had been previously found there by the Outlaws. See Note on Act IV. Sc. 1.

p. 179. "—— we will *include* all jars": — We will shut in, restrain, all jars.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

"A Most pleasaunt and excellent conceited Comedie, of Syr *Iohn Falstaffe*, and the merrie Wiues of *Windsor*. Entermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors, of Syr *Hugh*, the Welch Knight, Iustice *Shallow*, and his wise Cousin, M. *Slender*. With the swaggering vaine of Auncient *Pistoll*, and Corporall *Nym*. By *William Shakespeare*. As it hath bene diuers times Acted by the right Honorable my lord Chamberlaines seruants. Both before her Maiestie, and else-where. LONDON Printed by T. C. for Arthur Iohnson, and are to be sold at his shop in Powles Church-yard, at the signe of the Flower de Leuse and the Crowne. 1602." 4to. 27 leaves.

The quarto of 1602 was reprinted for the same bookseller in 1619.

The Merry Wives of Windsor occupies twenty-two pages in the folio of 1623; viz. from p. 39 to p. 60 inclusive, in the division of Comedies. It is there divided into Acts and Scenes, which is not the case in the quarto editions; but no list of Dramatis Personæ is given.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

INTRODUCTION.

TRADITION has awarded to Queen Elizabeth the honor of having been "the onlie begetter" of this comedy. It has been the habit of late years to scout the story as an idle tale. Mr. Collier sets it aside as the invention of the man who first mentions it; Mr. Knight does in effect the same, by rejecting the most interesting and important part of it; and — as in our law courts — there seems to have been no thought in any quarter of examining as a witness the man who knew most about the matter, — the principal, William Shakespeare himself. We do not hear of the tradition until a hundred years after the first appearance of the play in print; but, considering the extreme rarity of allusion to Shakespeare's personal affairs by contemporary writers and those of the two succeeding generations, this fact is of little moment. It was in the year 1702, that John Dennis, entitled 'the critic,' published a comedy called *The Comical Gallant*, which he had previously produced at Drury Lane Theatre, and which was an attempted improvement on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The success of the attempt was what we might reasonably expect from a playwright who would presume to make it, and a critic who could declare, that "the Falstaff in the 'Merry Wives' is certainly superior to that of the Second Part of 'Harry the Fourth.'" But the critic who, with the feeble perversity of his day and generation, could prefer the least to the most admirable *Falstaff*, did the world some service by embodying in the Epistle Dedicatory of this *Comical Gallant*, — as some sort of support for Shakespeare's part of the performance and his own "guess" that the original comedy "was not despicable," — the statement that he "knew very well that it had pleas'd one of the greatest queens that ever was in the world," and that "this comedy was written at her command and by her direction, and she was so eager to see it acted that she commanded it

to be finished in fourteen days; and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleas'd at the representation." Not long after, in 1709, Rowe, Shakespeare's first real editor, "the first modern," as Capell calls him, tells, in the Life of Shakespeare prefixed to his edition, the same story with a slight but important addition, thus: — "She [Queen Elizabeth] was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff, in the two parts of Henry IV., that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to show him in love." Again, Gildon, who published *Remarks on the Plays of Shakespeare* in a supplemental volume to Rowe's edition in 1710, says: — "The *Fairies*, in the fifth Act, make a handsom Compliment to the Queen, in her Palace of *Windsor*, who had oblig'd him to write a Play of *Sir John Falstaff* in Love, and which I am very well assur'd, he perform'd in a Fortnight." Finally, we find the tradition accepted without question by the rival and contentious contemporary editors, Pope and Theobald, — the latter an acute and painstaking investigator.

Such is the external evidence as to the origin of this comedy; and Mr. Verplanck's appreciation of its value being also that of the present editor, he cannot hope to express it in so few or so well chosen words as those of the following paragraph from that gentleman's 'Essay on the Origin and History of this Play.' "As Rowe relates his anecdote on the same authority with that on which most of the generally received facts of the Poet's history are known, acknowledging his obligations to Betterton 'for the most considerable passages of the biography;' as Betterton was then seventy-four years of age, and thus might have received the story directly from contemporary authority; as Gildon was Betterton's friend and biographer; and as Dennis (a learned, acute man, of a most uninventive and matter-of-fact mind,) told his story eight years before 'with a difference,' yet without contradiction, so as to denote another and an independent source of evidence; as Pope, the rancorous enemy of poor Dennis, whom he and his contemporary wits have 'damned to everlasting fame,' received the tradition without hesitation; we have certainly, in the entire absence of any external or internal evidence to the contrary, as good proof as any such insulated piece of literary history could require or receive; although it may not amount to such evidence as might be demanded to establish some contested point of religious, or legal, or political opinion."

To his version of this tradition, Gildon added his opinion, that

the production of the comedy in a fortnight was "a prodigious thing when all is so well contrived, and carried on without the least confusion." But on examining the state of the text we shall find that Gildon was superficial in his knowledge of this as of other subjects, and that there is enough confusion in the contrivance and the conduct of this play to require some such justification as great haste in the writing of it.

The Merry Wives of Windsor, as we have it, first appeared in the folio of 1623; but a mangled version of an early sketch had been printed twenty-one years, and reprinted four years, before. Editors and commentators have been in the habit of speaking of the three quartos of 1602, 1619, and 1630; but as that of 1619 is but a reprint of its predecessor, and that of 1630 but a reprint of the text of the folio, and, besides, (as appearing after the folio,) of no authority, the first quarto and the first folio are the only sources of the text of this play, and of internal evidence as to its origin. There is, and can be, but one opinion as to the surreptitious origin of the quarto of 1602. It is itself its own conviction. With two or three very brief exceptions, the whole of the play, in its earlier as well as its later version, is prose, and yet the text of the quarto is printed almost entirely as verse; and in the Scene in which *Sir Hugh* is "full of cholers and trempling of mind" Kit Marlowe's song, the line from the Psalm, and the Parson's own remarks are run together as one metrical speech. The text, well printed in some passages, is filled with errors which cannot be assigned to the printers, because they consist of brief sentences which, correctly printed in themselves, are incomprehensible on account of omissions before or after them. The misplacing of incidents, such, for instance, as *Slender's* oafish love-making, which, in a much abbreviated form, is transferred from Act III. Sc. 4 to Act I. Sc. 1, — the misappropriation of speeches, and that evidently not by the printer, as for instance, the giving *Slender's* declaration that he will not be troublesome (Act I. Sc. 1) to *Anne Page*, — and the embodiment of the actors' 'gags,' such as *Sir Hugh's* repetition of his oath "kad udge me," are other evidences that the text of the quarto was made up from actors' parts and short-hand notes taken during the performance. Finally, the quarto contains much that Shakespeare could not have written at all. Only four copies of this edition are known to exist; but Mr. Halliwell's careful and exact reprint, published by the Shakespeare Society, has made it practically accessible to all investigators.

It is difficult to understand how there can be any doubt, among persons competent to form an opinion, that the quarto is not only a surreptitious text, but a mere sketch of the afterwards perfected play. Yet Mr. Collier, for instance, not only doubts, but denies. But although we are indebted to that learned gentleman rather for the facts than the opinions with which he has enriched Shakespearian literature, it seems as if a closer examination than he appears to have given to the question must needs have brought him to an opposite conclusion. The play in the folio is nearly twice as long as in the quarto, — a difference too great to have been the result of the manner in which the text was obtained; and that this was not the cause, is plainly shown: — First, by the transposition of Scene 4 of Act III., which in the quarto follows instead of preceding *Falstaff's* recital to *Ford* of his adventure in the buck-basket; and by the addition of Scene 1 of Act IV., which does not appear at all in the quarto, though its popular character would have ensured its presence there, had it existed when that text was taken down: — Next, in the development of the characters, especially *Shallow* and *Slender*, who in the quarto are to themselves in the folio "as a squash is before 'tis a peascod:" — Next, in the entire rewriting of the Fairy Scene in the fifth Act, which in the quarto is not only in a much humbler style than in the folio, but in a different measure, and is without the Fairy Song; and that the version of the folio was an addition, is also shown by the omission of any marks of the Welsh dialect of *Sir Hugh*, which appear in the quarto version, and in the folio immediately before and after the Fairy Scene: — Finally, by an effort to hide some faults in the first structure of the comedy, which can only be attributed to its hurried production, and which the author in various ways endeavored to conceal, but without entire success.

Upon the last point we must first observe that in the perfected play, and also in the early quarto, *Page* asks the whole party that comes in after the search for *Falstaff*, who has been carried out in the buck-basket, to go a birding with him "to-morrow." Now although that invitation was given at dinner time (about eleven o'clock in Shakespeare's time, as this very comedy shows us,) on the day of *Falstaff's* first visit to *Mrs. Ford*, we shall see that, in both quarto and folio, he makes his second visit to *Mrs. Ford* on *the same day*, and yet that *Ford*, having accepted *Page's* invitation, diverts his friends from their sport to interrupt *Falstaff's* interview with his wife, which, according to the folio, took place

between eight and nine o'clock in the morning. Shakespeare is sometimes forgetful of the limits of time; but he never openly disregards them, even when they are without importance as conditions of the plot. In this case, however, the very action of the play hinged upon punctuality; and in the perfected play he skilfully concealed an error, to eradicate which would have cost more labor than he cared to bestow. For in the quarto we see *Falstaff* come puffing in from his involuntary bath immediately after the conversation at *Ford's* which follows the unsuccessful search, — and this is the natural succession of events. Now it is remarkable that it is in this very Scene, in both quarto and folio, that *Mrs. Quickly* enters with the appointment for the second interview with *Mrs. Ford*, and also that it is from the interview in this very Scene with *Master Brook*, who treads on *Mrs. Quickly's* heels, that, both in quarto and folio, *Falstaff* hastens to keep that appointment, lest he should be too late. In both quarto and folio, too, *Ford* follows *Falstaff* immediately, and meeting his men with the buck-basket at the door, stays them, assuring his friends that somebody was carried out in it "yesterday." But in the folio the interview between *Fenton* and *Anne Page*, upon which *Shallow* and *Slender*, and, finally, *Page* and his wife, intrude, is made to precede *Falstaff's* second interviews with *Master Brook* and *Mrs. Quickly*, instead of following them, as in the quarto, — thus serving the double purpose of prolonging the apparent time and of obscuring the memory of the former events by the intrusion of a new interest, and so at once promoting a desirable forgetfulness and affording relief to *Falstaff's* humor. More than this: — in the folio we have the Scene of the Pedagogue introduced for the purpose of farther separating the Scene in which *Falstaff* receives his second invitation from the entertainment to which he is invited. Dr. Johnson thought this not only "a very trifling Scene," but "of no use to the plot." It is not surprising that he failed to appreciate its characteristic humor; but before he condemned it as valueless, should he not have examined a little more closely into the need of it?

The result of these two manœuvres is, that in the perfected play the important incongruity ceases to be palpable. The intention of the author is still farther apparent in a change of the day named by *Mrs. Quickly* for the second meeting, and of two hours in the time appointed. In the quarto, where the Scene of the buck-basket is followed immediately by that in which the second invi-

tation is given, it is for "to-morrow between ten and eleven"; but in the folio, where those Scenes are widely separated, it is for "this morning" and "between eight and nine"; and yet, in both quarto and folio, *Mrs. Quickly's* second visit is made on the same day — that of the buck-basket; for *Falstaff* of course got home from Dachet Mead as fast as his fat legs would carry him, and he hardly gets his breath before *Mrs. Quickly* enters. In the quarto, also, *Page* asks the disappointed *Ford* and his friends "to dinner" on the next day, adding "in the morning we'll a birding"; but in the folio he invites them "to breakfast," and says "*after* we'll a birding." Though this confusion was important enough to Shakespeare the playwright thus to conceal it, how insignificant the error is to us, in comparison with its value as furnishing evidence of the haste with which the play was written, and of the labor bestowed upon it to bring it to its present state, and as adding strong confirmation to the testimony of tradition that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is Queen Elizabeth's comedy.

The date of the production of this play has more importance than pertains to the same event in the history of Shakespeare's other works; for if there were good reason to doubt that it was written after *Henry IV.*, there would be the same reason for disbelieving the old story of its origin. Mr. Knight has labored earnestly and ingeniously to prove that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* preceded the historical play; and other editors, although generally opposed to this theory, have admitted — rather too hastily, we may find — that it is impossible to establish the contrary. The difficulties of the subject have been not only needlessly but most unreasonably increased by the attempt made on all hands to reduce the events of the two parts of *Henry IV.*, *Henry V.*, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* to chronological sequence as far as they relate to characters common to all these plays, — a task which no ingenuity has accomplished, and which no hypothesis has aided. That labor must be given up, and should never have been undertaken. The problem which it proposes to solve is based upon a radically false conception of Shakespeare's art. He was not writing biography, even the biography of his own characters. He was a poet, but he wrote as a playwright; and the only consistency to which he held himself, or can be held by others, is the consistency of dramatic interest. And if when he deals with historic personages, we find him boldly disregarding the chronological succession of events in favor of the general truthfulness of dramatic impres-

sion, with what reason can we expect to find him respecting that succession with regard to the time when such mere creatures of his will as *Shallow*, or *Bardolph*, *Nym*, and *Pistol*, lent money to or entered the service of *John Falstaff*, or when *Mrs. Quickly* ceased to be maid, or wife, or widow? — if she were ever either. We must discard all deductions from the failure of the four plays to make a connected memoir of *Falstaff* and his friends and followers, as not only inconclusive but of no consequence. Shakespeare made no Frankensteins, nor did he let the clay that he was fashioning ask him how or why. The four plays, nevertheless, contain internal evidence which, together with a few well established dates, enables us to determine with confidence the order in which they were written and the years in which the latter two were produced. We shall see that both parts of *Henry IV.* were written as early as 1597; and that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* had not then been brought before the public, the omission of it by Meres, in his enumeration of Shakespeare's works in *Palladis Tamia*, published in 1598, is strong proof. For although that does not profess to be a list of the Poet's works, yet it is all but impossible that such a specimen of Shakespeare's comic powers as *The Merry Wives of Windsor* — a comedy of contemporary English manners, too — could have been omitted from a citation in which *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *The Comedy of Errors* found a place, and in which its historical kinsman was mentioned. Looking at the plays themselves, we find that the most important character, except *Falstaff*, common to *Henry IV.* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, is *Shallow;* and it is remarkable that in the historical play he does not appear until Act III. Sc. 2 of the Second Part. He is there evidently the creature of an incidental dramatic need. *Falstaff* went into Gloucestershire for soldiers; and it being necessary to bring him in contact with a county magistrate or two, *Shallow* and *Silence* come upon the scene; for it was as easy for Shakespeare to make a *Shallow* as not to do it. That *Shallow* and *Falstaff* might help to paint each other's characters, and keep the world in unextinguishable laughter, they are made old acquaintances who have not met since their early youth. Now this is the prominent incident of their first meeting; and although Shakespeare was not bound to have the incidents of these plays "congruing in a perfect whole," is it not plain that he would not thus deliberately and needlessly bring together two men as not having met for thirty-five or forty years, whose relations with each other were already

established in the minds of his audience by the memorable events of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*? This is not a question of chronological sequence, but of dramatic effect; and this alone is sufficient evidence that the comedy was produced after the historical play. It should be noticed, also, that in the comedy *Shallow* comes on with the air of an old acquaintance of the audience and evidently knowing all about *Falstaff*, whom, in *Henry IV.*, he supposes to be married. The dramatic need, too, to which he owed his birth toward the close of *Henry IV.*, brings him before us in the first Scene of the present play. His quarrel with *Sir John*, the proposition by *Sir Hugh* to heal it, and the subsequent dinner at *Page's*, are the germs of the plot; — his cousin *Silence* being replaced by his cousin *Slender*, whose youth was necessary to embroil matters more around the placid beauty of Windsor. The bringing of a Gloucestershire justice to Windsor for this purpose, which has puzzled some of the commentators, shows also that *Shallow's* local habitation as well as his name were already established with Shakespeare's audience; for if *Shallow* had made his first appearance in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, what need of bringing him from the borders of Wales across the island in those days, when even slow coaches were not, and when, and for a hundred years after, if some inexorable occasion took a country gentleman to London, he made his will before he started? But Shakespeare, having to show *Falstaff* in love, surrounded his hero with such of those characters whose relations with him were already favorably established with the public, as could be made useful to the plot. He had use for *Shallow*, and so he had for *Bardolph*, and *Pistol*, and *Mrs. Quickly;* and about such trifles as how the latter got from Eastcheap to Windsor and from her post as hostess of the Boar's Head to her place as *Dr. Caius'* housekeeper, Shakespeare knew his audience would not trouble themselves to ask; and shall they be wiser than we? *Page's* allusion to *Fenton's* companionship with "the wild Prince and *Poins*" has been heretofore pointed out, as it could not fail to be, as evidence that *Henry IV.* preceded *The Merry Wives of Windsor;* and there is yet other internal testimony of the same tendency which has been adverted to by Mr. Halliwell, but without full appreciation of its importance. *Nym*, who appears in *Henry V.*, is found in neither part of *Henry IV.*, but he figures largely in the comedy. Now it is quite impossible that if *Nym* had been one of *Falstaff's* original followers, he should have been dropped all through the Second Part of *Henry IV.* in which he and his coach-fellow would have drawn so well to-

gether, to reappear in *Henry V.* But supposing *Henry IV.* to have preceded *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, the introduction of such a character into a comedy of local interest and contemporary manners as a breed-bate and a caricature of the humor-mongers of the day, is very natural; and having once shown him with *Mrs. Quickly*, and *Pistol*, and *Bardolph*, Shakespeare, to please his audience, did not part them. The presence of *Nym* in *The Merry Wives* and in *Henry V.* but not in *Henry IV.* is only to be accounted for on the supposition that the latter was written first and was followed by the comedy, which in its turn was followed by *Henry V.* For that the comedy preceded *Henry V.* is shown by evidence of two kinds, part of which is of such a nature that no one who reads Shakespeare worthily will dispute it. In the first place, when *Nym* and *Bardolph* first appear in *Henry V.* (Act II. Sc. 1) the latter immediately refers to a previous acquaintance between the former and *Pistol* and *Mrs. Quickly*, and in such a manner that the audience is assumed to know something of it; and as *Nym* does not appear in *Henry IV.*, the acquaintance referred to must be that of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Next, the imperfect *Henry V.* was published in 1600, and Mr. Collier has pointed out a passage found in it as well as in the perfect copy, which shows that it was written in 1599. Now in that year was published the first edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, in which appeared an imperfect version of Kit Marlowe's song, "Come live with me and be my love." In this collection of poems, the publisher, W. Jaggard, had the effrontery to attribute many to Shakespeare which were not his; — among them Marlowe's song. But in that case (Marlowe having been killed so long before as 1583, and such verses having floated about very loosely in those days,) Jaggard was perhaps excusable, and, in my apprehension, certainly sustained in part before the public, by the fact that one of Shakespeare's characters in a play of his brought out just before, to wit, Parson *Hugh* in this very comedy, had sung a stanza of that song. At all events, who will believe that *after* this mistake had been made, Shakespeare would have been so mean as to deliberately sanction such a robbery of his brother poet, his "dead shepherd," by putting these lines in the mouth of *Evans*, when any others would have served his turn as well? — especially as we know, from Heywood, (*Apology for Actors*, 1612,) that Shakespeare was "much offended with M. Jaggard" for the liberty he had taken.

These considerations nearly complete the argument as to the date and origin of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. For, assuming

that no one will, in the face of the evidence just produced, believe that the comedy preceded *Henry IV.*, may we not ask, without fear of contradiction, Could any incentive less powerful than the command of a Queen, and a Tudor Queen at that, have made Shakespeare show the *Falstaff* of *Henry IV.* in love — even after such a sort as the love in *The Merry Wives of Windsor?* The *Falstaff* of the *Merry Wives*, irresistible as he is, is far inferior to him of the historical play; but the theory that the latter preceded the former has been somewhat too readily admitted by Mr. Verplanck to "imply a considerable abatement of the Poet's skill." For Shakespeare was writing in haste, as we have seen, and under constraint; and one of the passages in Dr. Johnson's remarks upon this play which does most to show that he could appreciate his author as well as write high-sounding absurdity about him and patronize him, is that in which he says "that by any real passion of tenderness the selfish craft, the careless jollity, and the lazy luxury of Falstaff must have suffered so much abatement that little of his former cast could have remained. Falstaff could not love but by ceasing to be Falstaff." Not only so, however: *Falstaff*, even in simulating love, must be made unsuccessful and a butt. Like *Mark Tapley*, he must be made jolly under adversity: else, where the humor? It is sad indeed to have *Falstaff* unsuccessful; and doubtless Shakespeare's heart ached, and he repented him of the compliment which he had paid the Queen in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, (for Gildon erred in his supposing a compliment intended to her in the Fairy Scene of this play,) — but how could it be helped? There could have been but one thing sadder for *Falstaff* than want of success in love, and that was, success. And Shakespeare fed his grudge by making a scoff of love in *Simple*, *Caius*, and *Ford*, all through the play, giving us in gallant *Master Fenton's* devotion only just enough of pure sentiment to bind the action together with its golden thread.

Somebody in the theatre more than half promised for Shakespeare, and doubtless with his consent, in the Epilogue to the *Second Part of Henry IV.*,* that *Falstaff* should appear in *Henry V.*; but in that play we see nothing of him, and hear nothing except *Mrs. Quickly's* description of his last moments. Is it not plain that Queen Elizabeth, having heard of Shakespeare's intention to reproduce his great humorist, commanded that he should be shown

* See Note to the Epilogue of *The Tempest.*

in love, and that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* having been written in compliance with that command, Shakespeare, disgusted with the treatment to which *Sir John* had been subjected at his hands, and seeing that after his affair with *Mrs. Ford* his usefulness was at an end in that community, as much as that of the Rev. Mr. Evans would be under similar circumstances in our own day, abandoned his original intention of bringing him on in *Henry V.*, and wisely let him die, and preached his funeral sermon by the lips of the foolish, gabbling, kind old soul who had done so much for him in his life?

The two parts of *Henry IV.* were written as early as 1597; Meres, writing, doubtless, in that year, but publishing *Palladis Tamia* in the next, does not mention this comedy; *Henry V.* was written in 1599, and "Come live with me and be my love" was published as Shakespeare's in the same year: the conclusion from the foregoing considerations and these dates is, that the first sketch of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was written in some odd fortnight of 1598.* It was enlarged and perfected in or after 1603, as appears from the allusion to the copious creation of knights by James I., which took place in that year; and by the fine passage in the Fairy Scene alluding to Windsor and the Order of the Garter. For in July, 1603, the Court was at Windsor; and at the festival of St. George, which was celebrated with great solemnity, six noblemen, including Prince Arthur and Shakespeare's friend and patron, the Earl of Southampton, were installed Knights of the Order; and we may accept Malone's conjecture that this event was the occasion of the passage in question, as much more than probable. Neither of these allusions appears in the quarto; and the change of *Falstaff's* remonstrance in the first Scene from "You'll complain of me to the Council," in the quarto, to "You'll complain of me to the King," in the folio, strongly confirms the other evidence that the text of the former was written when Elizabeth was on the throne, and was modified after the accession of her successor in 1603: — we know by an entry in the Book of Revels at Court, that the play was performed before him as early as November, 1604. The tradition appearing in our literature as it did, seeking no support, and being received by the men of that day

* Other minor matters which have a bearing on this question, such as Sir Thomas Lucy's death, the date of the German Duke's visit, &c., will be referred to in the Notes.

without any, could we ask better evidence to sustain it, or could there well be better?

As to the question of the order in which this comedy, the two parts of *Henry IV.*, and *Henry V.* should be read, it is one which should not be considered, and hardly could be by one who justly apprehends the purpose with which Shakespeare wrote. The events of the four plays, if we except the death of *Falstaff*, have no chronological sequence, no biographical relation or significance as far as regards the characters common to them. It is natural to suppose, with Mr. Verplanck and Mr. Knight, that Shakespeare intended us to refer the events of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* to a period of *Falstaff's* life somewhat earlier than that at which we see him in *Henry IV.;* but in the comedy he is represented as "well nigh worn to pieces with age," which expression indicates at least as far an advance in life as the "fifty or, by'r lady, inclining to three score," of the historical play. And so it is evident that Shakespeare presented *Falstaff* to his audience just as they knew him, without troubling himself or them with considerations of times and periods. More than this: *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was plainly produced by Shakespeare as a local comedy of contemporary manners: the allusions, as well as the general cast and air of the piece, show this to the close examiner as well as to the superficial reader: certain characters — the Host for instance — have the expression of portraits; and the traditions of Windsor which point out the place where stood the Garter Inn and the houses of *Page* and *Ford* seem hardly to be the fruit of mere wanton fabrication. This being the case, the reader of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* must take it as its hero would have his sack — "simply, of itself;" isolating it entirely from the historical plays, between which and it there is really a gulf of two hundred years, and giving himself up without a question to the enjoyment of its humor, its whimsical characters, and skilfully constructed plot.

The merit of this plot is Shakespeare's own. Two Italian stories have been discovered, between which and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* there is as much, or as little, similarity as results from the existence in one of them of a husband who learns his wife's dishonor and the manner in which he was deceived, from the man who wronged him, and in the other of a like revelation on the part of a successful intriguer whom his mistress concealed from her husband under a heap of clothes from the wash. Both these

tales are from *Le Tredeci Piacevoli Notti* of Strapola, and they are printed by Mr. Halliwell in the Appendix to his reprint of the first quarto of this play, published by the Shakespeare Society. With them, and also in Malone's edition and Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, is printed the tale of The Two Lovers of Pisa from Tarlton's *Newes out of Purgatorie*, published at London in 1590, which is founded upon the second of the two Italian tales, but in which the incidents are modified to a much greater likeness to those of the affair between *Falstaff* and *Mrs. Ford*. The lover makes three bootless appointments, at each of which he is interrupted by the husband, and from one of which he is carried away in a chest of papers by the order of the husband himself, to whom, not knowing his relation to the lady, he recounts all his misadventures. But although there can hardly be a doubt that Shakespeare had hints from this story, the development and nice conduct of the plot of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and the skilful interweaving of the affairs of *Shallow*, and *Slender*, and *Dr. Caius*, and *Fenton* with those of the principal personages, so as to make the interest single although the action is various, are entirely Shakespeare's own.

The true text is of course found in the folio, and it exists there in tolerable purity. The quarto supplies us with some passages which accident or haste excluded from the folio; but as the play received such important additions and underwent such modifications after the publication of the quarto, and as the text of that impression is so imperfect in itself, its aid, whether in correcting errors or supplying deficiencies, must be doubtfully accepted.

Of the period of the action and the costume of this comedy, it is hardly necessary to say, that to those for whom the connection of some of its characters with *Henry IV.* is the paramount consideration, the close of the fourteenth century and the beginning of the fifteenth will furnish their externals and their surroundings; but those who can free themselves from the bondage of dates will see in this comedy the manners, the costume, and the humors of the little town that nestles under the royal towers of Windsor as William Shakespeare saw them in the days of Good Queen Bess.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir John Falstaff.
Fenton, *Suitor to* Anne Page.
Shallow, *a Country Justice.*
Slender, *Cousin to* Shallow.
Ford, Page, } *Gentlemen of* Windsor.
William Page, *a Boy, Son to* Mr. Page.
Sir Hugh Evans, *a Welsh Parson.*
Dr. Caius, *a French Physician.*
Host *of the Garter Inn.*
Bardolph, Pistol, Nym, } *Followers of* Falstaff.
Robin, *Page to* Falstaff.
Simple, *Servant to* Slender.
Rugby, *Servant to* Dr. Caius.

Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page, } *The Merry Wives.*
Anne Page, *her Daughter, in love with* Fenton.
Mrs. Quickly, *Housekeeper to* Dr. Caius.

Servants *to* Page, Ford, *&c.*

SCENE: Windsor, *and the Parts adjacent.*

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — Windsor. Before PAGE's House.

Enter Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* Sir HUGH EVANS.

Shallow.

SIR HUGH, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esquire.

Slender. In the county of Glocester, Justice of Peace, and *coram.*

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *cust-alorum.*

Slen. Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, Master Parson; who writes himself, *armigero;* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation — *armigero.*

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, hath

done't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Evans. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well: it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies 'love.'

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish: the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, pe'r lady: if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the Church, and will pe glad to do my penevolence, to make atonements and compremises between you.

Shal. The Council shall hear it: it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear a riot: there is no fear of Got in a riot. The Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot: take your vizaments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small, like a woman.

Eva. It is that ferry person for all the orld, as

just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's-bed, (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old. It were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page. [*Knocks.*] What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

PAGE *appears at a window.*

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender, that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Enter PAGE.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much

good do it your good heart. I wish'd your venison better; it was ill kill'd. — How doth good Mistress Page? — and I thank you always with my heart — la — with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was outrun on Cotsall.

Page. It could not be judg'd, sir.

Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not; — 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault. — 'Tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good, and fair. Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, Master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed: is not that so, Master Page? He hath wrong'd me; indeed, he hath; — at a word, he hath; — believe me: — Robert Shallow, Esquire, saith, he is wronged.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, *and* Pistol.

Falstaff. Now, Master Shallow, — you'll complain of me to the King!

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it straight: — I have done all this. — That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if it were known in counsel: you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, Sir John; goot worts.

Fal. Good worts? good cabbage! — Slender, I broke your head; what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your coney-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. [They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards pick'd my pocket.]

Bardolph. You Banbury cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pistol. How now, Mephostophilus?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca*, *pauca:* slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man? — can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace! I pray you. Now let us understand: there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is — Master Page, *fidelicet*, Master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine Host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Ferry goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol!

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this? "He hears with ear?" Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again, else) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! — Sir John and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilbo:
Word of denial in thy labras here;
Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest.

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be avis'd, sir, and pass good humours. I will say, 'marry trap,' with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me: that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashier'd: and so conclusions pass'd the careires.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter. I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters deni'd, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Mistress ANNE PAGE, *with Wine;* Mistress FORD *and* Mistress PAGE *following.*

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit* ANNE PAGE.

Slen. O Heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, Mistress Ford!

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress.

[*Kissing her.*

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome. — Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness. [*Exeunt all but* SHAL., SLENDER, *and* EVANS.

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of *Songs and Sonnets* here: —

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! Where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not *The Book of Riddles* about you, have you?

Simple. *Book of Riddles!* why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz: marry, this, coz: there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here: do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable: if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, Master Slender. I

will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says. I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry, is it, the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; — for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth: therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz: what I do, is to pleasure you, coz: can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will

grow more content: but if you say, marry her, I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a ferry discretion answer; save, the fall is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely. — His meaning is goot.

Shal. Ay; I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd — la.

Enter ANNE PAGE.

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress Anne. — Would I were young, for your sake, Mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt* SHALLOW *and* Sir H. EVANS.

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. — Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit* SIMPLE.] A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man. — I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead; but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruis'd my shin the other day with playing at sword

and dagger with a Master of Fence, (three veneys for a dish of stew'd prunes) and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' th' town?

Anne. I think, there are, sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me, now: I have seen Sackerson loose, twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cri'd and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not choose, sir. Come, come.

Slen. Nay; pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first: truly, — la, I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, — la. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way; and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Sim. Well, sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet. — Give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page: I pray you, be gone. I will make an end of my dinner: there's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF, Host, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, *and* ROBIN.

Fal. Mine Host of the Garter!

Host. What says my bully-rock? Speak scholarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine Host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheazar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine Host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow. — Let me see thee froth, and lime. I am at a word; follow. [*Exit* Host.

Fal. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd servingman, a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desir'd. I will thrive. [*Exit* Bard.

Pist. O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: is not the humour conceited?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box: his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minim's rest.

Pist. Convey the wise it call. Steal? foh! a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must coney-catch, I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol: — Indeed I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no

waste; I am about thrift. — Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation. I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, "I am Sir John Falstaff's."

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated her will — out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse: he hath a legion of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain, and 'To her, boy,' say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious œiliads; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O! she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning glass. Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me: they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou, this to Mistress Ford. We will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? — then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour letter. I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah; [*to* Robin,] bear you these letters tightly:
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores. —
Rogues, hence! avaunt! vanish like hailstones; go;
Trudge; plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter; pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of the age, —
French thrift, you rogues: myself, and skirted page.
[*Exeunt* Falstaff *and* Robin.

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd, and fullam holds,
And high and low beguile the rich and poor.
Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk.

Nym. I have operations [in my head], which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star.

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I: I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold,
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents; I second thee: troop on. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A Room in Dr. Caius's House.

Enter Mrs. Quickly, Simple, *and* Rugby.

Quickly. What, John Rugby! — I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming. If he do, i' faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the King's English.

Rugby. I'll go watch. [*Exit* Rugby.

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way; but nobody but has his fault; but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And Master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face. with a little yellow beard — a cane-color'd beard.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you? — O! I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, Heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish —

Enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master. [*Exit.*

Quick. We shall all be shent. Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*Shuts* SIMPLE *in the closet.*] He will not stay long. — What, John Rugby! John! what, John, I say! — Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home: — [*Sings:*] *and down, down, adown-a,* &c.

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closset *un boitier verd;* a box, a green-a box: do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth; I'll fetch it you. [*Aside.*] I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la Cour, — la grande affaire.*

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. *Ouy; mette le au mon* pocket; *dépêche,* quickly. — Vere is dat knave Rugabie?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Enter RUGBY.

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugabie, and you are Jack Rogue-by: come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de Court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long. — Od's me! *Qu'ay j'oublié?* dere is some simples in my closset, dat I vill not for de varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. [*Aside.*] Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. *O diable, diable!* vat is in my closset? — Villainy! *larron!* [*Pulling* SIMPLE *out.*] Rugabie, my rapier!

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closset? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closset.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic; hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell?

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to —

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue! — Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, — la! but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you? — Rugabie, *baillez* me some paper: tarry you a littel-a while. [*Writes.*

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy. — But notwithstanding, man, I'll do you your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master, — I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself; —

Sim. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late; — but notwithstanding, to tell you in your ear, (I would have no words of it,) my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind; that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape, give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make. — You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here: — by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog.

[*Exit* SIMPLE.

Quick. Alas! he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a vor dat: — do not you tell-a me, dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? — By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine Host of de *Jarretière* to measure our weapon. — By gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the good year!

Caius. Rugabie, come to de court vit me. — [*To* Mrs. QUICK.] By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door. — Follow my heels, Rugabie. [*Exeunt* CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank Heaven.

Fenton. [*Within.*] Who's within there, hoa?

Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman! how dost thou?

Quick. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise Heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in His hands above: but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you. — Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale. — Good faith, it is such another Nan; — but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread: — we had an hour's talk of that wart. — I shall never laugh but in that maid's company; — but, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly and musing. But for you — well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me —

Quick. Will I? i'faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now. [*Exit.*

Quick. Farewell to your worship. — Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not, for I know Anne's mind as well as another does: — Out upon't! what have I forgot? [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — Before PAGE's House.

Enter Mistress PAGE, *with a Letter.*

MRS. PAGE.

WHAT! have I 'scap'd love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see. [*Reads.*

"*Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I: go to, then, there's sympathy. You are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,*

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight.

JOHN FALSTAFF."

What a Herod of Jewry is this! — O wicked, wicked world! — One that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What one unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pick'd (with the Devil's name) out of my con-

versation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! — What should I say to him? — I was then frugal of my mirth: — Heaven forgive me! — Why, I'll exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that: I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary. O, Mistress Page! give me some counsel.

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman! if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour. What is it? — dispense with trifles; — what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to Hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What? — thou liest. — Sir Alice Ford! — These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light: — here, read, read; — perceive how I might be knighted. — I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: and yet he would not swear, prais'd women's modesty, and gave such

orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together, than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. — Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs! — To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for I protest mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more,) and these are of the second edition. He will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I: if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd

on him: let's appoint him a meeting, give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. [*They retire.*

Enter FORD *and* PISTOL, PAGE *and* NYM: *the last two talk aside.*

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtall dog in some affairs:
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford.
He loves the gally-mawfry: Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels.
O! odious is the name.

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say. Farewell:
Take heed; have open eye, for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo birds do sing. —

Away, Sir Corporal Nym. —
Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit* Pistol.

Ford. I will be patient: I will find out this.

Nym. — And this is true: I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humour'd letter to her, but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym: I speak, and I avouch; 'tis true: — my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife. — Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese. Adieu. [*Exit* Nym.

Page. "The humour of it," quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights English out of his wits. } [*Each talking*

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff. } *to himself.*

Page. I never heard such a drawling-affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.

Page. How now, Meg!

[Mrs. Page *and* Mrs. Ford *come forward.*

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George? — Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. — Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. 'Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now. — Will you go, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you. — You'll come to dinner, George? — [*Aside to* Mrs. Ford.] Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see: we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt* Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. FORD, *and* Mrs. QUICKLY.

Page. How now, Master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me.

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves; I do not think the knight would offer it. But these that accuse him, in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. — Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head. I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting Host of the Garter comes. There is either liquor in his pate, or

money in his purse, when he looks so merrily. — How now, mine Host!

Enter Host.

Host. How now, bully-rock! thou'rt a gentleman. Cavaliero Justice, I say.

Enter SHALLOW.

Shal. I follow, mine Host, I follow. — Good even, and twenty, good Master Page. Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, Cavaliero Justice; tell him, bully-rock.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh, the Welsh priest, and Caius, the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine Host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, my bully-rock?

[*They go aside.*

Shal. Will you [*to* PAGE] go with us to behold it? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear, the Parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burn'd sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him, my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight. — Will you go, Minheers?

Shal. Have with you, mine Host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir! I could have told you more: in these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, Master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you. — I had rather hear them scold than [see them] fight.

[*Exeunt* Host, SHALLOW, *and* PAGE.

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's fidelity, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. — She was in his company at Page's house, and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look farther into't; and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open. —

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow, Nym; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a gemini of baboons. I am damn'd in Hell for swearing to gentlemen, my friends,

you were good soldiers and tall fellows: and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you: — go. — A short knife and a throng: — to your manor of Pickt-hatch, go. — You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! — you stand upon your honour! — Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, ay, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bull-baiting oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent: what would'st thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quick. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer. What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one Mistress Ford, sir: — I pray, come a little nearer this ways. — I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, one Mistress Ford, you say, —

Quick. Your worship says very true: — I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears: — mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? God bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: Mistress Ford; — what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worship's a wanton: well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford; — come, Mistress Ford, —

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it. You have brought her into such a canaries, as 'tis wonderful: the best courtier of them all, when the Court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary; yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart, and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. — I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels, (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty: — and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all; and yet there has been earls, nay, which

is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of: Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven. — Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too; — and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife; and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely, I think you have charms, — la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed! — they have not

so little grace, I hope: — that were a trick, indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it, for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nayword, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing: for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness; old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both. There's my purse; I am yet thy debtor. — Boy, go along with this woman. — This news distracts me.

[*Exeunt* QUICKLY *and* ROBIN.

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers. — Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your fights: Give fire! She is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[*Exit* PISTOL.

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; *via!*

Enter BARDOLPH *with* FORD *disguised.*

Ford. 'Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir: would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome. What's your will? — Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much: my name is Brook.

Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you, for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are; the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd intrusion; for, they say, if money go before all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar, — I will be brief with you, — and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection; but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engross'd opportunities to meet her: fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her: not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given. Briefly, I have pursu'd her, as love hath pursued me, which hath been, on the wing of all occasions: but whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none, except experience be a jewel; that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this: —

"*Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;*
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues."

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it. — There is money; spend it, spend it: spend more; spend all I have, only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O! understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself: she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her, then, from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattled against me. What say you to't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not. — Yet I wrong him, to call him poor: they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seems to me well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer, and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. — Come to me soon at night. — Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for a knave and cuckold. — Come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this! — My heart is ready to crack with impatience. — Who says, this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fix'd, the match is made. Would any man have thought this? — See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names! — Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol-cuckold! the Devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh, the Welshman, with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself. Then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my jealousy! — Eleven o'clock the hour: I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on Falstaff, and

laugh at Page. I will about it: better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! Cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Field near Windsor.

Enter CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugabie!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come: he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come. By gar, Jack Rugabie, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir! I cannot fence.

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* PAGE.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully Doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, Master Doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good Master Doctor.

Slen. 'Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see

thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully-stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de vorld; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian, King Urinal: Hector of Greece, my boy.

Caius. I pray you, bear vitness zat me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, Master Doctor. He is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies: if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions. Is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, Master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, Master Page. Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have show'd yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, Master Doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice: — a [word,] Monsieur Mock-water.

Caius. Mock-water! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water in our English tongue is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, zen, I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman. — Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank-a you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully — But first, master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [*Aside to them.*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in, and I will bring the Doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, *Shal.*, and *Slen.* Adieu, good Master Doctor.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest, for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die. Sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler. Go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a feasting, and thou shalt woo her. . Cried game, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank-a you vor dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page: said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.
Host. Let us wag then.
Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugabie.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Scene I. — A Field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans *and* Simple.

Evans.

I PRAY you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you look'd for Master Caius, that calls himself Doctor of Physic?

Sim. Marry, sir, the Petty-ward, the Park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most fehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir. [*Retiring.*

Eva. 'Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind! — I shall be glad, if he have deceived me. — How melancholies I am! — I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork: — 'pless my soul! [*Sings.*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow —

'Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry

Melodious birds sing madrigals;—
When as I sat in Pabylon,—
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow—

Sim. [*Coming forward.*] Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome.—

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right! — What weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

Shal. How now, Master Parson! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. 'Save you, good Sir Hugh.

Eva. 'Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What! the sword and the word? do you study them both, Master Parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, Master Parson.

Eva. Ferry well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at

most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years, and upward, I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibbocrates and Galen, — and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons. — Keep them asunder: — here comes Doctor Caius.

Enter Host, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

Page. Nay, good Master Parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good Master Doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends. — I will

knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb [for missing your meetings and appointments.]

Caius. *Diable!* — Jack Rugabie, — mine Host de *Jarretière*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed. I'll be judgment by mine Host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say! Guallia and Gaul, French and Welsh; soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good; excellent.

Host. Peace, I say! hear mine Host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my Doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my Parson? my Priest? my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs. — [Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so:] — Give me thy hand, celestial; so. — Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty; your skins are whole; and let burnt sack be the issue. — Come, lay their swords to pawn. — Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host. — Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW, SLENDER, PAGE, *and* Host.

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog. — I desire you, that we may be friends, and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the Host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart. He promise to

bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles. — Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A Street in Windsor.

Enter Mistress Page *and* Robin.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant: you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O! you are a flattering boy: now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife: is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that, — two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of. — What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name.

— There is such a league between my good man and he! Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir: I am sick, till I see her. [*Exeunt* Mrs. PAGE *and* ROBIN.

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces-out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion, and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her! A man may hear this shower sing in the wind: — and Falstaff's boy with her! — Good plots! — they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so-seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff. I shall be rather prais'd for this, than mock'd; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, Host, Sir HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

Page, Shal., &c. Well met, Master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot. I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir: we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you: — but my wife, Master Doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me: my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holyday, he smells April and May: he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild Prince and Pointz; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply: the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster. — Master Doctor, you shall go: — so shall you, Master Page; — and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well. — We shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's.

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW *and* SLENDER.

Caius. Go home, John Rugabie; I come anon.

[*Exit* RUGBY.

Host. Farewell, my hearts. I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink Canary with him.

[*Exit* Host.

Ford. [*Aside.*] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Mrs. Ford *and* Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly. Is the buck-basket —

Mrs. Ford. I warrant. — What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants *with a large Basket.*

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge: we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are call'd. [*Exeunt* Servants.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket! what news with you?

Rob. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-o'-Lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: my master knows not of your being here; and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it, for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. — I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so. — Go tell thy master, I am alone. Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

[*Exit* ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee: if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit* MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion; — we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. "*Have I caught*" thee, "*my heavenly jewel?*" Why, now let me die, for I have liv'd long enough: this is the period of my ambition. O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O, sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead, I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. [By the Lord,] thou art a tyrant to say so: thou would'st make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, — Nature thy friend: come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come; I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time: I cannot; but I love thee, none but thee, and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear, you love Mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kill.

Mrs. Ford. Well, Heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do, or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*Within.*] Mistress Ford! Mistress Ford! here's Mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blow-

ing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me. I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman. — [FALSTAFF *hides himself.*

Enter Mistress PAGE *and* ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now!

Mrs. Page. O Mistress Ford! what have you done? You're sham'd, you're overthrown, you're undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Mrs. Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion? — Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. 'Pray Heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one: I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd; call all your senses to you: defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? — There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame! never stand you "had rather," and you "had rather:" your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. — O, how have you deceiv'd me! — Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

FALSTAFF *comes out.*

Fal. Let me see 't, let me see 't! O, let me see 't! I'll in, I'll in. — Follow your friend's counsel. — I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee: help me away; let me creep in here; I'll never —

[*He gets into the basket; and they cover him with foul linen.*

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, Mistress Ford. — You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John! [*Exit* ROBIN. *Enter* Servants.] Go, take up these clothes here, quickly; where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble: carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and* Sir HUGH EVANS.

Ford. 'Pray you, come near: if I suspect with-

out cause, why, then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it. — How now! whither bear you this?

Servant. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing!

Ford. Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck, and of the season, too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt* Servants *with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night: I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox. — Let me stop this way first: — so, now uncape.

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, Master Page. — Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Eva. This is ferry fantastical humours, and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen: see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt* PAGE, EVANS, *and* CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceiv'd, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband ask'd what was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so, throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here, for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it: let him be sent for tomorrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and* Sir HUGH EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be, the knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses. Heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too: dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife

is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well; I promis'd you a dinner. — Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this. — Come, wife; — come, Mistress Page; I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together: I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

Ford. Pray you go, Master Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine Host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave! to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A Room in Page's House.

Enter Fenton *and* Anne Page.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth,
And that my state being gall'd with my expence,

I seek to heal it only by his wealth.
Besides these, other bars he lays before me, —
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, Heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim it.

Anne. Gentle Master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then, — Hark you hither.

[*They converse apart.*

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* Mrs. QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't. 'Slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, — but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye; Master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. — This is my father's choice.
O! what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quick. And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy! thou hadst a father.

Slen. I had a father, Mistress Anne: my uncle can tell you good jests of him. — Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a 'squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master Slender.

Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heartlings! that's a pretty jest, indeed. I ne'er made my will yet, I thank Heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give Heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go, better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE *and* Mistress PAGE.

Page. Now, Master Slender! — Love him, daughter Anne. —
Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master Fenton. —
Come, Master Shallow; — come, son Slender; in. —
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Quick. Speak to Mistress Page.

Fent. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond' fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, Master Doctor.

Anne. Alas! I had rather be set quick i' th' earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself. Good Master Fenton,
I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.

'Till then, farewell, sir: she must needs go in;
Her father will be angry.

[*Exeunt* Mrs. PAGE *and* ANNE.

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress. — Farewell, Nan.

Quick. This is my doing, now. — Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? look on Master Fenton. — This is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night Give my sweet Nan this ring. There's for thy pains.

[*Exit.*

Quick. Now, Heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promis'd, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast am I to slack it!

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say!

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [*Exit* BARD.] Have I liv'd to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and

give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' the litter; and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deep as Hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow, — a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been swell'd! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Enter BARDOLPH, *with the wine.*

Bard. Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold, as if I had swallow'd snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave. — I cry you mercy: give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices. Go brew me a posset of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. — [*Exit* BARDOLPH.] — How now?

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford: I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not

her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, — to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding: she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think, what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir. [*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of Master Brook: he sent me word to stay within. I like his money well. O! here he comes.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. Now, Master Brook; you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you. I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And [how] sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, Master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, Master Brook; but the peaking cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual

larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiss'd, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What! while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page, gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. [By the Lord,] a buck-basket: ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their basket. I quak'd for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have search'd it; but Fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be de-

tected with a jealous rotten bell-wether: next, to be compass'd, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that, — a man of my kidney, — think of that; that am as subject to heat, as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle, to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that, — hissing hot, — think of that, Master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffer'd all this. My suit, then, is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum: ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, Master Ford! there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married: this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baskets. — Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he

should: he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepperbox; but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make me mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — The Street.

Enter Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. QUICKLY, *and* WILLIAM.

MRS. PAGE.

IS he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure, he is by this, or will be presently; but truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by: I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day?

Eva. No; Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book: I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William: hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah: hold up your head; answer your master; be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

William. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tattlings! — What is *fair*, William?

Will. *Pulcher.*

Quick. Pole-cats! there are fairer things than pole-cats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman: I pray you, peace. — What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *lapis:* I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis.*

Eva. That is good, William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter*, *nominativo*, *hic*, *hæc*, *hoc.*

Eva. *Nominativo*, *hig*, *hag*, *hog;* — pray you, mark: *genitivo*, *hujus.* Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. *Accusativo*, *hinc.*

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child: *accusativo*, *hing*, *hang*, *hog.*

Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. — What is the focative case, William?

Will. O — *vocativo*, O.

Eva. Remember, William; focative is, *caret.*

Quick. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace!

Eva. What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will. Genitive case?

Eva. Ay.

Will. Genitive, — *horum*, *harum*, *horum.*

Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her! — Never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman!

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words. — He teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call horum, — fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee hold thy peace.

Eva. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *qui*, *quæ*, *quod;* if you forget your *quis*, your *quæs*, and your *quods*, you must pe preeches. Go your ways, and play; go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar, than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [*Exit* Sir HUGH.] Get you home, boy. — Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Falstaff *and* Mrs. Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mrs. Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*Within.*] What hoa! gossip Ford! what hoa!

Mrs. Ford. Step into th' chamber, Sir John.

[*Exit* Falstaff.

Enter Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly. — [*Whispering.*] Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, "*Peer out, peer out!*" that any madness I ever yet beheld, seemed but tameness, civility, and patience,

to this his distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion. But I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end: he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone! the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you! — Away with him, away with him: better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas! three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? — I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces. Creep into the kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but

he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out, then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguis'd, —

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day! I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too. — Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick: we'll come dress you straight; put on the gown the while.

[*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch, forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the Devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket, too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the Witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry and yet honest too:
We do not act, that often jest and laugh;
'Tis old but true, 'Still swine eat all the draff.'
[*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. Ford, *with two* Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him. Quickly; despatch. [*Exit.*

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Serv.* Pray Heaven it be not full of knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, *and* Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? — Set down the basket, villain. — Somebody call my wife. — Youth in a basket! — O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the Devil be sham'd. — What, wife, I say! Come, come forth: behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics: this is mad as a mad dog.

Shal. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter Mrs. FORD.

Ford. So say I too, sir. — Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! — I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out. — Come forth, sirrah. [*Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not asham'd? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable. Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why, —

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable. — Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no-where else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my ex

tremity; let me for ever be your table-sport: let them say of me, 'As jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.' Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What, hoa! Mistress Page! come you, and the old woman, down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by th' figure, and such daubery as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing. — Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband. — Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter FALSTAFF *in women's clothes, led by* Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her. — Out of my door, you witch! [*beats him.*] you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Mrs. Page. Are you not asham'd? I think you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it. — 'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch

indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard: I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow: see but the issue of my jealousy. If I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little farther. Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* EVANS.

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the Mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the altar: it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any farther revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scar'd out of him: if the Devil have him not in fee simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have serv'd him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any farther afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly sham'd, and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest. Should he not be publicly sham'd?

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it, then shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter HOST *and* BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the Duke himself will be to-morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the Court. Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay; I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turn'd away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them. Come.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in FORD'S House.

Enter PAGE, FORD, MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, *and* Sir HUGH EVANS.

Eva. 'Tis one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the sun with cold,
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,

In him that was of late a heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extreme in submission,
As in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat-fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? fie, fie! he'll never come.

Eva. You say, he has been thrown into the rivers, and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he should not come: methinks his flesh is punish'd, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner.
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear

In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
[Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.]

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape: when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus.
Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands. Upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song: upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then, let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him, sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours;

and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the Queen of all the Fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy; — [*Aside.*] and in that trim
Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away,
And marry her at Eton. — [*To them.*] Go, send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook:
He'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that. Go, get us properties,
And tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures, and ferry honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, FORD, *and* EVANS.

Mrs. Page. Go, Mistress Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit* Mrs. FORD.

I'll to the Doctor: he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The Doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at Court: he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

[*Exit.*

Scene V.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host *and* Simple.

Host. What would'st thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed: 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new. Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman? the knight may be robb'd: I'll call. — Bully knight! Bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military; art thou there? It is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [*Above.*] How now, mine Host!

Host. Here's a Bohemian Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: fie! privacy? fie!

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. There was, mine Host, an old fat woman even now with me, but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the Wise-woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell: what would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to

her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguil'd Master Slender of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Sim. I would, I could have spoken with the woman herself: I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou di'st.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her, — or no. Go; say, the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir: like who more bold?

Sim. I thank your worship. I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit* SIMPLE.

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise-woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine Host; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage; mere cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off from behind one of them in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the Duke, villain. Do not say, they be fled: Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

Eva. Where is mine Host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town tells me, there is three couzin germans, that has cozen'd all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozen'd. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine Host de *Jarretière?*

Host. Here, Master Doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a Duke de Jarmany: by my trot, dere is no Duke, dat de Court is know to come. I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*

Host. Hue and cry, villain! go. — Assist me, knight; I am undone. — Fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! [*Exeunt* Host *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd, for I have been cozen'd and beaten too. If it should come

to the ear of the Court how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgell'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as a dri'd pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at *primero*. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent. —

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Now, whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The Devil take one party, and his dam the other; and so they shall be both bestow'd. I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more, than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them: Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of Brentford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' th' stocks, i' th' common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts! what ado here is to bring you together. Sure, one of you does not serve Heaven well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Another Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Fenton *and* Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me: my mind is heavy; I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection
(So far forth as herself might be her chooser)
Even to my wish. I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither, singly, can be manifested,
Without the shew of both; — fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene: the image of the jest
[*Showing the letter.*
I'll shew you here at large. Hark, good mine Host:
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen;
The purpose why, is here; in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented.
Now, sir,
Her mother, ever strong against that match,

And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the Doctor. — Now, thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him: — her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the Doctor,
(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded)
That quaint in green she shall be loose enrob'd,
With ribands pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good Host, to go along with me:
And here it rests, — that you'll procure the Vicar
To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,
And in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device: I'll to the Vicar.
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I'll make a present recompense.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* MRS. QUICKLY.

FALSTAFF.

PR'YTHEE, no more prattling; — go. — I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go. They say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. — Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince. [*Exit* MRS. QUICKLY.

Enter FORD.

How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you. — He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliah with a weaver's beam, because I know also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste: go along with me; I'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I

pluck'd geese, play'd truant, and whipp'd top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. — Follow. Strange things in hand, Master Brook: follow. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Windsor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

Page. Come, come: we'll couch i' th' castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies. — Remember, son Slender, my [daughter.]

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, 'mum;' she cries, 'budget,' and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: but what needs either your 'mum,' or her 'budget?' the white will decipher her well enough. — It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the Devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away: follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The Street in Windsor.

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, *and* Dr. Caius.

Mrs. Page. Master Doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the

hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the park: we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit* Caius.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff as he will chafe at the Doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan, now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welsh devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscur'd lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters and their lechery,
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on: to the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Windsor Park.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, *and* Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies: come; and remember your parts. Pe pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you. Come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another Part of the Park.

Enter Falstaff *disguised, with a Buck's Head on.*

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me! — remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. — O, powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man, in some other, a man a beast. — You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda: — O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! — A fault done first in the form of a beast; — O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl: think on't, Jove; a foul fault. — When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' th' forest: send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mrs. Ford *and* Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut? — Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves*, hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. [*Embracing her.*

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a brib'd buck, each a haunch:

I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter? — Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome. [*Noise within.*

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. }
Mrs. Page. } Away, away! [*They run off.*

Fal. I think the Devil will not have me damn'd, lest the oil that is in me should set Hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, *like a Satyr;* Mrs. QUICKLY, *as the Fairy Queen, attended by* ANNE PAGE, *her Brother,* PISTOL, *and others, dressed like* Fairies, *with waxen tapers on their heads.*

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality. —
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy Oyes.

Pist. Elves, list your names: silence, you airy toys!
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant Queen hates sluts, and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he, that speaks to them, shall die:
I'll wink and couch. No man their works must eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*

Eva. Where's Bead? — Go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Rein up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those as sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Quick. About, about!
Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room,
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several Chairs of Order look you scour
With juice of balm, and every precious flower:
Each fair instalment, coat, and sev'ral crest,
With loyal blazon, ever more be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, write,
In em'rald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:
Fairies, use flowers for their charactery.
Away! disperse! But, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand: yourselves in order set;
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanthorns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay! I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy. lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'er-look'd, even in thy birth.

Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial! come.

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Song.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light, and moonshine be out.

[*During this song, the* Fairies *pinch* FALSTAFF: Doctor CAIUS *comes one way, and steals away a* Fairy *in green;* SLENDER *another way, and takes off a* Fairy *in white; and* FENTON *comes, and steals away* ANNE PAGE. *A noise of hunting is made within. All the* Fairies *run away.* FALSTAFF *pulls off his buck's head, and rises.*]

Enter PAGE, FORD, MRS. PAGE, *and* MRS. FORD: *they lay hold on him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think we have watch'd you now.
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you come; hold up the jest no higher.
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? Do not these fairy oaks
Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now? — Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, Master Brook: and, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Brook: his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again; but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies: I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-o'-Lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dri'd it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'erreaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I were chok'd with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter: your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! Have I liv'd to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking, through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to Hell, that ever the Devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puff'd man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel. Ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozen'd of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, Master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that: [*aside.*] if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Whoa, hoa! hoa! father Page!

Page. Son, how now! how now, son! have you dispatch'd?

Slen. Dispatch'd!—I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hang'd, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy: if it had not been i' th' church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: if I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cried, 'mum,' and she cried 'budget,' as Anne and I had appoint-

ed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turn'd my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the Doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paisan*, by gar, a boy: it is not Anne Page; by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy: by gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit* Caius.

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me. Here comes Master Fenton.

Enter Fenton *and* Anne.

How now, Master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress; how chance you went not with Master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with Master Doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it.
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy that she hath committed;
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous guile;

Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy. —
In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state:
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy.
What cannot be eschew'd must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no farther. — Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days. —
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire, —
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so. — Sir John,
To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he, to-night, shall lie with Mistress Ford.

[*Exeunt*

NOTES ON THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 211. "*Sir* Hugh" : — Clergymen of old, as well as knights, were called 'Sir;' — the title being the English equivalent of the academic *Dominus*.

" "Justice of Peace, and *coram*" : — *Slender* blunderingly applies this rustic corruption of '*quorum*' ("*quorum* — *esse volumus*" in a Justice's commission) to *Shallow* as part of his titular dignity. "Custalorum" and "ratolorum" are confused reminiscences of '*custos rotulorum*,' i. e. 'keeper of the records.' A gentleman by coat armor was entitled *armiger*. *Slender* may have had in his mind the phrase used in attestations : — *coram me*, Roberto Shallow, *armigero*, &c.

p. 212. "The salt fish is an old coat" : — The Welshman having mistaken the dozen white luces in *Shallow's* coat for the "familiar beast to man," the Justice corrects his error by informing him that the luce is the fresh fish; and then alarmed lest *Sir Hugh* should suppose that there was any thing fresh or new about his armorial bearings, and remembering that his luces are white, he adds, in his feeble-minded way, that the salt or white fish (all salt fish appearing white from the crystallizations upon them) is an old coat of arms. As the bearings of the family of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford-on-Avon, were three white luces, it has been supposed that in *Shallow* Shakespeare satirized that gentleman. See the Life of Shakespeare, Vol. I. The luce is the pike. This passage has been thought exceedingly obscure by many editors and commentators; and read by the light of their explanations, (an examination of which, the passage is quite too insig-

nificant to warrant,) it certainly is so. Farmer at first even suggested that the latter half of the speech should be given to *Sir Hugh*, and in this Malone was disposed to concur. What was thus to be gained it is impossible to see; and Farmer finally got at something like poor *Shallow's* confused meaning, which was also more nearly approached by Mr. Halliwell.

p. 212. "The *Council* shall hear it": — The Court of the Star Chamber, with which *Shallow* has before threatened *Falstaff*.

" "Master *George* Page": — In the original, 'Master *Thomas* Page'; but his name was George, as we find by subsequent passages.

p. 213. "Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pounds?" — This and *Shallow's* next speech are assigned to *Slender* in the folio; but as errors in this regard are not rare in that volume, as the proposition was made to the justice, and as in the third speech (assigned to him in the folio,) he evidently continues a conversation, Malone and the editors of his school were right in giving these two speeches to *Shallow;* although the reason assigned by Singer, — that "they are much more characteristic of *Shallow* than of *Slender*," — is both presuming and inadequate.

" "PAGE *appears at a window*": — There are hardly any stage directions in the original folio. This is from Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, where it is indicated by "*above.*" It was the old practice to take a look at people who sought an entrance, before admitting or going out to them.

p. 214. "—— he was outrun on *Cotsall*": — Cotswold downs in Gloucestershire, where, as Warton pointed out, rural games and sporting took place annually. Mr. Halliwell informs us that they are still continued at Whitsuntide, although they have much deteriorated.

" "—— 'tis your *fault*": — Gifford has shown in his edition of Massinger, Vol. II. p. 98, that 'fault' was anciently used in the sense of 'misfortune.'

" "—— but not kiss'd your keeper's daughter": — This denial of having added insult to injury has much the air of an allusion to an actual occurrence, and adds somewhat to the evidence in favor of the supposition that *Shallow* is a revengeful satire on Sir Thomas Lucy. If this supposition be well founded, — and it seems to be, — it shows that the play was produced before 1600, unless we believe Shakespeare to have been capable of satirizing the dead; for Sir Thomas died that year.

p. 215. "*Pauca verba*": — few words.

p. 215. "—— your *coney-catching* rascals" : — Cheats and sharpers were, in cant phrase, called 'coney-catchers.' "See, see! Jesu, Jesu! Impostors, conicatchers!" Marston's *What you Will*, Act. III. Sc. 1.

" "[They carried me to the tavern, &c.]" : — The sentence in brackets is from the quarto. *Falstaff's* subsequent question to *Pistol* about picking *Slender's* purse makes it necessary.

" "You *Banbury cheese*" : — This cheese was proverbially poor and thin.

"Mephostophilus" : — A familiar spirit in the old story of Dr. Faustus. Marlowe had made the name popular, which Goethe has since made immortal.

p. 216. "—— two Edward *shovel-boards*" : — Shovel-board is a game played with light weights shoved along a smooth board. See Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*, and *Shakespeare's Scholar*.

" "—— this *latten bilbo*" : — Swords, for a long time, were called 'bilbos,' from the great reputation of those made at Bilboa. Latten was a mixed metal something like brass, but softer.

" "—— thy *labras*" : — thy lips.

" "Scarlet and John" : — Robin Hood's men.

" "—— being *fap*" : — fuddled. — "Passed the *careires*," was a technical phrase of horsemanship, which is used here with Bardolphian vagueness.

p. 217. "—— my book of *Songs and Sonnets*" : — The Earl of Surrey's *Songes and Sonnettes* were published in 1557. But *Slender* may have been thinking of a collection made by himself from various quarters.

" "*The Book of Riddles*" : — This book was published as early as 1575; but the oldest, and the only copy known, bears date 1629, and is in the Earl of Ellesmere's library. Its title, which Mr. Halliwell gives, shows why *Slender* wanted it in his emergency. *The Booke of Merry Riddles, together with proper Questions and Witty Proverbs to make pleasant Pastime: no less usefull than behovefull for any Yong Man or Child to know if he be quick witted or no.*

" "—— Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore *Michaelmas*" : — This is a blunder in time, which Theobald corrected for *Simple*, by reading "afore Martlemas"!

p. 218. "—— he's a justice of peace in his *country*" : — Were this speech in the mouth of any one but *Slender*, there could be no doubt that we should read "in his *county*."

p. 218. "—— upon familiarity will grow more *content*": — This is the reading of the original; but Theobald, who has been generally followed, changed it to 'contempt.' The reason assigned is that poor *Simple* was thinking of his copy-book adage. Certainly he was; and upon that depends the humor of the passage, which is partly destroyed by the change of the authentic text. But he mistook the word, and he did so the more easily because 'content' and 'contempt' were in his day pronounced alike; as even yet we call a 'comptroller' a '*con*troller,' and business men of the old school write 'accompt' and call it 'a*ccount*.' To *Slender's* ear, and therefore to his apprehension, there was no difference between the words. See *Measure for Measure*, Act II. Sc. 4: —

"our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for *accompt*:"

also *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. Sc. 1, where the shrewd *Costard* who makes no blunders, but many whimsical and humorous puns, and who knows what is in *Armado's* letter, says, —

"Sir, the *contempts* thereof are concerning me:"

the pun being possible, because to the ear there was no difference between 'content' and 'contempt.'

p. 220. "—— a Master of Fence": — one who had taken a Master's degree in the art. "Three *veneys*" were three hits, or *venues*.

" "Sackerson": — This was a famous bear, which, in Shakespeare's day, as Malone has shown, was baited at Paris garden in Southwark. Mr. Collier says he belonged to Henslow & Alleyn.

" "By *cock and pye*": — This was a common oath, of uncertain meaning. Its origin is attributed to a humorous allusion to the common tavern sign of the 'Cock and Pye;' and also to a corruption of the name of the Deity, and 'pie,' the book of offices in the Roman Church.

Scene III.

p. 221. "—— my *bully-rock*": — i. e., my brave dashing fellow. See Supplementary Notes.

p. 222. "—— froth, and *lime*": — The folio has "*live*," an easy typographical error for 'lime,' which appears in the quarto. Lime was put in sack to make it sparkle.

" "—— *Hungarian* wight": — The quarto has '*Gong*arian;' and this has been generally received into the text on the strength of the following line: —

"O base Gongarian wight! wilt thou the distaff wield?" which Steevens professes to quote from "an old bombast play," the name of which he had forgotten. But his memory in such matters is not to be trusted, except, perhaps, when he is not opposing the authentic folio.

p. 222. "He was gotten in drink," &c.: — To this speech of *Nym's*, even Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight add, from the quarto, "His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it." With what propriety this is retained and numberless other passages from the same source excluded, it is difficult to discover; especially as the speech in the folio does not occur in the quarto, it having been substituted for the less humorous and characteristic one written in the first sketch of the play.

" "—— a *minim's* rest": — The folio has "a *minute's* rest:" plainly a typographical error, as Bennet Langton suggested. *Falstaff's* allusion is purely musical.

" "—— a *fico*": — a fig. *Pistol* knew the Italian word; and had he not used it, he would, in so far, have ceased to be *Pistol*.

p. 223. "—— she *carves*": — That is, 'she makes me a sign of intelligence and favor.' Thus in *A very Woman*, among the Characters published with Sir Thomas Overbury's *Wife*. "Her lightnesse gets her to swim at the top of the table, where her wrie little finger bewraies carving; her neighbours at the latter end know they are welcome, and for that purpose she quencheth her thirst." Sig. E 3. Ed. 1632. See also Littleton's *Latin English Lexicon*, 1675. "*A Carver*: — chironomus." "Chironomus: — *One that useth apish motions with his hands*." "Chironomia: — *A kind of gesture with the hands, either in dancing, carving of meat or pleading*," &c., &c. Capell, Z. Jackson, and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, changed the word to 'craves.'

" "He hath studied her *well* and translated her *will*": — The folio has "*will*," and the quarto "*well*," in both instances. Theobald, Malone, Steevens, and others follow the latter; Collier, Knight, and others, the former. The reading above is given, not on the absurd principle of making a text by going between two authorities, but because it alone expresses *Pistol's* meaning; and the supposition of the easy typographical error is warranted by the disagreement of the old copies.

" "—— *he* hath *a legion* of *angels*": — The quarto has "*she* hath *legions*." Angels were gold coins.

" "—— judicious *œiliads*": — glances. She 'made eyes' at him.

p. 223. "I will be *cheater*" : — escheater.

p. 224. "—— the *humour* of the age" : — The folio has "the *honour* of the age;" but *Nym's* continual talk to *Falstaff* about 'humour,' and the frequency with which the words are misprinted for each other in old books, warrant the adoption of 'humour' from the quarto. It is difficult to see how "French thrift . . . and skirted page" were the *honour* of the age, though they were its humour.

" "—— *gourd*, and *fullam*" — "*high* and *low*" : — These, as Warburton pointed out, were cant terms for false dice.

" "*Tester* I'll have" : — sixpence.

" "I have operations [in my head]" : — The words in brackets, which seem necessary to the sense, are only in the quarto.

" "—— this love to *Page*" : — The folio has "*Ford*" here and "*Page*" below in *Pistol's* speech; erroneously, as the event shows, Act II. Sc. 1.

" "—— the revolt of *mine*" : — 'My revolt,' of course. Steevens proposed "revolt of *mien*," and Malone "*that* revolt of *mien*," referring to 'yellowness,' or jealousy.

Scene IV.

p. 225. "—— an *old* abusing" : — 'Old' was formerly used as an augmentative, by the same sort of folk who now use it in a derogatory sense.

" "—— we'll have a posset for't *soon at night*" : — 'Soon at' was a phrase used with a meaning which it is not very easy to express. It may, perhaps, be taken to signify 'surely,' or 'without let or hindrance,' which is, probably, the radical meaning of 'soon.' See Richardson's *Dictionary*. "Soon at five o'clock," occurs in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act I. Sc. 2; and "I shall be sent for soon at night," in *Henry IV.*, Part II., Act V. Sc. 5; "Come to me soone at night," is found once in the folio and three or four times in the first sketch of this comedy; and Marston, Shakespeare's contemporary, has these two instances of it, —

> "O wee will mount in triumph: soone at night
> Ile set his head up."
>
> *Antonio and Mellida*, Part I., Act III.

"Gentlemen, as yet I can but thanke you; but I must bee trusted for my ordinary soone at night."

What you Will, Act V. Sc. 1.

"—— a *cane*-colour'd beard" : — In the folio we have "*Caine*-colour'd;" in the quarto, "*Kane*-colored" twice,

— a mere variation of orthography, as *Mrs. Quickly's* use of "*whay*-colored," as an equivalent, in the quarto, shows; but some editors fancifully suppose that *Slender's* beard was compared by his servant to that of Cain in the old tapestries.

p. 225. "—— he is as *tall a man of his hands*": — Every one knows that 'tall' meant 'stout,' 'powerful;' and yet editors have thought it needful to explain and befog this very clear and expressive phrase, which means 'able-bodied and active,' not 'bold' or 'courageous,' as they would have it. Mr. Macaulay, the most lucid of writers, uses a phrase in effect identical with it, as he would any other. "The youth was attended by a picked body-guard composed of his own cousins, all comely in appearance, and good men of their hands." *Hist. of Eng.*, Vol. III., chap. xiii., p. 330.

p. 226. "*Rug.* Out, alas! here comes my master. [*Exit*": — In the folio neither exits nor entrances are indicated, and in all previous editions *Rugby* has been kept on the stage until he goes out with *Dr. Caius*. But it is plain that after warning his fellow-servant, he runs directly out again to avoid his master's wrath; for the *Doctor*, after being in the room some moments, and having been left by *Mrs. Quickly*, while she goes to the closet, cries out on her return, "Vere is dat knave Rugabie?" and *Mrs. Quickly* then summons the man, by calling "What, John Rugby! John!" He then enters. Her "What, John," &c., as *Caius* is about to enter, is of course intended for the master, not the man.

p. 226. "We shall all be *shent*": — punished, roughly treated: as in Shenstone's *Schoolmistress*, —

> "And often times on vagaries idly bent,
> For unkempt hair or task unconn'd are sorely shent."

" "—— *un boitier verd*; a box, a green-*a* box": — In the old copies the French in this play, as in all the others, is much corrupted. Shakespeare's close observation, and his knowledge of even the most delicate peculiarities of that tongue, are shown by his indication of the scarcely heard terminal or interjected vowel which the Frenchman adds to certain consonants in certain situations: thus, — "green-a-box," "you tell-a me," &c., &c. In conformity with Shakespeare's obvious intention, and with the habit of the actor who played *Caius*, (as indicated by the quarto,) *Rugby* is given *Rugabie* in the text. Similar corrections of the neglect of the printers of the first folio in other passages have necessarily been made in all previous editions.

" "*Caius.* You are John Rugabie, and you are Jack Rogue-by": — Those who have listened attentively to the

broken English of Frenchmen need not be told that *Dr. Caius* would pronounce the first syllable of *Rugby's* name like 'rogue;' and so, when his servant (after the fashion of servants in such scenes off and on the stage) appears instantly on *Mrs. Quickly's* summons, the *Doctor* is tempted to a bit of punning satire, and tells him that he is not only *John Rugby*, but *Jack Rogue-by*. Mr. Halliwell remarks, with reason, that the text as usually printed — "'You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jack Rugby*' — is almost" (he might have said, quite) "without meaning;" but he does not appear to have exactly appreciated the *Doctor's* joke. The quarto, in which the man enters instantly upon *the Doctor's* summons, gives in this passage "You are John Rug*abie*, and you are Jack Rug*by*." In other places — Rug*abie* and R*ogoby*. 'Jack' is the *Doctor's* favorite epithet of contempt.

p. 228. "—— what, *the good year!*" — A common exclamation of surprise in Shakespeare's time.

p. 229. "—— i' faith, that *we* will": — So the authentic text; but Mr. Halliwell, relying on an old MS. copy of this play, (which Mr. Collier suspects to be a transcript from the second folio, with certain variations,) corrects *Mrs. Quickly's* phraseology, and reads "that *I* will."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

p. 230. "What *one* unweighed behaviour": — There was no commoner or easier misprint than 'an' for '*one*,' when the latter was so often written '*o n*,' (See Note to *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act. II. Sc. 1); and therefore there should be no hesitation in reading, with Capell, "*one* unweighed behaviour" instead of "*an* unweighed behaviour." The expression "pick'd out" confirms this reading, in fact, requires it.

p. 231. "—— for the putting down of men": — This is the text of the authentic folio, and the passage does not occur in the quarto. But Theobald, having found "I shall trust fat men the worse" in that copy, read "*fat* men" here, and has been followed, for the reason that *Mrs. Page* would not wish "to put down the whole male sex because a fat man had offered her an affront." But she plainly has the whole sex in her mind; for directly after she says, "I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man."

" "These knights will *hack;* and so thou should'st not

alter the article of thy gentry" : — King James made knighthood common ; and so *Mrs. Page* says to her gossip, 'This knighthood will become hackneyed, and so thou shouldst not thus change the nature of thy claim to gentry.' Mrs. Page was the wife of a gentleman, an *armiger*. See Note on Act I. Sc. 1.

p. 232. "—— keep *place* together" : — Mason suggested "keep *pace*."

" "—— *Green Sleeves*" : — An old popular ballad air ; lively, though in the minor key. It is sometimes heard nowadays. The words which gave it its name are lost ; but we know that they would now be considered indecent.

p. 233. "O, *that* my husband saw this letter !" This is the reading of the folio : the quarto has, "O Lord, *if* my husband saw," &c. ; and it would seem as if the latter must be correct, because *Mrs. Ford*, who with her next breath tells *Mrs. Page* that she is "the happier woman" because her husband is not jealous, would hardly wish that her own husband might have food to keep his jealousy alive. But when we remember *Mrs. Ford's* character, and that after *Falstaff* is carried out in the buck-basket she says, "I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived or Sir John ;" that she immediately takes measures to deceive her good man yet again ; and that when these are successful it is *Mrs. Page* who proposes the confession which is "to scrape the figures" out of *Ford's* brains, we must admit the correctness of the authentic text, and attribute *Mrs. Ford's* wish to mingled merriment and malice.

" "a *curtall* dog" : — a dog without a tail, and so, worthless.

" "—— the *gally-mawfry*" : — Baret, 1580, defines this word as a 'hotch-potch.' *Pistol* may mean by it 'the whole sex ;' but if not, he was not alone in applying it to an individual : "Nay, Ile show him better mettal than ere the gallemawfrey his father used." Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, Act I.

p. 234. "Believe it, Page ; he speaks sense" : — Johnson and the corrector of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 would give this line to *Nym*, and they are followed by Singer. But the change is needless. *Pistol* tells *Page* that *Nym*, who is talking to him, speaks the truth. *Nym* evidently *continues* a conversation — "*And* this is true," &c.

' "—— frights *English*" : — The quarto has '*humour*.'

" "—— a *Cataian*" : — That is, a Chinese, a sharper : the natives of that country having been famous cheats time out of mind.

p. 236. "*Ford.* None, I protest" : — This speech is wrongly printed as *Shallow's* in the original folio. The error was corrected by Southerne in the folio of 1685.

" "—— tell him my name is *Brook*" : — In the folio this name is invariably printed *Broome*, often as it occurs, which makes it plain that it is not a misprint for *Brook*, the name given in the quarto. But *Falstaff's* joke in the next Scene, "Such Brooks [folio, Broomes] are welcome to me that o'erflow such liquor," showed that there was an error somewhere, and '*Brook*' was necessarily taken from the quarto. The mystery was cleared up by the appearance of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, by which it appeared that "*Broome*" was a misprint — and an easy one — for '*Bourne*,' 'a rivulet.' But as the world has an attachment for *Master Brook*, he must not be ousted from the place which he fills so acceptably, and to which he has title by long adverse possession.

" "Will you go, *Minheers?*" — The folio has the incomprehensible combination of letters, "*An heires.*" The word in the text was suggested by Theobald, without comment, and silently adopted by Hanmer. The conjecture is happy, not only because it conforms to the trace of the letters in the original, but because the *Host* could hardly have failed to catch the word from his German guests. Warburton announced that "we should read *on heirs;*" Steevens proposed '*on hearts*' and '*on heroes;*' Malone, '*and hear us;*' Boaden, '*cavaliers;*' and Knight, '*on Herrs.*'

p. 237. "—— than [see them] fight" : — The words in brackets, which seem necessary to the sense, were supplied in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. They are quite surely what is technically called an 'out' in the original text.

" "—— on his wife's *fidelity*" : — The folio has "his wife's *frailty.*" But *Mrs. Page* was not frail, neither did *Ford* suspect that she was; and *Page* stood not in any sense whatever upon her frailty, but her truth. "She was in his company at Page's house" plainly refers to *Mrs. Ford.* Theobald read '*fealty;*' but that hardly expresses the sort of faithfulness of which *Ford* speaks.

Scene II.

" "Which I with sword will open" : — This line and the one before it are substituted for "I will retort the sum in equipage" in the first sketch; and most editors have retained it — Mr. Halliwell, on the ground that the restoration is "warranted by *Falstaff's* reply." But the knight is in such a temper that he would go on — "not a penny," whatever might be said by *Pistol.*

p. 238. "A short knife and a *throng*:— to your manor of *Pickt-hatch*" :—That is, go to cutting purses in crowds. Pickt-hatch was a place of vile repute, (in Trumbull Street, Cow Cross, Clerkenwell, Mr. Singer says,) where attacks of bullies made a pickt-hatch, or a half door armed with spikes, a necessary defence.

" "I, *ay*, I myself" :—This passage is of course printed in the folio, "I, *I*, I myself," the word 'ay' being there always printed '*I*,' which has led to the tame trebling of the pronoun in previous editions, instead of the humorous interjection of the affirmative particle.

"—— your *red-lattice* phrases, and your *bull-baiting* oaths" :— See Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, Part 1, Act V. : "I am not as well knowne by my wit as an ale-house by a red lattice." The folio reads, "*bold beating*." The needful correction was made by Hanmer, and is approved by Mr. Dyce.

p. 239. "Well, *one* Mistress Ford" :— The folio has '*on*.' Douce pointed out the error, which has, nevertheless, been allowed to stand. See Note on *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II. Sc. 1.

" "*God* bless them" :—The folio gives '*Heaven;*' but the quarto, published before the statute of 3 Jac. against the use of the sacred name on the stage, gives us the word which Shakespeare wrote.

" "—— nay, which is more, *pensioners*" :— The band of Gentlemen Pensioners, whose costume was magnificent.

p. 240. "—— a very *frampold* life" :—unquiet, turbulent.

" "—— *has* Ford's wife, and Page's wife" :—The quarto reads '*have*,' and thus gives some warrant for changing the text to a modern concord. But usage on this point was variable in Shakespeare's day.

p. 241. "—— of all loves" :—A pretty little adjuration, meaning 'in the name of all that is lovable.'

" "—— a *nayword*" :— a watchword, a sort of countersign.

" "—— up with your *fights*" :— See Coles' Eng. Dic. 1677 : "coverts ; any place where men may stand unseen, and use their arms in a ship." Hammocks placed in nettings are used nowadays.

p. 242. "—— a morning's draught of sack" : — Such presents of wine were common in Shakespeare's day.

" "—— go to; *via!*" — An Italian adverb of encouragement, or exultation, common in Shakespeare's time.

p. 242. "—— take all, or half" : — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 needlessly reads "take *half* or *all*."

p. 244. "—— you are a gentleman," &c. : — In this speech *Ford* treats *Falstaff* to a little Euphuism with his flattery.

p. 246. "—— I will *aggravate his style*" : — I will add to his titles. Heraldic.

" "—— *wittol*-cuckold" : — "To call a man a cuckold was not an ecclesiastical slander; but wittol was; for it imports a knowledge of and consent to his wife's adultery." Chief Justice Holt.

Scene III.

p. 248. "—— thy *montant*" : — A fencing term, as are those which precede it.

" "—— a *Castilian*, King Urinal" : — The *Host*, counting on the *Doctor's* ignorance, calls him a Castilian, which in Shakespeare's time was a term of reproach. Those who would understand many of the jolly publican's jokes on his medical friend must remember the old medical practice of examining the water of a patient.

' "—— a [word,] Monsieur Mock-water" : — The necessary word in brackets is in the quarto, but not in the folio.

p. 249. "*Cried game*, said I well?" — This phrase has hitherto baffled all learning and ingenuity. The passage is almost universally supposed to be corrupted; and the only plausible emendation suggested is Douce's, who would have read "Cried *I aim?*" i. e., Have I given you a right direction? But as the folio, and the original quarto, and the quartos of 1619 and 1630 have not only the same words, but have them connected with a hyphen, it seems that '*cried game*' is an epithet applied to the *Doctor*, and that the interjection of the pronoun and the change of "*game*" for '*aim*' cannot be permitted. '*Tried* game' and '*Dried* game' have been proposed, and even in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, "*Curds and cream*"! Mr. Verplanck well remarks on this passage, "The fact seems to be, that the phrase having been merely colloquial, and not preserved in books, is so obsolete that the meaning can only be guessed at."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

p. 250. "—— the *Petty*-ward" : — It is not known to what locality this phrase, spelled '*Pittie*-ward' in the original, refers.

p. 250. " —— his knave's *costard* " : — head.

" *To shallow rivers*," &c. : — These lines are from a poem printed in the *Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599, as Shakespeare's, and in England's Helicon, 1600, as Marlowe's, to whom it undoubtedly belongs, as good Izaak Walton tells us. *Sir Hugh*, in his agitation, misquotes them, and mingles with them a line from the old metrical version of the 137th Psalm — " When as we sate in Babylon."

p. 253. " —— [for missing your meetings, &c.] " : — These words in brackets are from the quarto. They are necessary to *Dr. Caius'* next speech.

" " *Guallia* and Gaul " : — The words of the folio are " Gallia and Gaule," those of the quarto " Gawle and Gawlia." Hanmer suggested " Gallia and *Wallia*," and Mr. Collier gives " Gallia and *Guallia* ; " both great and needless deviations from the authentic text.

" " [Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so :] " — These words, accidentally omitted in the folio, are found in the quarto.

Scene II.

p. 255. " —— shoot point-blank *twelve score* : " — Although by the construction this means twelve score miles, it has not been hitherto explained that *Ford* means twelve score yards. That was the usual distance for long-bow shooting; and in the phraseology of the archery grounds 'yards' was dropped.

" " —— shall *cry aim* " : — to encourage — a phrase of the archery field.

p. 256. " —— *'tis in his buttons* " : — Evidently an equivalent to the phrase, ''tis in his breeches'; but attempts both needless and futile have been made to connect it with a custom of divining the success of love by means of the flower called 'bachelor's buttons.'

Scene III.

p. 257. " —— the *whitsters* " : — i. e., *white*-sters, bleachers.

p. 258. " —— my *eyas-musket* ! " — We all know that an 'eyas' is a young hawk ; and Warburton pointed out that 'musket' is from the Italian " *muschetto*," — a diminutive species of hawk.

" " Jack-o'-Lent " : — A puppet, the use of which appears in these lines from Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*, Act IV. Sc. 2 : —

" on an *Ash-we'nesday*
Where thou didst stand sixe weekes the *Jack* of *Lent*
For boyes to hoorle, three throwes a penny, at thee."

p. 258. "*Have I caught thee,*" &c. : — *Falstaff* makes use of the first line of the second song in Sir Philip Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* : —

> "Have I caught my heavenly jewel
> Teaching sleep most fair to be!"

p. 259. "—— arched *beauty* of the brow" : — The quarto has "arched *bent*."

" "—— the *ship*-tire, the tire-*valiant*" : — The ship-tire was a headdress flaunting with ribbons, as a ship with streamers. It has been more than needlessly proposed to read 'tire-*vailant*,' 'tire-*volant*,' and 'tire-*velvet*,' for "tire-valiant." The quarto has 'tire-*vellet*.'

" "[By the Lord]" : — Omitted from the folio on account of the statute of 3 Jac., before mentioned.

" "—— smell like *Bucklersbury*" : — In Bucklersbury were apothecaries' shops where simples were sold.

" "—— the *Counter*-gate" : — The Counter was a prison.

" "—— the reek of a lime *kill*" : — Thus both folio and quarto, which the editors have hitherto changed to "lime *kiln*." Mr. Halliwell speaks of 'kill' as archaic. It is in common use in America. Mr. H. also speaks of truckle beds as among the things that were!

p. 260. "—— behind the *arras*" : — Tapestry, first made at Arras in France, was hung from the unplastered walls of our ancestors' rooms, upon tenter-hooks. It was a comfortable and a — convenient fashion.

p. 261. "I love thee" : — The quarto adds, "and none but thee," — words which have almost universally been retained by editors; but, as Mr. Collier asks, if they are to be included, why reject any part of that edition?

" "—— where's the *cowl-staff?* look, how you *drumble*" : — John Florio defines *Bi-collo*, "a cowle-staff, to carie behind and before with, as they use in Italy to carry two buckets at once." To drumble, is to drone lazily around.

p. 262. "—— now *uncape*" : — To 'uncape' a fox, was to unearth him.

" "—— *what* was in the basket" : — The original has "*who*," which is clearly a mistake for 'what,' as Ritson pointed out, *Ford* not having suspected that any person was in the basket. Indeed, the company generally do not hear him ask any such question at all; but *Falstaff* afterwards says, (Sc. 5,) that *Ford* asked the servants "once or twice *what* they had in the basket."

Scene IV.

p. 265. "—— three hundred pounds a year": — Equal to about fifteen hundred pounds, or seven thousand five hundred dollars now, — or rather before the gold of California and Australia was discovered.

p. 266. "—— come *cut* and *long-tail*": — This phrase has been explained to mean 'persons of every degree,' (compared to long and short tailed dogs or horses,) — a sense in which it was undoubtedly used; but in its present connection with *Slender's* declaration, that he would maintain his mistress "like a gentlewoman," "under the degree [of the wife] of a squire," I cannot but believe that the existence of the slang phrase produced a misprint, and that we should read "*court* cut and long tail:" — as in *Eastward Hoe*, by Chapman, Jonson, and Marston, we have, "So I have onely two daughters . . . . The one must be ladyfied, forsooth, and be attir'd just to the *court cut and long tail*." But as the text of the original has a clear meaning, I do not feel authorized to change it.

" "—— happy man be his dole": — An obsolete phrase, meaning 'let his lot, [that which is doled to him] be happy.'

Scene V.

p. 269. "—— a *posset* of sack": — The old copies have "a *pottle*," which has been hitherto received without question, although clearly a misprint for "a poffet." See Note on "sherris sack." 2 *King Henry IV.*, Act IV. Sc. 3.

p. 270. "And [*how*] sped you, sir?" — The folio has only "And sped you, sir?" and some editors make no change, for the reason that "sped" in itself is sufficient. It is sufficient for a question; but not for one which admits "very ill-favouredly" as an answer. Thus, "Have they not sped? Have they not divided the prey?" *Judges* v. 30. The quarto gives us the text.

p. 271. "—— *in* her invention": — The quarto has 'by,' which has been generally adopted. But the change is worse than needless; for it was not *by* "*Ford's* wife's [supposed] distraction," but *in* it, that *Falstaff* was conveyed into the buck-basket, and "*in* her [*Mrs. Page's*] invention" suits with the use of prepositions in Shakespeare's day.

" "[By the Lord]": — Omitted from the folio, as before.

p. 273. "—— horns to make *me* mad": — The folio has "*one*," plainly a mistake for 'me,' as Mr. Dyce pointed out. The misprint is common.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

p. 275. "—— the numbers of *the* genders" : — Can there be a doubt, considering the spirit of the Scene, that Shakespeare, as he wrote "thy cases," wrote also "*thy* genders"?

" "—— *qui*, *quæ*, *quod*" : — Most editors have changed the orthography by substituting '*k*' for '*qu*.' This is inadmissible, although that pronunciation is, of course, necessary. Such, however, was the pronunciation of '*qu*' in Shakespeare's day. See Note on 'quote,' *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II. Sc. 4.

" "—— a good *sprag* memory" : — Sprack, i. e., — ready, alert.

Scene II.

p. 276. "—— his old *lunes*" : — lunacy, frenzy. The folio has "*lines*," the quarto "*vein*:" it is possible that the former is a misprint for the latter. The text is the happy conjecture of Theobald, the word being twice used by Shakespeare in the same sense, and in one of these instances (*Troilus and Cressida*, Act II. Sc. 3,) the same typographical error having occurred. Mr. Knight retains "lines" as meaning 'humours,' 'courses;' and Mr. Halliwell does the same, regarding 'lines' and 'lunes' as the same word differently spelled!

" "*Peer out, peer out!*" — Poor *Ford* is thinking of a rhyme sung by children to get a snail to thrust out his horns.

> "Peer out, peer out, peer out of your hole,
> Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal."

p. 278. "If you go out," &c. : — In the folio this speech is assigned to *Mrs. Ford*, to whom it clearly cannot belong. In the sketch it is *Mrs. Page* who warns *Falstaff* of his danger. Malone restored the speech to her.

" "—— the fat woman of Brentford" : — Called "Gillian of Brentford" in the quarto. She seems to have been an actual personage, and, from contemporary anecdotes of her, to have had the reputation of a witch. See Dodsley's *Old Plays*, Vol. IX., p. 16. Mr. Collier's ed., 1825.

"—— her *thrum'd* hat" : — A thrummed hat was made of weaver's thrums.

p. 279. "—— we cannot misuse *him* enough" : — The original

folio omits 'him' evidently by accident. It was inserted in the folio of 1632.

p. 279. "Youth in a basket!" — Malone having found "*You* youth in a basket, *come out here!*" in another part of the corresponding Scene in the sketch, foisted it into the text in this passage; and it even appears in Mr. Singer's last edition!

" "—— there's a knot, a *ging*": — a gang.

p. 281. "—— his wife's *leman*": — a lover of either sex, though generally the female.

" "—— let him *not* strike the old woman": — The original omits 'not,' which was first inserted in the folio of 1632.

" "—— you *ronyon!*" — From the French *rogne*, 'a scab.'

p. 282. "—— fee simple — fine and recovery — waste": — It is hardly necessary to say that these are law terms, the first expressing, as Ritson says, the largest estate, and the second the strongest assurance known to English law.

Scene III.

p. 283. "Sir, the Germans desire," &c.: — The first folio has, "the Germane desires;" and, just after, "Ay, sir; I'll call *him*," instead of '*them*:' manifest errors. There is some reason for believing that these Germans were the Count of Mümplegart, afterward Duke of Wurtemburg, and his retinue. He visited England in 1592, as Mr. Knight was the first to show, and went to Windsor. Mr. Knight produces an order from Lord Howard, then Lord Chamberlain, that he, the German, should pay nothing for his post horses. But that, thought mine Host, supposing this were really the German Duke, hardly justified those of his suite in running away with the animals. The date of this visit cannot be received as an argument for the early production of the play; for such an advent would be dated from and gossiped about in a town like Windsor for ten years and more.

" "—— they must *come off*": — pay, come down, as we say.

Scene IV.

" "—— the sun with *cold*": — The folio has "*gold*," a manifest error, which Rowe corrected.

p. 284. "—— and *takes* the cattle": — blasts, bewitches.

p. 285. "[Disguis'd like Herne, &c.]": — This line is from the quarto; it, or an equivalent, having been accidentally omit-

ted from the folio, as appears by *Page's* reply. *Herne* is *Horne* in the quarto. The discrepancy was probably caused by the similarity of the MS. *o* and *e*, before alluded to.

p. 285. "—— ouphes" : — 'Elf,' 'ouphe,' and 'oaf,' have the same origin, and mean primarily 'a goblin.'

" "—— some *diffused* song" : — vague, obscure. We use 'diffuse' with somewhat the same signification nowadays.

" "—— *to*-pinch" : — The preposition 'to' was used as an augmentative commonly enough by our early writers.

p. 286. "—— and in that *trim*" : — The original has "*time*," which Warburton, Malone, Collier, Knight, and others, strangely retain. Theobald proposed 'tire.' *Page* is speaking only of the silk which he is to buy, and it is also quite in Shakespeare's manner that he should nearly repeat his wife's word "attire." It is to be remarked, too, that he is continually reminding *Slender* of this dress in which and by which he is to find *Anne*. Finally, in the corresponding passage of the quarto, when *Mrs. Ford* asks, "Who will buy the silkes to *tyre* the boyes?" *Page* replies, — referring, it will be seen, only to the tire, and not the time : —

"That will I do, and in a robe of white
Ile cloath my daughter, and aduertise Slender
To know her by that sign, and steal her thence."

Scene V.

p. 288. "*Sim.* I may not conceal them, sir." — This speech is erroneously assigned to *Falstaff* in the folio.

" "Ay, sir : like who more bold?" — This, the text of the folio, has been generally changed to, 'Ay, Sir Tike:' &c., because the former has been found obscure, and the quarto gives "I, tike," &c. But the original text seems to be a vulgar colloquialism, quite characteristic of Shakespeare's day, for 'Who is like to be more bold?' and the quarto is more likely than the folio to be in error.

p. 289. "—— three *Doctor Faustuses*" : — The Devil & Dr. Faustus — the first publishing firm — were known as well in Shakespeare's time as they are now.

p. 290. "—— *primero*" : — a game at cards.

" "—— to say my prayers" : — These words are found only in the quarto; but as they were plainly stricken out by the Master of the Revels, (for otherwise *Falstaff's* "wind" could have nothing to do with his repentance,) they are restored to the text, unbracketed.

Scene VI.

p. 291. "Without the shew of both; — fat Falstaff": — This is the text of the folio wherein the pause elegantly supplies the place of the missing foot. But '*Wherein*,' having been found at the beginning of a line in the corresponding passage of the quarto, was inserted by Malone, who gave "*wherein* fat Falstaff," and has been very generally followed. The second folio gave, "— fat *Sir John* Falstaff."

" "Her mother *ever* strong": — The folio has "*even* strong," an error which Rowe corrected, as Steevens did "*devote*" for 'denote,' twelve lines below.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene II.

p. 294. "Remember, son Slender, my [daughter.]": — The folio has neither word nor point after "my." The second folio supplies the word in the text, which is very probably that which the author wrote; but *Slender's* "her" in the next speech, he being *Slender*, might quite possibly refer to *Anne*, even although her father did not actually mention her.

Scene III.

p. 295. "—— the Welsh devil, Hugh": — In the folio, "*Herne*," which manifest error Theobald corrected.

Scene V.

p. 296. "—— who can blame me to *piss my tallow*": — A technical phrase. See Ray's *Proverbs*. "He has piss'd his tallow. — This is spoken of bucks who grow lean after rutting time, and may be applied to men."

' "My doe with the black *scut*": — See Cotton's *Virgile Travestie*, p. 104. Ed. 1664.

> "And likewise there was finely put
> A cushion underneath her scut.
> There as she sate upon her crupper," &c.

" "—— potatoes — kissing-comfits — eringoes": — Shakespeare may have meant the sweet potato, which was known in England long before the common potato; but both, as well as the eringo root, were considered aphrodisiac. Kissing comfits were perfumed for the breath's sake.

p. 296. "—— like a *brīb'd* buck" : — So the original, which until now has been changed to "*brībe* buck." But, as Mr. Singer has pointed out, a brib'd buck was a buck cut up to be given away in portions, from the old French *bribes*, — 'portions or fragments of meat to be given away.'

p. 297. "—— the fellow of this walk" : — The park-keeper, who had the shoulders of the buck as his perquisite.

" "Mrs. QUICKLY, *as the Fairy Queen*" : — The folio has no stage direction here. This is substantially that of the quarto, which brings *Mrs. Quickly* in as the Fairy Queen. In both quarto and folio, too, the speeches of the Fairy Queen are assigned to her by the prefixes "*Qui.*" and "*Quic.*" It has, nevertheless, been the invariable custom, since Malone's time, to bring in *Anne Page* as the Fairy Queen, though, at the same time, the speeches of that character in the pageant were left in the mouth of *Mrs. Quickly*. This inconsistency was avoided by Mr. Collier, at the suggestion of the Rev. Mr. Harness, by giving these speeches to *Mistress Anne*; and he has been followed by Messrs. Verplanck, Halliwell, Hudson, and Singer. Malone's reason for making *Anne* the Queen is, that "our author" (by the lips of her father and mother) had "allotted" the part to her; and Mr. Harness and Mr. Collier, finding the speeches of the Queen unsuited to *Mrs. Quickly*, suppose that the prefixes "*Qui.*" and "*Quic.*" are errors for '*Qu.*' as the abbreviation of '*Queen.*' To set aside the last suggestion first, — it is improbable to the verge of impossibility, that *Qui.* and *Quic.* should be *invariably* misprinted for *Qu.*, in both quarto and folio, and especially as there was a new MS. for the latter; and as to the inconsistency of the Fairy Queen's speeches with *Mrs. Quickly's* character, so are the speeches assigned to *Pistol* and *Sir Hugh* inconsistent with their characters. But that is of no consequence, for they were all assuming parts, and speaking what was written for them; and they played in loose disguises and with masks, as we learn from *Fenton's* speech to the *Host*, Act. IV. Sc. 6. Malone's ground for the change is strangely selected; because the determination of *Page* and *Mrs. Page*, that their daughter should play the Fairy Queen, is exactly the reason why she did *not* play it; for, as she assures her lover in her letter, of which he gives the *Host* an abstract, she meant to deceive both, and she did so. She, *Fenton*, and *Mrs. Quickly* arranged that matter easily; and she neither wore green or white, nor played the Fairy Queen.

" "You orphan heirs of fixed destiny."

This passage is thought very obscure; even Mr. Keightly

confessing, in his *Fairy Mythology*, that he finds it unintelligible, "after all" (this "after" should be remembered) "that the commentators have written about it." Mr. Verplanck supposes it to be corrupted. Warburton, acting on such a supposition, proposed "*ouphen*-heirs," (from 'ouphe,' a sort of fairy,) and he has been followed, among others, by Singer and Hudson. Malone supposes that Shakespeare "uses *heirs*, with his usual laxity, for *children*," and Mr. Halliwell agrees with him. But Warburton made all the trouble by his remark — "why orphan-*heirs*? Destiny *to whom they succeeded* was in being," — which has tinged all subsequent reflections upon the passage. The fairies, however, were not Destiny's heirs or children, but the inheritors of a fixed destiny. Freed from human vicissitudes and deprived of human aspirations, a fixed destiny was the *estate* to which they were heirs, not the *being* to whom they succeeded. Fairies were supposed to be mortal, both in soul and body, and to care much for mortal children and little for their own.

p. 297. "—— to Windsor chimneys *shalt thou leap*": — Mr. Collier's folio has "*when* thou'*st* leapt;" and Mr. Singer does not scruple to cumber the line with an extra foot, and read, "shalt thou *having* leapt," — saying that "the rhyme requires *leapt*." But 'swept,' 'leapt,' 'heap'd,' &c., were pronounced alike in Shakespeare's day. Thus in *Coriolanus*, Act II. Sc. 3 : —

> "The dust on antique time would lie un*swept*
> And mountainous error be too highly *heap'd*."

The wanting *t* is of too little consequence to justify a mutilation of the authentic text even if it and this pronunciation of 'unswept' were not confirmed by the corresponding passage in the quarto which is also in rhyme.

> "And when you finde a slut that lies a *sleepe*,
> And all her dishes foule and roome un*swept*."

p. 298. "Where's *Bead?*" — In the folios, "*Bede*;" in the quartos, "*Pead*." See *Introduction*.

> "*Rein* up the organs of her fantasy."

The folio has "*raise* up," which many editors retain, and would have to mean, 'elevate her fantasy,' — the only meaning it can have except 'stimulate.' But the first of these interpretations gives the line a sense entirely at variance with the context, because dreams of whatever character are, and have ever been, considered incompatible with sound sleep; and the second is inconsistent with the spirit of the Scene, which is directed to the repression of "unchaste desire." 'Fantasy' here does not mean 'fancy,' except somewhat in the sense of the song, "Tell me, where

is fancy bred?" Its meaning may be found in the first line of the Fairies' Song, only a few lines below, which explanation by the author, the editors seem to have passed over. Of such fantasy, Shakespeare often speaks, as reined, or unreined: as for instance, *Measure for Measure*, Act II. Sc. 4: —

"And now I give my sensual race the rein."

Can there be a doubt that the allusion is to some of the

"thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose;"

or that Warburton was right in suggesting the word in the text?

p. 298. "—— *qui mal y pense*": — This word "*pense*" must be pronounced as a dissyllable; the *e* as in 'er,' and very lightly touched. See the Note on Act I. Sc. 4, p. 311.

p. 299. "—— thou wast *o'er-look'd*": — by a witch; and so 'bewitched.'

" "—— pinch him to your time": — Malone here added a speech which the quarto assigns to *Evans*. "It is right, he is full of lecheries and iniquity." See *Introduction*.

" "[*During this song*, &c.]": — This stage direction is substantially from the quarto.

p. 300. "Do not these *fairy oaks*": — *Mrs. Page* refers, of course, to the branching antlers which *Falstaff* has just pulled off, which might well be called 'fairy oaks,' especially under the circumstances, and which both husbands doubtless thought became the forest better than the town, i. e., the heads of citizens. There has been much discussion upon the passage, in consequence of a misprint in the first folio, which, by one of the commonest errors of the printing office (such as made 'the masses' 'them asses') gives "faire *y*oakes" for 'fairey oakes.' ('Fairy' was spelled in all manner of ways: Milton spells it 'faiery' in *Vac. Ex.*, l. 60.) This the second folio changed to "faire okes," which reading has been adopted by many editors; but it does not account for the *y* in the original. Malone, Singer, Knight, Collier, Hudson, and Halliwell read 'fair *yokes*,' though the last named confesses that "it is rather difficult to account for the application of the term," and such of the others as do not pass over the difficulty in silence, endeavor to make out the required similarity by telling us that the yokes of horses and oxen in olden time, the bows of which rose above the beam or collar, resembled horns. Yes, short, smooth horns like those of neat cattle, but not high branching antlers, which, from their resemblance to trees, are called *bois* in French. Besides, although *oaks*

become the *forest* better than the town, yokes do not: they are in place in streets and roads. A compositor's putting a space on the wrong side of a *y* has made all this trouble.

p. 301. "Ignorance itself is a *plummet* over me": — That is, 'points out my deviations from rectitude:' in allusion to the censures of him "who makes fritters of English." Explanation would be superfluous, had not Johnson proposed '*plume*,' and Farmer '*planet*,' and others expounded the passage as meaning 'Ignorance weighs me down, oppresses me.'

p. 302. "—— to repay that money will be a biting affliction": — Here the quarto adds, —

"*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, husband, let that go to make amends; Forgiue that sum, and so weele all be friends.

Ford. Well, here is my hand, all's forgiuen at last.

Fal. It hath cost me well,
I haue bene well pinched and washed."

" "I went to her in *white*": — The folio has "*green*," and in *Mrs. Page's* two following speeches, "*white*." Pope made the necessary change. The colors named in the quarto for *Anne's* dress are *red* and *white*: the change and the confusion in the folio add to the evidence that the play was revised and in part rewritten.

p. 303. "—— it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy." — Here the quarto adds, —

"*Eva.* Jeshu, M. Slender, cannot you see but marrie boys?

Page. O, I am vext at hart: What shal I do?"

" "—— or unduteous *guile*": — The original has "*title*." Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 gives the word in the text.

p. 304. "—— must be embraced": — The quarto adds, —

"*Eva.* I will also dance and eat plums at your weddings."

These passages, and others from the quarto, rejected by the Poet, are given in these Notes only because they had for a long time a place in the received text.

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